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THE PLAYS OF GEORGE CHAPMAN

THE TRAGEDIES

VOLUME 2

THE PLAYS OF

GEORGE CHAPMAN

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTIONS
AND NOTES BY

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THE TRAGEDIES

VOLUME 2

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NEW YORK
RUSSELL & RUSSELL · INC
1961

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PUBLISHED 1961 BY RUSSELL & RUSSELL, INC.
BY ARRANGEMENT WITH ROUTLEDGE & KEGAN PAUL LTD.
L. C. CATALOG CARD NO: 61–13786

PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

CÆSAR AND POMPEY

A ROMAN TRAGEDY

The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE, HIS EXCEEDING GOOD LORD,

THE EARL OF MIDDLESEX, &c.

THOUGH, my good lord, this martial history suffer the division of acts and scenes, both for the more perspicuity and height of the celebration, yet never touched it at the stage; or if it had (though some may perhaps causelessly impair it) yet would it, I hope, fall under no exception in your lordship's better-judging estimation, since scenical representation is so far from giving just cause of any least diminution, that the personal and exact life it gives to any history, or other such delineation of human actions, adds to them lustre, spirit, and apprehension: which the only section of acts and scenes makes me stand upon thus much, since that only in some precisianisms will require a little prevention, and the hasty prose the style avoids, obtain to the more temperate and staid numerous elocution some assistance to the acceptation and grace of it. Though ingenuously my gratitude confesseth, my lord, it is not such as hereafter I vow to your honour, being written so long since, and had not the timely ripeness of that age that, I thank God, I yet find no fault withal for any such defects.

Good my lord, vouchsafe your idle minutes may admit some slight glances at this, till some work of more novelty and fashion may confer this the more liking of your honour's more worthy deservings; to which his bounden affection vows all services.

Ever your lordship's

GEO. CHAPMAN.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Julius Cæsar
Mark Antony
Pompey
Sextus, *Pompey's son*
Marcus Cato
Portius, *his son*
Athenodorus, *a philosopher*
Statilius, *a disciple of Cato*
Cleanthes, *the Physician of Cato*
Marcus Brutus
Minutius, Metellus, } *tribunes*
Marcellus, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, *The two* Lentuli, } *Roman nobles*
Crassinius, Acilius, } *soldiers of Cæsar*
Achillas, Septimius, Salvius, } *murderers*
Marcilius, Butas, } *servants of Cato*

Drusus, *servant of Cornelia*
Fronto, *a ruined knave*
Ophioneus, *a devil*
The Kings of { Iberia, Thessaly, Cicilia, Epirus, Thrace
The two Consuls
Nuntius
A Soothsayer
A Shipmaster
A Sentinel
Two Scouts
Senators
Citizens
Soldiers
Ruffians
Lords *and* Citizens *of Utica*
Ushers
Pages
Cornelia, *wife of Pompey*
Cyris, *his daughter*
Telesilla, Lælia, } *maids of Cornelia*

THE ARGUMENT

Pompey and Cæsar bring their armies so near Rome, that the Senate except against them. Cæsar unduly and ambitiously commanding his forces ; Pompey more for fear of Cæsar's violence to the State, than moved with any affectation of his own greatness. Their opposite pleadings, out of which admirable narrations are made ; which yet not conducing to their ends, war ends them. In which at first Cæsar is forced to fly, whom Pompey not pursuing with such wings as fitted a speeding conqueror, his victory was prevented, and he unhappily dishonoured. Whose ill fortune his most loving and learned wife Cornelia travailed after, with pains solemn and careful enough; whom the two Lentuli and others attended, till she miserably found him, and saw him monstrously murthered.

Both the Consuls and Cato are slaughtered with their own invincible hands, and Cæsar (in spite of all his fortune) without his victory victor.

ONLY A JUST MAN IS A FREE MAN

ACT I, SCENE I

[*A Room in* Cato's *House*]

Cato, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius

Cato. Now will the two suns of our Roman heaven,
Pompey and Cæsar, in their tropic burning,
With their contention all the clouds assemble
That threaten tempests to our peace and empire,
Which we shall shortly see pour down in blood,
Civil and natural wild and barbarous turning.
Ath. From whence presage you this ?
Cato. From both their armies,
Now gather'd near our Italy, contending

To enter severally: Pompey's brought so near
By Rome's consent for fear of tyrannous Cæsar;
Which Cæsar, fearing to be done in favour
Of Pompey and his passage to the empire,
Hath brought on his for intervention.
And such a flock of puttocks follow Cæsar,
For fall[ings] of his ill-disposed purse
(That never yet spar'd cross to aquiline virtue),
As well may make all civil spirits suspicious.
Look how, against great rains, a standing pool
Of paddocks, toads, and water-snakes put up
Their speckled throats above the venomous lake,
Croaking and gasping for some fresh-fall'n drops,
To quench their poison'd thirst, being near to stifle
With clotter'd purgings of their own foul bane:
So still where Cæsar goes there thrust up head
Impostors, flatterers, favourites, and bawds,
Buffoons, intelligencers, select wits,
Close murtherers, mountebanks, and decay'd thieves,
To gain their baneful lives' reliefs from him,
From Britain, Belgia, France, and Germany,
The scum of either country (choos'd by him,
To be his black guard and red agents here)
Swarming about him.

Por. And all these are said
To be suborn'd, in chief, against yourself;
Since Cæsar chiefly fears that you will sit
This day his opposite, in the cause for which
Both you were sent for home, and he hath stol'n
Access so soon here; Pompey's whole rest rais'd
To his encounter, and, on both sides, Rome
In general uproar.

Stat. [*To* Athenodorus] Which, sir, if you saw,
And knew, how for the danger all suspect
To this your worthiest friend (for that known freedom
His spirit will use this day gainst both the rivals)
His wife and family mourn, no food, no comfort
Allow'd them for his danger, you would use
Your utmost powers to stay him from the Senate
All this day's session.

Cato. He's too wise, Statilius;
For all is nothing.

Stat. Nothing, sir? I saw

Castor and Pollux Temple thrust up full
With all the damn'd crew you have lately nam'd,
The market-place and suburbs swarming with them ;
And where the Senate sit, are ruffians pointed
To keep from entering the degrees that go
Up to the Bench all other but the Consuls,
Cæsar and Pompey and the Senators ;
And all for no cause but to keep out Cato
With any violence, any villany.
And is this nothing, sir ? Is his one life,
On whom all good lives and their goods depend
In Rome's whole Empire, all the justice there
That's free and simple, all such virtues too,
And all such knowledge, nothing, nothing, all ?
Cato. Away, Statilius ; how long shall thy love
Exceed thy knowledge of me and the gods
Whose rights thou wrong'st for my right ? Have not I
Their powers to guard me in a cause of theirs ?
Their justice and integrity included,
In what I stand for ? He that fears the gods
For guard of any goodness, all things fears,
Earth, seas, and air, heaven, darkness, broad daylight,
Rumour and silence and his very shade ;
And what an aspen soul hath such a creature !
How dangerous to his soul is such a fear !
In whose cold fits is all heaven's justice shaken
To his faint thoughts, and all the goodness there,
Due to all good men by the gods' own vows,
Nay, by the firmness of their endless being ;
All which shall fail as soon as any one
Good to a good man in them, for his goodness
Proceeds from them, and is a beam of theirs.
O never more, Statilius, may this fear
Taint thy bold bosom for thyself or friend,
More than the gods are fearful to defend.
Ath. Come, let him go, Statilius, and your fright ;
This man hath inward guard past your young sight.
Exeunt [Portius, Athenodorus *and* Statilius]

Enter Minutius, *manet* Cato

Cato. Welcome ; come stand by me in what is fit
For our poor city's safety, nor respect
Her proudest foe's corruption, or our danger

Of what seen face soever.
Min. I am yours.
But what, alas, sir, can the weakness do,
Against our whole state, of us only two ?
You know our statists' spirits are so corrupt
And servile to the greatest, that what crosseth
Them or their own particular wealth or honour
They will not enterprise to save the Empire.
Cato. I know it, yet let us do like ourselves. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II

The Forum, before the Temple of Castor and Pollux]

Enter some bearing axes, bundles of rods, bare, before two Consuls ; Cæsar *and* Metellus, Antony *and* Marcellus, *in couples ; Senators, People, Soldiers, etc., following. The Consuls enter the degrees with* Antony *and* Marcellus, Cæsar *staying awhile without with* Metellus, *who hath a paper in his hand.*

Cæs. [*aside to* Metellus]. Move you for ent'ring only
Pompey's army ;
Which if you gain for him, for me all justice
Will join with my request of ent'ring mine.
Met. [*aside to* Cæsar]. 'Tis like so, and I purpose to
enforce it.
Cæs. But might we not win Cato to our friendship
By honouring speeches nor persuasive gifts ?
Met. Not possible !
Cæs. Nor by enforcive usage ?
Met. Not all the violence that can be us'd
Of power or set authority can stir him,
Much less fair words win or rewards corrupt him ;
And therefore all means we must use to keep him
From off the Bench.
Cæs. Give you the course for that ;
And if he offer entry, I have fellows
Will serve your will on him at my given signal.
They ascend

Enter Pompey, Gabinius, Vibius, Demetrius, *with papers. Enter the* lists, *ascend and sit. After whom enter* Cato, Minutius, Athenodorus, Statilius, Portius.

Cato. He is the man that sits so close to Cæsar,
And holds the law there, whispering ; see the coward

Hath guards of arm'd men got, against one naked:
I'll part their whispering virtue.
1[*st Cit.*] Hold, keep out!
2[*nd Cit*]. What, honoured Cato? Enter, choose thy place.
Cato [*To his friends.*] Come in.
He draws him in and sits betwixt Cæsar *and* Metellus
Away, unworthy grooms.
3[*rd Cit*]. No more!
Cæs. What should one say to him?
Met. He will be stoical.
Cato. Where fit place is not given, it must be taken.
4[*th Cit.*] Do, take it, Cato; fear no greatest of them!
Thou seek'st the people's good, and these their own.
5[*th Cit.*] Brave Cato! What a countenance he puts on!
Let's give his noble will our utmost power.
6[*th Cit.*] Be bold in all thy will; for being just,
Thou mayst defy the gods.
Cato. Said like a god.
Met. We must endure these people.
Cæs. Do; begin.
Met. [*rising*]. Consuls, and reverend Fathers, and ye people,
Whose voices are the voices of the gods,
I here have drawn a law, by good consent,
For ent'ring into Italy the army
Of Rome's great Pompey, that, his forces here
As well as he, great Rome may rest secure
From danger of the yet still smoking fire
Of Catiline's abhorr'd conspiracy:
Of which the very chief are left alive,
Only chastis'd but with a gentle prison.
Cato. Put them to death, then, and strike dead our fear,
That well you urge, by their unfit survival
Rather than keep it quick, and two lives give it
By entertaining Pompey's army too,
That gives as great cause of our fear as they.
For their conspiracy only was to make
One tyrant over all the state of Rome;
And Pompey's army, suffer'd to be enter'd,
Is to make him, or give him means to be so.
Met. It follows not.
Cato. In purpose clearly, sir,

Which I'll illustrate with a clear example.
If it be day, the sun's above the earth ;
Which follows not (you'll answer) for 'tis day
When first the morning breaks, and yet is then
The body of the sun beneath the earth ;
But he is virtually above it too,
Because his beams are there ; and who then knows not
His golden body will soon after mount.
So Pompey's army enter'd Italy,
Yet Pompey's not in Rome ; but Pompey's beams
Who sees not there ? And consequently he
Is in all means enthron'd in th' empery.
Met. Examples prove not ; we will have the army
Of Pompey enter'd.
Cato. We ? Which 'we' intend you ?
Have you already bought the people's voices ?
Or bear our Consuls or our Senate here
So small love to their country, that their wills
Beyond their country's right are so perverse
To give a tyrant here entire command ?
Which I have prov'd as clear as day they do,
If either the conspirators surviving
Be let to live, or Pompey's army enter'd ;
Both which beat one sole path and threat one danger.
Cæs. Consuls, and honour'd Fathers, the sole entry
Of Pompey's army I'll not yet examine ;
But for the great conspirators yet living,
(Which Cato will conclude as one self danger
To our dear country, and deter all, therefore,
That love their country from their lives' defence)
I see no reason why such danger hangs
On their sav'd lives, being still safe kept in prison ;
And since close prison to a Roman freedom
Tenfold torments more than directest death,
Who can be thought to love the less his country,
That seeks to save their lives ? And lest myself
(Thus speaking for them) be unjustly touch'd
With any less doubt of my country's love,
Why, reverend Fathers, may it be esteem'd
Self-praise in me to prove myself a chief,
Both in my love of her and in desert
Of her like love in me ? For he that does
Most honour to his mistress well may boast,

Without least question, that he loves her most.
And though things long since done were long since known,
And so may seem superfluous to repeat,
Yet being forgotten, as things never done,
Their repetition needful is, in justice,
T'inflame the shame of that oblivion:
For, hoping it will seem no less impair
To others' acts to truly tell mine own,
Put all together, I have pass'd them all
That by their acts can boast themselves to be
Their country's lovers: first, in those wild kingdoms
Subdu'd to Rome by my unwearied toils,
Which I dissavag'd and made nobly civil;
Next, in the multitude of those rude realms
That so I fashion'd, and to Rome's young Empire
Of old have added; then the battles number'd
This hand hath fought and won for her, with all
Those infinites of dreadful enemies
I slew in them—twice fifteen hundred thousand
(All able soldiers) I have driven at once
Before my forces, and in sundry onsets
A thousand thousand of them put to sword—
Besides, I took in less than ten years' time
By strong assault above eight hundred cities,
Three hundred several nations in that space
Subduing to my country; all which service,
I trust, may interest me in her love,
Public, and general enough, to acquit me
Of any self-love, past her common good,
For any motion of particular justice
(By which her general empire is maintain'd)
That I can make for those accused prisoners,
Which is but by the way; that so the reason
Metellus makes for ent'ring Pompey's army,
May not more weighty seem than to agree
With those imprison'd nobles' vital safeties;
Which granted, or but yielded fit to be,
May well extenuate the necessity
Of ent'ring Pompey's army.

Cato. All that need
I took away before, and reasons gave
For a necessity to keep it out,
Whose entry, I think, he himself affects not,

Since, I as well think, he affects not th' Empire,
And both those thoughts hold ; since he loves his country,
In my great hopes of him, too well to seek
His sole rule of her, when so many souls
So hard a task approve it ; nor my hopes
Of his sincere love to his country build
On sandier grounds than Cæsar's ; since he can
As good cards show for it as Cæsar did,
And quit therein the close aspersion
Of his ambition, seeking to employ
His army in the breast of Italy.
Pom. Let me not thus (imperial Bench and Senate)
Feel myself beat about the ears, and toss'd
With others' breaths to any coast they please ;
And not put some stay to my errors in them.
The gods can witness that not my ambition
Hath brought to question th' entry of my army,
And therefore not suspected the effect
Of which that entry is suppos'd the cause,
Which is a will in me to give my power
The rule of Rome's sole Empire ; that most strangely
Would put my will in others' powers, and powers
(Unforfeit by my fault) in others' wills.
My self-love, out of which all this must rise,
I will not wrong the known proofs of my love
To this my native city's public good
To quit or think of ; nor repeat those proofs,
Confirm'd in those three triumphs I have made
For conquest of the whole inhabited world,
First Afric, Europe, and then Asia,
Which never Consul but myself could boast.
Nor can blind Fortune vaunt her partial hand
In any part of all my services—
Though some have said she was the page of Cæsar,
Both sailing, marching, fighting, and preparing
His fights in very order of his battles ;
The parts she play'd for him inverting nature,
As giving calmness to th' enraged sea,
Imposing summer's weather on stern winter,
Winging the slowest foot he did command,
And his most coward making fierce of hand ;
And all this ever when the force of man
Was quite exceeded in it all, and she

In th' instant adding her clear deity—
Yet her for me I both disclaim and scorn,
And where all fortune is renounc'd, no reason
Will think one man transferr'd with affectation
Of all Rome's empire, for he must have fortune,
That goes beyond a man ; and where so many
Their handfuls find with it, the one is mad
That undergoes it ; and where that is clear'd,
Th' imputed means to it, which is my suit
For entry of mine army, I confute.
Cato. What rests then, this of all parts being disclaim'd ?
Met. My part, sir, rests, that, let great Pompey bear
What spirit he lists, 'tis needful yet for Rome
That this law be establish'd for his army.
Cæs. 'Tis then as needful to admit in mine ;
Or else let both lay down our arms, for else
To take my charge off, and leave Pompey his,
You wrongfully accuse me to intend
A tyranny amongst ye, and shall give
Pompey full means to be himself a tyrant.
Ant. Can this be answer'd ?
1st Con. Is it then your wills
That Pompey shall cease arms ?
Ant. What else ?
Omnes. No, no !
2nd Con. Shall Cæsar cease his arms ?
Omnes. Ay, ay !
Ant. For shame !
Then yield to this clear equity, that both
May leave their arms.
Omnes. We indifferent stand.
Met. Read but this law, and you shall see a difference
'Twixt equity and your indifferency,
All men's objections answer'd ; read it, notary.
Cato. He shall not read it.
Met. I will read it then.
Min. Nor thou shalt read it, being a thing so vain,
Pretending cause for Pompey's army's entry,
That only by thy complices and thee
'Tis forg'd to set the Senate in an uproar.
[*He snatches the bill*]
Met. I have it, sir, in memory, and will speak it.
Cato. Thou shalt be dumb as soon.

Cæs. Pull down this Cato,
Author of factions, and to prison with him. *He draws,*
[*Senate.*] Come down, sir! *and all draw*
Pom. Hence, ye mercenary ruffians!
1st Con. What outrage show you? Sheathe your insolent swords,
Or be proclaim'd your country's foes and traitors.
Pom. How insolent a part was this in you,
To offer the imprisonment of Cato,
When there is right in him (were form so answer'd
With terms and place) to send us both to prison,
If of our own ambitions we should offer
Th' entry of our armies? For who knows
That, of us both, the best friend to his country
And freest from his own particular ends
(Being in his power), would not assume the Empire,
And having it, could rule the State so well
As now 'tis govern'd for the common good?
Cæs. Accuse yourself, sir (if your conscience urge it),
Or of ambition, or corruption,
Or insufficiency to rule the Empire,
And sound not me with your lead.
Pom. Lead? 'Tis gold,
And spirit of gold too, to the politic dross
With which false Cæsar sounds men, and for which
His praise and honour crowns them; who sounds not
The inmost sand of Cæsar, for but sand
Is all the rope of your great parts affected?
You speak well, and are learn'd; and golden speech
Did Nature never give man but to gild
A copper soul in him; and all that learning
That heartily is spent in painting speech,
Is merely painted, and no solid knowledge.
But y'ave another praise for temperance,
Which nought commends your free choice to be temperate,
For so you must be, at least in your meals,
Since y'ave a malady that ties you to it
For fear of daily falls in your aspirings;
And your disease the gods ne'er gave to man
But such a one as had a spirit too great
For all his body's passages to serve it;
Which notes th' excess of your ambition,
The malady chancing where the pores and passages

Through which the spirit of a man is borne
So narrow are, and strait, that oftentimes
They intercept it quite, and choke it up;
And yet because the greatness of it notes
A heat mere fleshly, and of blood's rank fire,
Goats are of all beasts subject'st to it most.
Cæs. Yourself might have it, then, if those faults cause it;
But deals this man ingenuously to tax
Men with a frailty that the gods inflict?
Pom. The gods inflict on men diseases never,
Or other outward maims, but to decipher,
Correct, and order some rude vice within them:
And why decipher they it, but to make
Men note, and shun, and tax it to th' extreme?
Nor will I see my country's hopes abus'd
In any man commanding in her Empire,
If my more trial of him makes me see more
Into his intricacies, and my freedom
Hath spirit to speak more than observers servile.
Cæs. Be free, sir, of your insight and your speech,
And speak and see more than the world besides;
I must remember I have heard of one,
That fame gave out could see through oak and stone,
And of another set in Sicily
That could discern the Carthaginian navy,
And number them distinctly, leaving harbour,
Though full a day and night's sail distant thence.
But these things, reverend Fathers, I conceive
Hardly appear to you worth grave belief:
And therefore since such strange things have been seen
In my so deep and foul detractions,
By only lyncean Pompey (who was most
Lov'd and believ'd of Rome's most famous whore,
Infamous Flora), by so fine a man
As Galba, or Sarmentus, any jester
Or flatterer, may draw through a lady's ring,
By one that all his soldiers call in scorn
Great Agamemnon or the king of men,
I rest unmov'd with him; and yield to you
To right my wrongs, or his abuse allow.
Cato. My lords, ye make all Rome amaz'd to hear.
Pom. Away, I'll hear no more; I hear it thunder.
My lords, all you that love the good of Rome,

I charge ye, follow me; all such as stay
Are friends to Cæsar and their country's foes.
Cæs. Th' event will fall out contrary, my lords.
1st Con. [*to Cæsar*]. Go, thou art a thief to Rome; discharge thine army,
Or be proclaim'd forthwith her open foe.
2nd Con. Pompey, I charge thee, help thy injur'd country
With what powers thou hast arm'd, and levy more.
The Ruffians. War, war, O Cæsar!
Senate and People. Peace, peace, worthy Pompey!

ACT II, SCENE I

[*Before the Walls of Rome*]

Enter Fronto, *all ragged, in an overgrown réd beard, black head, with a halter in his hand, looking about*

Fron. Wars, wars, and presses fly in fire about;
No more can I lurk in my lazy corners
Nor shifting courses, and with honest means
To rack my miserable life out more—
The rack is not so fearful; when dishonest
And villainous fashions fail me, can I hope
To live with virtuous, or to raise my fortunes
By creeping up in soldierly degrees?
Since villainy, varied thorough all his figures,
Will put no better case on me than this,
Despair, come seize me! I had able means,
And spent all in the swinge of lewd affections,
Plung'd in all riot and the rage of blood,
In full assurance that being knave enough,
Barbarous enough, base, ignorant enough,
I needs must have enough, while this world lasted;
Yet, since I am a poor and ragged knave,
My rags disgrace my knavery so that none
Will think I am [a] knave; as if good clothes
Were knacks to know a knave, when all men know
He has no living; which knacks since my knavery
Can show no more, and only show is all
That this world cares for, I'll step out of all
The cares 'tis steep'd in. *He offers to hang himself*

Thunder, and the gulf opens, flames issuing, and Ophioneus *ascending, with the face, wings, and tail of a dragon; a skin coat all speckled on the throat*

Oph. Hold, rascal, hang thyself in these days? The only time that ever was for a rascal to live in!

Fron. How chance I cannot live then?

Oph. Either th'art not rascal nor villain enough; or else thou dost not pretend honesty and piety enough to disguise it.

Fron. That's certain, for every ass does that. What art thou?

Oph. A villain worse than thou.

Fron. And dost breathe?

Oph. I speak, thou hear'st; I move, my pulse beats fast as thine.

Fron. And wherefore liv'st thou?

Oph. The world's out of frame, a thousand rulers wresting it this way and that, with as many religions; when, as heaven's upper sphere is moved only by one, so should the sphere of earth be, and I'll have it so.

Fron. How canst thou? What art thou?

Oph. My shape may tell thee.

Fron. No man?

Oph. Man! No, spawn of a clot! None of that cursed crew, damned in the mass itself, plagued in his birth, confined to creep below, and wrestle with the elements, teach himself tortures, kill himself, hang himself; no such galley-slave, but at war with heaven, spurning the power of the gods, command[ing] the elements.

Fron. What may'st thou be, then?

Oph. An endless friend of thine, an immortal devil.

Fron. Heaven bless us!

Oph. Nay, then, forth, go, hang thyself, and thou talk'st of heaven once!

Fron. I have done: what devil art thou?

Oph. Read the old stoic Pherecides that tells thee me truly, and says that I, Ophioneus (for so is my name)—

Fron. Ophioneus? What's that?

Oph. Devilish serpent by interpretation—was general captain of that rebellious host of spirits that waged war with heaven.

Fron. And so were hurled down to hell.

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Oph. We were so, and yet have the rule of earth; and cares any man for the worst of hell, then?

Fron. Why should he?

Oph. Well said! What's thy name now?

Fron. My name is Fronto.

Oph. Fronto? A good one; and has Fronto lived thus long in Rome, lost his state at dice, murthered his brother for his means, spent all, run thorough worse offices since, been a promoter, a purveyor, a pander, a sumner, a sergeant, an intelligencer, and at last hang thyself?

Fron. [*aside*] How the devil knows he all this?

Oph. Why, thou art a most green plover in policy, I perceive; and mayst drink colts-foot, for all thy horse-mane beard: 'slight, what need hast thou to hang thyself, as if there were a dearth of hangmen in the land? Thou liv'st in a good cheap state; a man may be hanged here for a little or nothing. What's the reason of thy desperation?

Fron. My idle, dissolute life is thrust out of all his corners by this searching tumult now on foot in Rome.

* * * Cæsar now and Pompey
Are both for battle: Pompey (in his fear
Of Cæsar's greater force) is sending hence
His wife and children, and he bent to fly.

Enter Pompey *running over the stage with his wife and children,* Gabinius, Demetrius, Vibius, *Pages; other Senators, the Consuls and all following.*

See, all are on their wings, and all the city
In such an uproar, as if fire and sword
Were ransacking and ruining their houses;
No idle person now can lurk near Rome,
All must to arms, or shake their heels beneath
Her martial halters, whose officious pride
I'll shun, and use mine own swinge: I be forc'd
To help my country, when it forceth me
To this past-helping pickle!

Oph. Go to, thou shalt serve me; choose thy profession, and what cloth thou wouldst wish to have thy coat cut out on.

Fron. I can name none.

Oph. Shall I be thy learned counsel?

Fron. None better.

Oph. Be an archflamen, then, to one of the gods.

Fron. Archflamen! What's that?

Oph. A priest.

Fron. A priest, that ne'er was clerk?

Oph. No clerk! what then? The greatest clerks are not the wisest men.

Nor skills it for degrees in a knave or a fool's preferment; thou shalt rise by fortune: let desert rise leisurely enough, and by degrees; fortune prefers headlong, and comes like riches to a man; huge riches being got with little pains, and little with huge pains. And for discharge of the priesthood, what thou want'st in learning thou shalt take out in good-fellowship; thou shalt equivocate with the sophister, prate with the lawyer, scrape with the usurer, drink with the Dutchman, swear with the Frenchman, cheat with the Englishman, brag with the Scot, and turn all this to religion: *Hoc est regnum Deorum gentibus.*

Fron. All this I can do to a hair.

Oph. Very good; wilt thou show thyself deeply learned too, and to live licentiously here, care for nothing hereafter?

Fron. Not for hell?

Oph. For hell? Soft, sir; hop'st thou to purchase hell with only dicing or whoring away thy living, murthering thy brother, and so forth? No, there remain works of a higher hand and deeper brain to obtain hell. Think'st thou earth's great potentates have gotten their places there with any single act of murther, poisoning, adultery, and the rest? No; 'tis a purchase for all manner of villainy, especially that may be privileged by authority, coloured with holiness, and enjoyed with pleasure.

Fron. O this were most honourable and admirable!

Oph. Why such an admirable, honourable villain shalt thou be.

Fron. Is't possible?

Oph. Make no doubt on't; I'll inspire thee.

Fron. Sacred and puissant! *He kneels*

Oph. Away! Companion and friend, give me thy hand; say, dost not love me, art not enamoured of my acquaintance?

Fron. Protest I am!

Oph. Well said; protest, and 'tis enough. And know for infallible, I have promotion for thee, both here and hereafter, which not one great one amongst millions shall ever aspire to. Alexander nor great Cyrus retain those titles in hell that they did on earth.

Fron. No ?

Oph. No ! He that sold sea-coal here shall be a baron there ; he that was a cheating rogue here shall be a justice of peace there ; a knave here, a knight there. In the mean space learn what it is to live, and thou shalt have chopines at commandment to any height of life thou canst wish.

Fron. I fear my fall is too low.

Oph. Too low, fool ? Hast thou not heard of Vulcan's falling out of heaven ? Light o' thy legs, and no matter though thou halt'st with thy best friend ever after ; 'tis the more comely and fashionable. Better go lame in the fashion with Pompey, than never so upright, quite out of the fashion, with Cato.

Fron. Yet you cannot change the old fashion, they say, and hide your cloven feet.

Oph. No ? I can wear roses that shall spread quite over them.

Fron. For love of the fashion, do, then.

Oph. Go to ! I will hereafter.

Fron. But, for the priesthood you offer me, I affect it not.

Oph. No ? What say'st thou to a rich office, then ?

Fron. The only second means to raise a rascal in the earth.

Oph. Go to ; I'll help thee to the best i' th' earth, then, and that's in Sicilia, the very storehouse of the Romans, where the Lord Chief Censor there lies now a-dying, whose soul I will have, and thou shalt have his office.

Fron. Excellent ! Was ever great office better supplied ?

Exeunt

[SCENE II

Enter Nuntius]

Nuntius. Now is the mighty Empress of the earth,
Great Rome, fast lock'd up in her fancied strength,
All broke in uproars, fearing the just gods
In plagues will drown her so abused blessings ;
In which fear, all without her walls, fly in,
By both their jarring champions rushing out ;
And those that were within as fast fly forth ;
The Consuls both are fled, without one rite
Of sacrifice submitted to the gods,
As ever heretofore their custom was
When they began the bloody frights of war :

In which our two great soldiers now encount'ring,
Since both left Rome, oppos'd in bitter skirmish,
Pompey (not willing yet to hazard battle,
By Cato's counsel urging good cause) fled ;
Which firing Cæsar's spirit, he pursu'd
So home and fiercely, that great Pompey, scorning
The heart he took by his advised flight,
Despis'd advice as much as his pursuit.
And as in Lybia an aged lion,
Urg'd from his peaceful covert, fears the light,
With his unready and diseas'd appearance,
Gives way to chase awhile and coldly hunts,
Till with the youthful hunter's wanton heat
He all his cool wrath frets into a flame ;
And then his sides he swinges with his stern
To lash his strength up, lets down all his brows
About his burning eyes, erects his mane,
Breaks all his throat in thunders, and to wreak
His hunter's insolence his heart even barking,
He frees his fury, turns, and rushes back
With such a ghastly horror that in heaps
His proud foes fly, and he that station keeps :
So Pompey's cool spirits put to all their heat
By Cæsar's hard pursuit, he turn'd fresh head,
And flew upon his foe with such a rapture
As took up into furies all friends' fears ;
Who, fir'd with his first turning, all turn'd head,
And gave so fierce a charge their followers fled ;
Whose instant issue on their both sides, see,
And after, set out such a tragedy
As all the princes of the earth may come
To take their patterns by the spirits of Rome.

[*Exit* Nuntius]

[SCENE III

A Battlefield near Dyrrhachium]

Alarm, after which enter Cæsar, *following* Crassinius *calling to the* Soldiers

Cras. Stay, foolish coward[s] ! Fly ye Cæsar's fortunes ?
Cæs. Forbear, Crassinius ; we contend in vain
To stay these vapours, and must raise our camp.

Cras. How shall we rise, my lord, but all in uproars,
Being still pursu'd ?

Enter Acilius

[*Acil.*] The pursuit stays, my lord ;
Pompey hath sounded a retreat, resigning
His time to you, to use in instant raising
Your ill-lodg'd army, pitching now where Fortune
May good amends make for her fault to-day.
Cæs. It was not Fortune's fault, but mine, Acilius,
To give my foe charge, being so near the sea,
Where well I knew the eminence of his strength,
And should have driven th' encounter further off,
Bearing before me such a goodly country,
So plentiful and rich, in all things fit
To have supplied my army's want with victuals,
And th' able cities, too, to strengthen it,
Of Macedon and Thessaly, where now
I rather was besieg'd for want of food,
Than did assault with fighting force of arms.

Enter Antony, Vibius, *with others*

Ant. See, sir, here's one friend of your foes recover'd.
Cæs. Vibius ? In happy hour !
Vib. For me, unhappy !
Cæs. What, brought against your will ?
Vib. Else had not come.
Ant. Sir, he's your prisoner, but had made you his
Had all the rest pursu'd the chase like him ;
He drave on like a fury, past all friends
But we, that took him quick in his engagement.
Cæs. O Vibius, you deserve to pay a ransom
Of infinite rate ; for had your general join'd
In your addression, or known how to conquer,
This day had prov'd him the supreme of Cæsar.
Vib. Known how to conquer ? His five hundred conquests
Achiev'd ere this day make that doubt unfit
For him that flies him ; for, of issues doubtful,
Who can at all times put on for the best ?
If I were mad, must he his army venture
In my engagement ? Nor are generals ever
Their powers' disposers by their proper angels

But trust against them, oftentimes, their councils,
Wherein, I doubt not, Cæsar's self hath err'd
Sometimes, as well as Pompey.
Cæs. Or done worse,
In disobeying my council, Vibius ;
Of which this day's abused light is witness,
By which I might have seen a course secure
Of this discomfiture.
Ant. Amends sits ever
Above repentance ; what's done, wish not undone ;
But that prepared patience that, you know,
Best fits a soldier charg'd with hardest fortunes,
Asks still your use, since powers, still temperate kept,
Ope still the clearer eyes by one fault's sight
To place the next act in the surer right.
Cæs. You prompt me nobly, sir, repairing in me
Mine own stay's practice, out of whose repose
The strong convulsions of my spirits forc'd me
Thus far beyond my temper : but, good Vibius,
Be ransom'd with my love, and haste to Pompey,
Entreating him from me that we may meet,
And for that reason, which I know this day
Was given by Cato for his pursuit's stay,
(Which was prevention of our Roman blood)
Propose my offer of our hearty peace ;
That being reconcil'd, and mutual faith
Given on our either part, not three days' light
May further show us foes, but (both our armies
Dispers'd in garrisons) we may return
Within that time to Italy, such friends
As in our country's love contain our spleens.
Vib. 'Tis offer'd, sir, above the rate of Cæsar
In other men, but, in what I approve,
Beneath his merits ; which I will not fail
T'enforce at full to Pompey, nor forget
In any time the gratitude of my service.
Vibius *salutes* Antony *and the other and exit*
Cæs. Your love, sir, and your friendship !
Ant. This prepares
A good induction to the change of Fortune
In this day's issue, if the pride it kindles
In Pompey's veins makes him deny a peace
So gently offer'd ; for her alter'd hand

Works never surer from her ill to good
On his side she hath hurt, and on the other
With other changes, than when means are us'd
To keep her constant, yet retire refus'd.
Cæs. I try no such conclusion, but desire
Directly peace. In mean space, I'll prepare
For other issue in my utmost means;
Whose hopes now resting at Brundusium,
In that part of my army with Sabinus,
I wonder he so long delays to bring me,
And must in person haste him, if this even
I hear not from him.
Cras. That, I hope, flies far
Your full intent, my lord, since Pompey's navy,
You know, lies hovering all alongst those seas
In too much danger, for what aid soever
You can procure, to pass your person safe.
Acil. Which doubt may prove the cause that stays Sabinus;
And, if with shipping fit to pass your army,
He yet strains time to venture, I presume
You will not pass your person with such convoy
Of those poor vessels as may serve you here.
Cæs. How shall I help it? Shall I suffer this
Torment of his delay, and rack suspicions
Worse than assur'd destructions through my thoughts?
Ant. Past doubt he will be here: I left all order'd,
And full agreement made with him to make
All utmost haste, no least let once suspected.
Cæs. Suspected? What suspect should fear a friend
In such assur'd straits from his friend's enlargement?
If 'twere his soldiers' safeties he so tenders,
Were it not better they should sink by sea,
Than wrack their number, king, and cause, ashore?
Their stay is worth their ruin (should we live),
If they in fault were; if their leader, he
Should die the deaths of all. In mean space, I,
That should not, bear all. Fly the sight in shame,
Thou eye of Nature, and abortive Night
Fall dead amongst us! With defects, defects
Must serve proportion; justice never can
Be else restor'd, nor right the wrongs of man. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV

The Camp of Pompey]

Pompey, Cato, Gabinius, Demetrius, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius.

Pom. This charge of our fierce foe the friendly gods
Have in our strengthen'd spirits beaten back
With happy issue, and his forces lessen'd
Of two and thirty ensigns forc'd from him,
Two thousand soldiers slain.
Cato. O boast not that;
Their loss is yours, my lord.
Pom. I boast it not,
But only name the number.
Gab. Which right well
You might have rais'd so high, that on their tops
Your throne was offer'd, ever t'overlook
Subverted Cæsar, had you been so blest
To give such honour to your captains' counsels
As their alacrities did long to merit
With proof-ful action.
Dem. O, 'twas ill neglected.
Stat. It was deferr'd with reason, which not yet
Th' event so clear is to confute.
Pom. If 'twere,
Our likeliest then was not to hazard battle,
Th' adventure being so casual; if compar'd
With our more certain means to his subversion;
For finding now our army amply stor'd
With all things fit to tarry surer time,
Reason thought better to extend to length
The war betwixt us, that his little strength
May by degrees prove none; which urged now
(Consisting of his best and ablest soldiers)
We should have found, at one direct set battle,
Of matchless valours, their defects of victual
Not tiring yet enough on their tough nerves;
Where, on the other part, to put them still
In motion, and remotion, here and there,
Enforcing them to fortifying still
Wherever they set down, to siege a wall,
Keep watch all night in armour—their most part

Can never bear it, by their years' oppression,
Spent heretofore too much in those steel toils.
Cato. I so advis'd, and yet repent it not,
But much rejoice in so much saved blood
As had been pour'd out in the stroke of battle,
Whose fury thus prevented, comprehends
Your country's good and Empire's ; in whose care
Let me beseech you that in all this war
You sack no city subject to our rule,
Nor put to sword one citizen of Rome,
But when the needful fury of the sword
Can make no fit distinction in main battle ;
That you will please still to prolong the stroke
Of absolute decision to these jars,
Considering you shall strike it with a man
Of much skill and experience, and one
That will his conquest sell at infinite rate,
If that must end your difference ; but I doubt
There will come humble offer on his part
Of honour'd peace to you, for whose sweet name
So cried out to you in our late-met Senate,
Los[e] no fit offer of that wished treaty.
Take pity on your country's blood as much
As possible may stand without the danger
Of hindering her justice on her foes,
Which all the gods to your full wish dispose. [*going*]
Pom. Why will you leave us ? Whither will you go
To keep your worthiest person in more safety
Than in my army, so devoted to you ?
Cato. My person is the least, my lord, I value ;
I am commanded by our powerful Senate
To view the cities and the kingdoms situate
About your either army, that, which side
Soever conquer, no disorder'd stragglers,
Puff'd with the conquest, or by need impell'd,
May take their swinge more than the care of one
May curb and order in these neighbour confines ;
My chief pass yet resolves for Utica.
Pom. Your pass, my truest friend and worthy father,
May all good powers make safe, and always answer
Your infinite merits with their like protection ;
In which I make no doubt but we shall meet
With mutual greetings, or for absolute conquest,

Or peace preventing that our bloody stroke ;
Nor let our parting be dishonour'd so
As not to take into our noblest notice
Yourself, [*to* Athenodorus] most learned and admired father,
Whose merits, if I live, shall lack no honour.
Portius, Statilius, though your spirits with mine
Would highly cheer me, yet ye shall bestow them
In much more worthy conduct ; but love me,
And wish me conquest for your country's sake.
Stat. Our lives shall seal our loves, sir, with worst deaths
Adventur'd in your service.
Pom. Y'are my friends.
Exeunt Cato, Athenodorus, Portius, Statilius
These friends thus gone, 'tis more than time we minded
Our lost friend Vibius.
Gab. You can want no friends ;
See, our two Consuls, sir, betwixt them bringing
The worthy Brutus.
Enter two Consuls *leading* Brutus *betwixt them*
1st Con. We attend, my lord,
With no mean friend, to spirit your next encounter,
Six thousand of our choice Patrician youths
Brought in his conduct.
2nd Con. And though never yet
He hath saluted you with any word
Or look of slenderest love in his whole life,
Since that long time since of his father's death
By your hand author'd ; yet, see, at your need
He comes to serve you freely for his country.
Pom. His friendly presence, making up a third
With both your persons, I as gladly welcome
As if Jove's triple flame had gilt this field,
And lighten'd on my right hand from his shield.
Brut. I well assure myself, sir, that no thought
In your ingenuous construction touches
At the aspersion that my tender'd service
Proceeds from my despair of elsewhere safety ;
But that my country's safety, owning justly
My whole abilities of life and fortunes,
And you the ablest fautor of her safety,
Her love, and (for your love of her) your own
Only makes sacred to your use my offering.
Pom. Far fly all other thought from my construction

And due acceptance of the liberal honour
Your love hath done me, which the gods are witness
I take as stirr'd up in you by their favours,
Nor less esteem it than an offering holy ;
Since, as of all things man is said the measure,
So your full merits measure forth a man.
1st Con. See yet, my lord, more friends.
2nd Con. Five kings, your servants.

Enter five Kings

Iber. Conquest and all grace crown the gracious Pompey,
To serve whom in the sacred Roman safety
Myself, Iberia's king, present my forces.
Thes. And I that hold the tributary throne
Of Grecian Thessaly submit my homage
To Rome and Pompey.
Cic. So Cilicia too.
Ep. And so Epirus.
Thrace. Lastly, I from Thrace
Present the duties of my power and service.
Pom. Your royal aids deserve of Rome and Pompey
Our utmost honours. O, may now our Fortune
Not balance her broad breast 'twixt two light wings,
Nor on a slippery globe sustain her steps ;
But as the Spartans say the Paphian queen
(The flood Eurotas passing) laid aside
Her glass, her ceston, and her amorous graces,
And in Lycurgus' favour arm'd her beauties
With shield and javelin ; so may Fortune now,
The flood of all our enemy's forces passing
With her fair ensigns, and arriv'd at ours,
Displume her shoulders, cast off her wing'd shoes,
Her faithless and still-rolling stone spurn from her,
And enter our powers, as she may remain
Our firm assistant ; that the general aids,
Favours, and honours you perform to Rome,
May make her build with you her endless home.
Omnes. The gods vouchsafe it, and our cause's right.
Dem. What sudden shade is this ? Observe, my lords,
The night, methinks, comes on before her hour.
Thunder and lightning
Gab. Nor trust me if my thoughts conceive not so.

Brut. What thin clouds fly the winds, like swiftest shafts
Along air's middle region!
1st Con. They presage
Unusual tempests.
2nd Con. And 'tis their repair
That timeless darken thus the gloomy air.
Pom. Let's force no omen from it, but avoid
The vapours' furies now by Jove employ'd.

[*Exeunt*]

[SCENE V

The Bank of the River Anius]

Thunder continued, and Cæsar *enters disguised*

[*Cæs.*] The wrathful tempest of the angry night,
Where hell flies muffled up in clouds of pitch,
Mingled with sulphur, and those dreadful bolts
The Cyclops ram in Jove's artillery,
Hath rous'd the Furies, arm'd in all their horrors,
Up to the envious seas, in spite of Cæsar.
O night, O jealous night of all the noblest
Beauties and glories, where the gods have stroke
Their four digestions from thy ghastly chaos,
Blush thus to drown them all in this hour, sign'd
By the necessity of fate for Cæsar.
I, that have ransack'd all the world for worth
To form in man the image of the gods,
Must like them have the power to check the worst
Of all things under their celestial empire,
Stoop it, and burst it, or break through it all
With use and safety; till the crown be set
On all my actions, that the hand of Nature,
In all her worst works aiming at an end,
May in a master-piece of hers be serv'd
With tops and state fit for his virtuous crown;
Not lift arts thus far up in glorious frame
To let them vanish thus in smoke and shame.
This river Anius (in whose mouth now lies
A pinnace I would pass in to fetch on
My army's dull rest from Brundusium)
That is at all times else exceeding calm
By reason of a purling wind that flies

Off from the shore each morning, driving up
The billows far to sea, in this night yet
Bears such a terrible gale, put off from sea,
As beats the land-wind back, and thrusts the flood
Up in such uproar that no boat dare stir.
And on it is dispers'd all Pompey's navy
To make my peril yet more envious.
Shall I yet shrink for all? Were all yet more,
There is a certain need that I must give
Way to my pass; none known that I must live.

Enter Master of a ship *with* Sailors

Mast. What battle is there fought now in the air
That threats the wrack of nature?
Cæs. Master, come!
Shall we thrust through it all?
Mast. What lost man
Art thou in hopes and fortunes, that dar'st make
So desperate a motion?
Cæs. Launch, man, and all thy fears' freight disavow;
Thou carriest Cæsar and his fortunes now. [*Exeunt*]

ACT III, SCENE I

[*The Camp of* Pompey]

Pompey, *two* Consuls, *five* Kings, Brutus, Gabinius, Demetrius

[*Pom.*] Now to Pharsalia, where the smarting strokes
Of our resolv'd contention must resound.
My lords and friends of Rome, I give you all
Such welcome as the spirit of all my fortunes,
Conquests, and triumphs (now come for their crown)
Can crown your favours with, and serve the hopes
Of my dear country to her utmost wish:
I can but set up all my being to give
So good an end to my forerunning acts,
The powers in me that form'd them having lost
No least time since in gathering skill to better,
But, like so many bees, have brought me home
The sweet of whatsoever flowers have grown
In all the meads and gardens of the world.
All which hath grown still, as the time increas'[d]

In which 'twas gather'd, and with which it stemm'd,
That what decay soever blood inferr'd,
Might with my mind's store be supplied and cheer'd:
All which, in one fire of this instant fight,
I'll burn and sacrifice to every cinder
In sacred offering to my country's love;
And, therefore, what event soever sort,
As I no praise will look for, but the good
Freely bestow on all (if good succeed)
So if adverse fate fall, I wish no blame,
But th' ill befall'n me made my fortune's shame,
Not mine, nor my fault.
1st Con. We too well love Pompey
To do him that injustice.
Brut. Who more thirsts
The conquest than resolves to bear the foil?
Pom. Said Brutus-like! Give several witness all,
That you acquit me whatsoever fall.
2nd Con. Particular men particular fates must bear:
Who feels his own wounds less to wound another?
Thes. Leave him the worst whose best is left undone,
He only conquers whose mind still is one.
Ep. Free minds, like dice, fall square whate'er the cast.
Iber. Who on himself sole stands, stands solely fast.
Thrace. He's never down whose mind fights still aloft.
Cil. Who cares for up or down, when all's but thought?
Gab. To things' events doth no man's power extend.
Dem. Since gods rule all, who anything would mend?
Pom. Ye sweetly ease my charge, yourselves unburthening.
Return'd not yet our trumpet, sent to know
Of Vibius' certain state?
Gab. Not yet, my lord.
Pom. Too long protract we all means to recover
His person quick or dead; for I still think
His loss serv'd fate before we blew retreat,
Though some affirm him seen soon after fighting.
Dem. Not after, sir, I heard, but ere it ended.
Gab. He bore a great mind to extend our pursuit
Much further than it was; and serv'd that day
(When you had, like the true head of a battle,
Led all the body in that glorious turn)
Upon a far-off squadron that stood fast

In conduct of the great Mark Antony
When all the rest were fled, so past a man
That in their tough receipt of him I saw him
Thrice break through all with ease, and pass as fair
As he had all been fire, and they but air.
Pom. He stuck at last, yet, in their midst it seem'd.
Gab. So have I seen a fire-drake glide at midnight
Before a dying man to point his grave,
And in it stick and hide.
Dem. He comes yet safe.

A Trumpet sounds, and enters before Vibius, *with others*

Pom. O Vibius, welcome ; what, a prisoner
With mighty Cæsar, and so quickly ransom'd ?
Vib. Ay, sir ; my ransom needed little time
Either to gain agreement for the value,
Or the disbursement, since in Cæsar's grace
We both concluded.
Pom. Was his grace so free ?
Vib. For your respect, sir.
Pom. Nay, sir, for his glory ;
That the main conquest he so surely builds on
(Which ever is forerun with petty fortunes)
Take not effect by taking any friend
From all the most my poor defence can make,
But must be complete by his perfect own.
Vib. I know, sir, you more nobly rate the freedom
He freely gave your friend than to pervert it
So past his wisdom, that knows much too well
Th' uncertain state of conquest, to raise frames
Of such presumption on her fickle wings,
And chiefly in a loss so late and grievous ;
Besides, your forces far exceeding his,
His whole powers being but two and twenty thousand,
And yours full four and forty thousand strong :
For all which yet he stood as far from fear
In my enlargement, as the confident glory
You please to put on him, and had this end
In my so kind dismission, that as kindly
I might solicit a sure peace betwixt you.
Pom. A peace ! Is't possible ?
Vib. Come, do not show
This wanton incredulity too much.

Pom. Believe me I was far from such a thought
In his high stomach: Cato prophesied then.
What think my lords our Consuls, and friend Brutus?
[*Both Consuls*] An offer happy!
Brut. Were it plain and hearty.
Pom. Ay, there's the true inspection to his prospect.
Brut. This strait of his perhaps may need a sleight
Of some hid stratagem to bring him off.
Pom. Devices of a new forge to entrap me!
I rest in Cæsar's shades, walk his strow'd paths,
Sleep in his quiet waves? I'll sooner trust
Hibernian bogs and quicksands, and Hell mouth
Take for my sanctuary: in bad parts,
That no extremes will better, Nature's finger
Hath mark'd him to me to take heed of him.
What thinks my Brutus?
Brut. 'Tis your best and safest.
Pom. This offer'd peace of his is sure a snare
To make our war the bloodier, whose fit fear
Makes me I dare not now, in thoughts maturer
Than late inclin'd me, put in use the counsel
Your noble father Cato, parting, gave me,
Whose much too tender shunning innocent blood
This battle hazards now, that must cost more.
1st Con. It does, and therefore now no more defer it.
Pom. Say all men so?
Omnes. We do!
Pom. I grieve ye do.
Because I rather wish to err with Cato
Than with the truth go of the world besides;
But since it shall abide this other stroke,
Ye gods, that our great Roman Genius
Have made not give us one day's conquest only,
Nor grow in conquests for some little time,
As did the Genius of the Macedons,
Nor be by land great only, like Laconians',
Nor yet by sea alone, as was th' Athenians',
Nor slowly stirr'd up, like the Persian angel,
Nor rock'd asleep soon, like the Ionian spirit;
But made our Roman Genius fiery, watchful,
And even from Rome's prime join'd his youth with hers,
Grow as she grew, and firm as earth abide
By her increasing pomp at sea and shore,

In peace, in battle, against Greece as well
As our barbarian foes; command yet further,
Ye firm and just gods, our assistful angel
For Rome and Pompey, who now fights for Rome,
That all these royal laws to us, and justice
Of common safety, may the self-love drown
Of tyrannous Cæsar, and my care for all
Your altars crown with endless festival.

Exeunt

[SCENE II

The Camp of Cæsar]

Cæsar, Antony, *a* Soothsayer, Crassinius, Acilius, *with others*

Cæs. Say, sacred Soothsayer, and inform the truth,
What liking hast thou of our sacrifice?
Sooth. Imperial Cæsar, at your sacred charge
I drew a milk-white ox into the temple,
And turning there his face into the east
(Fearfully shaking at the shining light)
Down fell his horned forehead to his hoof.
When I began to greet him with the stroke
That should prepare him for the holy rites,
With hideous roars he laid out such a throat
As made the secret lurkings of the god
To answer, echo-like, in threat'ning sounds:
I stroke again at him, and then he slept,
His life-blood boiling out at every wound
In streams as clear as any liquid ruby.
And there began to alter my presage
The other ill signs showing th' other fortune
Of your last skirmish, which, far opposite now,
Proves ill beginnings good events foreshow.
For now, the beast cut up and laid on th' altar,
His limbs were all lick'd up with instant flames,
Not like the elemental fire that burns
In household uses, lamely struggling up,
This way and that way winding as it rises,
But, right and upright, reach'd his proper sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.
Cæs. And what may that presage?
Sooth. That even the spirit

Of heaven's pure flame flew down and ravish'd up
Your offering's blaze in that religious instant,
Which shows th' alacrity and cheerful virtue
Of heaven's free bounty, doing good in time,
And with what swiftness true devotions climb.
Omnes. The gods be honour'd!
Sooth. O behold with wonder!
The sacred blaze is like a torch enlighten'd,
Directly burning just above your camp!
Omnes. Miraculous!
Sooth. Believe it, with all thanks:
The Roman Genius is alter'd now,
And arms for Cæsar.
Cæs. Soothsayer, be for ever
Reverenc'd of Cæsar. O Marc Antony,
I thought to raise my camp, and all my tents
Took down for swift remotion to Scotussa.
Shall now our purpose hold?
Ant. Against the gods?
They grace in th' instant, and in th' instant we
Must add our parts, and be in th' use as free.
Cras. See, sir, the scouts return.

Enter two scouts

Cæs. What news, my friends?
1st Scout. Arm, arm, my lord, the vaward of the foe
Is rang'd already!
2nd Scout. Answer them, and arm!
You cannot set your rest of battle up
In happier hour; for I this night beheld
A strange confusion in your enemy's camp,
The soldiers taking arms in all dismay,
And hurling them again as fast to earth,
Every way routing, as th' alarm were then
Given to their army. A most causeless fear
Dispers'd quite through them.
Cæs. Then 'twas Jove himself
That with his secret finger stirr'd in them.
Cras. Other presages of success, my lord,
Have strangely happen'd in the adjacent cities
To this your army; for in Tralleis,
Within a temple built to Victory,
There stands a statue with your form and name,

Near whose firm base, even from the marble pavement,
There sprang a palm-tree up in this last night
That seems to crown your statue with his boughs,
Spread in wrapt shadows round about your brows.
Cæs. The sign, Crassinius, is most strange and graceful.
Nor could get issue but by power divine ;
Yet will not that, nor all abodes besides
Of never such kind promise of success
Perform it without tough acts of our own ;
No care, no nerve the less to be employ'd,
No offering to the gods, no vows, no prayers :
Secure and idle spirits never thrive
When most the gods for their advancements strive.
And therefore tell me what abodes thou build'st on
In an[y] spirit to act enflam'd in thee,
Or in our soldiers' seen resolv'd addresses.
Cras. Great and fiery virtue ! And this day
Be sure, great Cæsar, of effects as great
In absolute conquest ; to which are prepar'd
Enforcements resolute from this arm'd hand,
Which thou shalt praise me for, alive or dead.
Cæs. Alive, ye gods, vouchsafe ; and my true vows
For life in him—great heaven, for all my foes,
Being natural Romans !—so far jointly hear
As may not hurt our conquest ; as with fear,
Which thou already strangely hast diffus'd
Through all their army, which extend to flight
Without one bloody stroke of force and fight.
Ant. 'Tis time, my lord, you put in form your battle.
Cæs. Since we must fight, then, and no offer'd peace
Will take with Pompey, I rejoice to see
This long-time-look'd-for and most happy day,
In which we now shall fight, with men, not hunger,
With toils, not sweats of blood through years extended,
This one day serving to decide all jars
'Twixt me and Pompey. Hang out of my tent
My crimson coat-of-arms to give my soldiers
That ever-sure sign of resolv'd-for fight.
Cras. These hands shall give that sign to all their longings.
Exit Crassinius
Cæs. [*To* Antony.] My lord, my army, I think best to order
In three full squadrons ; of which let me pray

Yourself would take on you the left wing's charge ;
Myself will lead the right wing, and my place
Of fight elect in my tenth legion ;
My battle by Domitius Calvinus
Shall take direction.

The coat-of-arms is hung out, and the soldiers shout within

Ant. Hark, your soldiers shout
For joy to see your bloody coat-of-arms
Assure their fight this morning.
Cæs. A blest even
Bring on them worthy comforts ! And, ye gods,
Perform your good presages in events
Of fit crown for our discipline and deeds
Wrought up by conquest, that my use of it
May wipe the hateful and unworthy stain
Of tyrant from my temples, and exchange it
For fautor of my country : ye have given
That title to those poor and fearful fowls,
That every sound puts up in frights and cries,
Even then, when all Rome's powers were weak and heartless,
When traitorous fires and fierce barbarian swords,
Rapines, and soul-expiring slaughters fill'd
Her houses, temples, all her air and earth.
To me, then, (whom your bounties have inform'd
With such a spirit as despiseth fear,
Commands in either fortune, knows, and arms
Against the worst of fate, and therefore can
Dispose blest means, encourag'd to the best)
Much more vouchsafe that honour ; chiefly now,
When Rome wants only this day's conquest given me
To make her happy, to confirm the brightness
That yet she shines in over all the world,
In empire, riches, strife of all the arts,
In gifts of cities and of kingdoms sent her,
In crowns laid at her feet, in every grace
That shores, and seas, floods, islands, continents,
Groves, fields, hills, mines, and metals can produce :
All which I, victor, will increase, I vow,
By all my good, acknowledg'd given by you.

[*Exeunt*]

ACT IV, SCENE I

[*The Camp of* Pompey]

Pompey, *in haste,* Brutus, Gabinius, Vibius *following*

[*Pom.*] The poison, steep'd in every vein of empire
In all the world, meet now in only me,
Thunder and lighten me to death, and make
My senses feed the flame, my soul the crack.
Was ever sovereign captain of so many
Armies and nations so oppress'd as I
With one host's headstrong outrage; urging fight,
Yet fly about my camp in panic terrors,
No reason under heaven suggesting cause?
And what is this but even the gods deterring
My judgment from enforcing fight this morn?
The new-fled night made day with meteors,
Fir'd over Cæsar's camp, and fall'n in mine,
As pointing out the terrible events
Yet in suspense; but where they threat their fall,
Speak not these prodigies with fiery tongues
And eloquence that should not move, but ravish
All sound minds from thus tempting the just gods,
And spitting out their fair premonishing flames
With brackish rheums of ruder and brainsick number?
What's infinitely more—thus wild, thus mad,
For one poor fortune of a beaten few
To half so many staid and dreadful soldiers,
Long train'd, long foughten, able, nimble, perfect
To turn and wind advantage every way,
Increase with little, and enforce with none,
Made bold as lions, gaunt as famish'd wolves,
With still-serv'd slaughters and continual toils.
Brut. You should not, sir, forsake your own wise counsel,
Your own experienc'd discipline, own practice,
Own god-inspired insight to all changes
Of Protean fortune, and her zany, war,
For hosts and hells of such; what man will think
The best of them not mad, to see them range
So up and down your camp, already suing
For offices fall'n, by Cæsar's built-on fall,
Before one stroke be struck? Domitius, Spinther,
Your father Scipio, now preparing friends

For Cæsar's place of universal bishop ?
Are you th'observed rule and vouch'd example,
Who ever would commend physicians
That would not follow the diseas'd desires
Of their sick patients ; yet incur yourself
The faults that you so much abhor in others ?
Pom. I cannot, sir, abide men's open mouths,
Nor be ill spoken of ; nor have my counsels
And circumspections turn'd on me for fears
With mocks and scandals that would make a man
Of lead a lightning in the desperat'st onset
That ever trampled under death his life.
I bear the touch of fear for all their safeties,
Or for mine own ! Enlarge with twice as many
Self-lives, self-fortunes, they shall sink beneath
Their own credulities, before I cross them.
Come, haste, dispose our battle !
Vib. Good my lord,
Against your Genius war not for the world.
Pom. By all worlds he that moves me next to bear
Their scoffs and imputations of my fear
For any cause, shall bear this sword to hell.
Away, to battle ! Good my lord, lead you
The whole six thousand of our young Patricians,
Plac'd in the left wing to environ Cæsar.
My father Scipio shall lead the battle ;
Domitius the left wing ; I the right
Against Mark Antony. Take now your fills,
Ye beastly doters on your barbarous wills. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II

The Battlefield of Pharsalia]

Alarm, excursions of all : the five Kings *driven over the stage,* Crassinius *chiefly pursuing. At the door enter again the five* Kings. *The battle continued within.*

Ep. Fly, fly, the day was lost before 'twas fought.
Thes. The Romans fear'd their shadows.
Cic. Were there ever
Such monstrous confidences, as last night
Their cups and music show'd, before the morning
Made such amazes ere one stroke was struck ?

Iber. It made great Pompey mad ; which who could mend ?
The gods had hand in it.
Thrace. It made the Consuls
Run on their swords to see't. The brave Patricians
Fled with their spoiled faces, arrows sticking
As shot from heaven at them.
Thes. 'Twas the charge
That Cæsar gave against them.
Ep. Come, away
Leave all, and wonder at this fatal day.

Exeunt

The fight nearer ; and enter Crassinius, *a sword as thrust through his face ; he falls. To him* Pompey *and* Cæsar *fighting :* Pompey *gives way,* Cæsar *follows, and enters at another door*

Cæs. Pursue, pursue ; the gods foreshow'd their powers,
Which we gave issue, and the day is ours.
Crassinius ? O look up. He does, and shows
Death in his broken eyes, which Cæsar's hands
Shall do the honour of eternal closure.
Too well thou kept'st thy word, that thou this day
Wouldst do me service to our victory,
Which in thy life or death I should behold,
And praise thee for ; I do, and must admire
Thy matchless valour ; ever, ever rest
Thy manly lineaments, which in a tomb,
Erected to thy noble name and virtues,
I'll curiously preserve with balms and spices,
In eminent place of these Pharsalian fields,
Inscrib'd with this true [scroll] of funeral :

Epitaph

Crassinius fought for fame and died for Rome,
Whose public weal springs from this private tomb.

Enter some taking him off, whom Cæsar *helps*

[SCENE III

Another Part of the Battlefield]

Enter Pompey, Demetrius, *with black robes in their hands, broad hats, etc.*

Pom. Thus have the gods their justice, men their wills,

And I, by men's wills rul'd, myself renouncing,
Am by my Angel and the gods abhorr'd,
Who drew me like a vapour up to heaven,
To dash me like a tempest gainst the earth.
O, the deserved terrors that attend
On human confidence! Had ever men
Such outrage of presumption to be victors
Before they arm'd? To send to Rome before
For houses near the market-place; their tents
Strow'd all with flowers and nosegays, tables cover'd
With cups and banquets, bays and myrtle garlands,
As ready to do sacrifice for conquest
Rather than arm them for fit fight t' enforce it!
Which, when I saw, I knew as well th' event
As now I feel it, and because I rag'd
In that presage (my Genius showing me clearly
As in a mirror all this cursed issue),
And therefore urg'd all means to put it off
For this day, or from these fields, to some other,
Or from this ominous confidence, till I saw
Their spirits settled in some graver knowledge
Of what belong'd to such a dear decision,
They spotted me with fear, with love of glory
To keep in my command so many kings,
So great an army—all the hellish blastings
That could be breath'd on me to strike me blind,
Of honour, spirit, and soul. And should I then
Save them that would in spite of heaven be ruin'd,
And in their safeties ruin me and mine
In everlasting rage of their detraction?

Dem. Your safety and own honour did deserve
Respect past all their values. O, my lord,
Would you—

Pem. Upbraid me not; go to, go on!

Dem. No; I'll not rub the wound. The misery is
The gods for any error in a man
(Which they might rectify, and should, because
That man maintain'd the right) should suffer wrong
To be thus insolent, thus grac'd, thus blest.

Pom. O, the strange carriage of their acts, by which
Men order theirs and their devotions in them,
Much rather striving to entangle men
In pathless error than with regular right

Confirm their reason's and their piety's light.
For now, sir, whatsoever was foreshown
By heaven, or prodigy—ten parts more for us,
Forewarning us, deterring us and all
Our blind and brainless frenzies, than for Cæsar—
All yet will be ascrib'd to his regard
Given by the gods for his good parts, preferring
Their gloss (being stark impostures) to the justice,
Love, honour, piety of our laws and country ;
Though I think these are arguments enow
For my acquittal that for all these fought.
Dem. Y'are clear, my lord,
Pom. Gods help me, as I am.
Whatever my untouch'd command of millions
Through all my eight and fifty years hath won,
This one day, in the world's esteem, hath lost.
So vile is praise and dispraise by event ;
For I am still myself in every worth
The world could grace me with, had this day's even
In one blaze join'd with all my other conquests.
And shall my comforts in my well-known self
Fail me for their false fires, Demetrius ?
Dem. O no, my lord !
Pom. Take grief for them, as if
The rotten-hearted world could steep my soul
In filthy putrefaction of their own,
Since their applauses fail me, that are hisses
To every sound acceptance ? I confess
That till th' affair was past my passions flam'd ;
But now 'tis helpless, and no cause in me,
Rest in these embers my unmoved soul
With any outward change, this distich minding ;
'No man should more allow his own loss woes,
(Being past his fault) than any stranger does.'
And for the world's false loves and airy honours,
What soul that ever lov'd them most in life
(Once sever'd from this breathing sepulchre)
Again came and appear'd in any kind
Their kind admirer still, or did the state
Of any best man here associate ?
And every true soul should be here so sever'd
From love of such men as here drown their souls
As all the world does, Cato sole [excepted] ;

To whom I'll fly now, and my wife in way
(Poor lady and poor children, worse than fatherless)
Visit and comfort. Come, Demetrius,
They disguise themselves
We now must suit our habits to our fortunes,
And since these changes ever chance to greatest
* * * * * * nor desire to be
(Do Fortune to exceed it what she can)
A Pompey, or a Cæsar, but a man. *Exeunt*

[SCENE IV

Another Part of the Field]

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Acilius, *with soldiers*

Cæs. Oh, we have slain, not conquer'd! Roman blood
Perverts th' event, and desperate blood let out
With their own swords. Did ever men before
Envy their own lives since another liv'd
Whom they would wilfully conceive their foe,
And forge a tyrant merely in their fears
To justify their slaughters? Consuls? Furies!
Ant. Be, sir, their faults their griefs! The greater number
Were only slaves that left their bloods to ruth,
And altogether but six thousand slain.
Cæs. However many, gods and men can witness
Themselves enforc'd it, much against the most
I could enforce on Pompey for our peace.
Of all slain yet, if Brutus only liv'd
I should be comforted, for his life sav'd
Would weigh the whole six thousand that are lost.
But much I fear his death, because, the battle
Full stricken now, he yet abides unfound.
Acil. I saw him fighting near the battle's end,
But suddenly give off, as bent to fly.

Enter Brutus

Ant. He comes here; see, sir.
Brut. I submit to Cæsar
My life and fortunes.

Cæs. A more welcome fortune
Is Brutus than my conquest.
Brut. Sir, I fought
Against your conquest and yourself, and merit
(I must acknowledge) a much sterner welcome.
Cæs. You fought with me, sir, for I know your arms
Were taken for your country, not for Pompey.
And for my country I fought, nothing less
Than he, or both the mighty-stomach'd Consuls;
Both whom, I hear, have slain themselves before
They would enjoy life in the good of Cæsar.
But I am nothing worse, how ill soever
They and the great authority of Rome
Would fain enforce me by their mere suspicions.
Lov'd they their country better than her Brutus?
Or knew what fitted noblesse and a Roman
With freer souls than Brutus? Those that live
Shall see in Cæsar's justice, and whatever
Might make me worthy both their lives and loves,
That I have lost the one without my merit,
And they the other with no Roman spirit.
Are you impair'd to live and joy my love?
Only requite me, Brutus; love but Cæsar,
And be in all the powers of Cæsar, Cæsar.
In which free wish I join your father Cato;
For whom I'll haste to Utica, and pray
His love may strengthen my success to-day. *Exeunt*

[SCENE V

A Room in Cato's *House in Utica*]

Portius *in haste*, Marcilius, *bare*, *following*. Portius *discovers a bed and a sword hanging by it, which he takes down*

Mar. To what use take you that, my lord?
Por. Take you
No note that I take it, nor let any servant
Besides yourself, of all my father's nearest,
Serve any mood he serves with any knowledge
Of this or any other. Cæsar comes
And gives his army wings to reach this town,
Not for the town's sake, but to save my father,

Whom justly he suspects to be resolv'd
Of any violence to his life, before
He will preserve it by a tyrant's favour.
For Pompey hath miscarried and is fled.
Be true to me and to my father's life,
And do not tell him, nor his fury serve
With any other.
Mar. I will die, my lord,
Ere I observe it.
Por. O, my lord and father!

[*Enter*] Cato, Athenodorus, Statilius. Cato *with a book in his hand*

Cato. What fears fly here on all sides? What wild looks
Are squinted at me from men's mere suspicions
That I am wild myself, and would enforce
What will be taken from me by the tyrant?
Ath. No. Would you only ask life, he would think
His own life given more strength in giving yours.
Cato. I ask my life of him!
Stat. Ask what's his own
Of him he scorns should have the least drop in it
At his disposure!
Cato. No, Statilius.
Men that have forfeit lives by breaking laws,
Or have been overcome, may beg their lives;
But I have ever been in every justice
Better than Cæsar, and was never conquer'd,
Or made to fly for life, as Cæsar was.
But have been victor ever to my wish,
Gainst whomsoever ever hath oppos'd;
Where Cæsar now is conquer'd in his conquest,
In the ambition he till now denied,
Taking upon him to give life, when death
Is tenfold due to his most tyrannous self;
No right, no power given him to raise an army
Which in despite of Rome he leads about,
Slaughtering her loyal subjects like an outlaw;
Nor is he better. Tongue, show, falsehood are
To bloodiest deaths his parts so much admir'd,
Vainglory, villainy, and, at best you can,
Fed with the parings of a worthy man.
My fame affirm my life receiv'd from him!
I'll rather make a beast my second father.

Stat. The gods avert from every Roman mind
The name of slave to any tyrant's power!
Why was man ever just but to be free
Gainst all injustice, and to bear about him
As well all means to freedom every hour,
As every hour he should be arm'd for death,
Which only is his freedom?
Ath. But, Statilius,
Death is not free for any man's election,
Till nature or the law impose it on him.
Cato. Must a man go to law, then, when he may
Enjoy his own in peace? If I can use
Mine own myself, must I, of force, reserve it
To serve a tyrant with it? All just men
Not only may enlarge their lives, but must,
From all rule tyrannous, or live unjust.
Ath. By death must they enlarge their lives?
Cato. By death.
Ath. A man's not bound to that.
Cato. I'll prove he is.
Are not the lives of all men bound to justice?
Ath. They are.
Cato. And therefore not to serve injustice:
Justice itself ought ever to be free,
And therefore every just man being a part
Of that free justice, should be free as it.
Ath. Then wherefore is there law for death?
Cato. That all
That know not what law is, nor freely can
Perform the fitting justice of a man
In kingdoms' common good, may be enforc'd.
But is not every just man to himself
The perfect'st law?
Ath. Suppose!
Cato. Then to himself
Is every just man's life subordinate.
Again, sir, is not our free soul infus'd
To every body in her absolute end
To rule that body? In which absolute rule
Is she not absolutely empress of it?
And being empress, may she not dispose
It, and the life in it, at her just pleasure?
Ath. Not to destroy it!

Cato. No, she not destroys it
When she dislives it, that their freedoms may
Go firm together, like their powers and organs,
Rather than let it live a rebel to her,
Profaning that divine conjunction
'Twixt her and it; nay, a disjunction making
Betwixt them worse than death, in killing quick
That which in just death lives: being dead to her,
If to her rule dead; and to her alive,
If dying in her just rule.
Ath. The body lives not
When death hath reft it.
Cato. Yet 'tis free, and kept
Fit for rejunction in man's second life,
Which dying rebel to the soul, is far
Unfit to join with her in perfect life.
Ath. It shall not join with her again.
Cato. It shall.
Ath. In reason shall it?
Cato. In apparent reason.
Which I'll prove clearly.
Stat. Hear, and judge it, sir!
Cato. As Nature works in all things to an end,
So in th' appropriate honour of that end
All things precedent have their natural frame;
And therefore is there a proportion
Betwixt the ends of those things and their primes;
For else there could not be in their creation,
Always, or for the most part, that firm form
In their still like existence, that we see
In each full creature. What proportion then
Hath an immortal with a mortal substance?
And therefore the mortality to which
A man is subject rather is a sleep
Than bestial death, since Sleep and Death are call'd
The twins of Nature. For if absolute death
And bestial seize the body of a man,
Then is there no proportion in his parts,
His soul being free from death, which otherwise
Retains divine proportion. For as sleep
No disproportion holds with human souls,
But aptly quickens the proportion
'Twixt them and bodies, making bodies fitter

To give up forms to souls, which is their end:
So death (twin-born of sleep), resolving all
Man's body's heavy parts, in lighter nature
Makes a reunion with the spritely soul,
When, in a second life their beings given,
Holds their proportion firm in highest heaven.
Ath. Hold you our bodies shall revive, resuming
Our souls again to heaven?
Cato. Past doubt, though others
Think heaven a world too high for our low reaches,
Not knowing the sacred sense of him that sings:
'Jove can let down a golden chain from heaven,
Which, tied to earth, shall fetch up earth and seas.'
And what's that golden chain but our pure souls?
A golden beam of him, let down by him,
That govern'd with his grace, and drawn by him,
Can hoist this earthy body up to him,
The sea and air, and all the elements
Compress'd in it; not while 'tis thus concrete,
But fin'd by death, and then given heavenly heat.
Ath. Your happy exposition of that place
(Whose sacred depth I never heard so sounded)
Evicts glad grant from me you hold a truth.
Stat. Is't not a manly truth, and mere divine?
Cato. 'Tis a good cheerful doctrine for good men.
But, son and servants, this is only argu'd
To spend our dear time well, and no life urgeth
To any violence further than his owner
And graver men hold fit. Let's talk of Cæsar;
He's the great subject of all talk, and he
Is hotly hasting on. Is supper ready?
Mar. It is, my lord.
Cato. Why then, let's in and eat,
Our cool submission will quench Cæsar's heat.
Stat. Submission? Here's for him.
Cato. Statilius,
My reasons must not strengthen you in error,
Nor learn'd Athenodorus' gentle yielding.
Talk with some other deep philosophers,
Or some divine priest of the knowing gods,
And hear their reasons: in meantime come sup.

Exeunt. Cato *going out arm-in-arm betwixt* Athenodorus *and* Statilius

ACT V, SCENE I

[*The Island of Lesbos, near the shore*]

Enter Ushers *with the two* Lentuli, *and* [Sextus] *before* Cornelia ; Cyris, Telesilla, Lælia, Drusus, *with others following.* Cornelia, [Sextus], *and the two* Lentuli *reading letters*

Cor. So may my comforts for this good news thrive,
As I am thankful for them to the gods.
Joys unexpected, and in desperate plight,
Are still most sweet, and prove from whence they come,
When earth's still moonlike confidence in joy
Is at her full, true joy descending far
From past her sphere, and from that highest heaven
That moves and is not mov'd. How far was I
From hope of these events, when fearful dreams
Of harpies tearing out my heart, of armies
Terribly joining, cities, kingdoms falling,
And all on me, prov'd sleep not twin to death,
But, to me, death itself ? Yet waking then,
These letters, full of as much cheerful life,
I found clos'd in my hand. O gods, how justly
Ye laugh at all things earthly, at all fears
That rise not from your judgments, at all joys
Not drawn directly from yourselves and in ye !
Distrust in man is faith, trust in him, ruin.
Why write great learned men, men merely rapt
With sacred rage, of confidence, belief,
Undaunted spirits, inexorable fate
And all fear treading on, 'tis all but air ;
If any comfort be, 'tis in despair.

1st Len. You learned ladies may hold anything.

2nd Len. Now, madam, is your walk from coach come near
The promontory, where you late commanded
A sentinel should stand to see from thence
If either with a navy, brought by sea,
Or train by land, great Pompey comes to greet you
As in your letters, he near this time promis'd.

Cor. O may this isle of Lesbos, compass'd in
With the Ægaean sea, that doth divide
Europe from Asia (the sweet literate world
From the barbarian), from my barbarous dreams
Divide my dearest husband and his fortunes.

2nd Len. He's busied now with ordering offices.
By this time, madam, sits your honour'd father
He looks in his letter
In Cæsar's chair of universal bishop.
Domitius Ænobarbus is made Consul,
Spinther his consort; and Phaonius
Tribune, or Prætor.

[Sextus *comes forward*] *with a letter*

Se[x]. These were only sought
Before the battle, not obtain'd; nor moving
My father but in shadows.
Cor. Why should men
Tempt fate with such firm confidence, seeking places
Before the power that should dispose could grant them?
For then the stroke of battle was not struck.
1st Len. Nay, that was sure enough. Physicians know
When sick men's eyes are broken they must die.
Your letters telling you his victory
[Left] in the skirmish, which I know hath broken
Both the eyes and heart of Cæsar: for as men
Healthful through all their lives to grey-hair'd age,
When sickness takes them once, they seldom 'scape:
So Cæsar, victor in his general fights
Till this late skirmish, could no adverse blow
Sustain without his utter overthrow.

[*Enter a Sentinel*]

2nd Len. See, madam, now, your sentinel; inquire.
Cor. Seest thou no fleet yet, sentinel, nor train
That may be thought great Pompey's?
Sent. Not yet, madam.
1st Len. Seest thou no travellers address'd this way,
In any number on this Lesbian shore?
Sent. I see some not worth note, a couple coming
This way on foot that are not, now, far hence.
2nd Len. Come they apace, like messengers with news?
Sent. No, nothing like, my lord; nor are their habits
Of any such men's fashions, being long mantles,
And sable-hued, their heads all hid in hats
Of parching Thessaly, broad-brimm'd, high-crown'd.
Cor. These serve not our hopes.
Sent. Now I see a ship,
A kenning hence, that strikes into the haven.

Cor. One only ship ?
Sent. One only, madam, yet.
Cor. That should not be my lord.
1st Len. Your lord ? No, madam.
Sent. She now lets out arm'd men upon the land.
2nd Len. Arm'd men ? With drum and colours ?
Sent. No, my lord ;
But bright in arms, [that] bear half-pikes or bead-hooks.
1st Len. These can be no plumes in the train of Pompey.
Cor. I'll see him in his letter once again.
Sent. Now, madam, come the two I saw on foot.

Enter Pompey *and* Demetrius [*disguised*]

Dem. See your princess, sir, come thus far from the city in her coach, to encounter your promis'd coming about this time in your last letters.
Pom. The world is alter'd since, Demetrius,
[*They*] *offer to go by*
1st Len. See, madam, two Thessalian augurs, it seems by their habits. Call, and inquire if either by their skills or travels they know no news of your husband.
Cor. My friends, a word !
Dem. With us, madam ?
Cor. Yes. Are you of Thessaly ?
Dem. Ay, madam, and all the world besides.
Cor. Your country is great.
Dem. And our portions little.
Cor. Are you augurs ?
Dem. Augurs, madam ? Yes, a kind of augurs, alias wizards, that go up and down the world teaching how to turn ill to good.
Cor. Can you do that ?
Dem. Ay, madam ; you have no work for us, have you ? No ill to turn good, I mean ?
Cor. Yes, the absence of my husband.
Dem. What's he ?
Cor. Pompey the Great.
Dem. Wherein is he great ?
Cor. In his command of the world.
Dem. Then he's great in others. Take him without his addition, 'Great', what is he then ?
Cor. Pompey.
Dem. Not your husband then ?

Cor. Nothing the less for his greatness.

Dem. Not in his right; but in your comforts he is.

Cor. His right is my comfort.

Dem. What's his wrong?

Cor. My sorrow.

Dem. And that's ill.

Cor. Yes.

Dem. Y'are come to the use of our profession, madam: would you have that ill turn'd good, that sorrow turn'd comfort?

Cor. Why, is my lord wrong'd?

Dem. We possess not that knowledge, madam: suppose he were.

Cor. Not I!

Dem. You'll suppose him good?

Cor. He is so.

Dem. Then must you needs suppose him wrong'd; for all goodness is wrong'd in this world.

Cor. What call you wrong?

Dem. Ill fortune, affliction.

Cor. Think you my lord afflicted?

Dem. If I think him good, madam, I must. Unless he be worldly good, and then either he is ill or has ill; since, as no sugar is without poison, so is no worldly good without ill, even naturally nourish'd in it, like a household thief, which is the worst of all thieves.

Cor. Then he is not worldly, but truly good.

Dem. He's too great to be truly good; for worldly greatness is the chief worldly goodness; and all worldly goodness (I proved before) has ill in it, which true good has not.

Cor. If he rule well with his greatness, wherein is he ill?

Dem. But great rulers are like carpenters that wear their rules at their backs still; and therefore to make good your true good in him, y'ad better suppose him little or mean; for in the mean only is the true good.

Pom. But every great lady must have her husband great still, or her love will be little.

Cor. I am none of those great ladies.

1st Len. She's a philosophress, augur, and can turn ill to good as well as you.

Pom. I would then not honour, but adore her. Could you submit yourself cheerfully to your husband, supposing him fallen?

Cor. If he submit himself cheerfully to his fortune.
Pom. 'Tis the greatest greatness in the world you undertake.
Cor. I would be so great, if he were.
Pom. In supposition.
Cor. In fact.
Pom. Be no woman, but a goddess, then, and make good thy greatness. [*Revealing himself.*] I am cheerfully fallen; be cheerful.
Cor. I am, and welcome, as the world were clos'd
In these embraces.
Pom. Is it possible.
A woman, losing greatness, still as good
As at her greatest? O gods was I ever
Great till this minute!
Ambo Len. Pompey?
Pom. View me better!
Ambo Len. Conquer'd by Cæsar?
Pom. Not I, but mine army.
No fault in me in it; no conquest of me;
I tread this low earth as I trod on Cæsar.
Must I not hold myself, though lose the world?
(Nor lose I less: a world lost at one clap;
'Tis more than Jove ever thunder'd with.)
What glory is it to have my hand hurl
So vast a volley through the groaning air?
And is't not great to turn griefs thus to joys,
That break the hearts of others?
Ambo Len. O, tis Jove-like!
Pom. It is to imitate Jove, that from the wounds
Of softest clouds beats up the terriblest sounds.
I now am good, for good men still have least,
That 'twixt themselves and God might rise their rest.
Cor. O, Pompey, Pompey, never 'Great' till now!
Pom. O, my Cornelia, let us still be good,
And we shall still be great; and greater far
In every solid grace than when the tumour
And bile of rotten observation swell'd us.
Griefs for wants outward are without our cure,
Greatness, not of itself, is never sure.
Before we went upon heaven, rather treading
The virtues of it underfoot in making
The vicious world our heaven, than walking there

Even here, as knowing that our home, contemning
All forg'd heavens here rais'd, setting hills on hills.
Vulcan from heaven fell, yet on's feet did light,
And stood no less a god than at his height.
At lowest, things lie fast; we now are like
The two poles propping heaven, on which heaven moves,
And they are fix'd and quiet; being above
All motion far, we rest above the heavens.
Cor. Oh, I more joy t'embrace my lord, thus fix'd,
Than he had brought me ten inconstant conquests.
1st. Len. Miraculous standing in a fall so great!
Would Cæsar knew, sir, how you conquer'd him
In your conviction!
Pom. 'Tis enough for me
That Pompey knows it. I will stand no more
On others' legs, nor build one joy without me.
If ever I be worth a house again
I'll build all inward; not a light shall ope
The common outway; no expense, no art,
No ornament, no door will I use there,
But raise all plain and rudely, like a rampier
Against the false society of men
That still batters
All reason piecemeal, and, for earthy greatness,
All heavenly comforts rarefies to air.
I'll therefore live in dark, and all my light,
Like ancient temples, let in at my top.
This were to turn one's back to all the world,
And only look at heaven. Empedocles
Recur'd a mortal plague through all his country
With stopping up the yawning of a hill,
From whence the hollow and unwholesome south
Exhal'd his venom'd vapour. And what else
Is any king, given over to his lusts,
But even the poison'd cleft of that crack'd mountain,
That all his kingdom plagues with his example?
Which I have stopp'd now, and so cur'd my country
Of such a sensual pestilence:
When therefore our diseas'd affections,
Harmful to human freedom, and, storm-like,
Inferring darkness to th' infected mind,
Oppress our comforts, 'tis but letting in
The light of reason, and a purer spirit

Take in another way ; like rooms that fight
With windows gainst the wind, yet let in light.
Ambo Len. My lord, we serv'd before, but now adore you.
Sent. My lord, the arm'd men I discover'd lately
Unshipp'd and landed, now are trooping near.
Pom. What arm'd men are they ?
1st Len. Some, my lord, that lately
The sentinel discover'd, but not knew.
Sent. Now all the sea, my lords, is hid with ships :
Another promontory flanking this,
Some furlong hence, is climb'd, and full of people,
That easily may see hither, it seems looking
What these so near intend : take heed, they come.

Enter Achillas, Septi[mi]us, Salvius, *with* soldiers

Ach. Hail to Rome's great commander ; to whom Ægypt
(Not long since seated in his kingdom by thee,
And sent to by thee in thy passage by)
Sends us with answer ; which withdraw and hear.
Pom. I'll kiss my children first.
Se[x]. Bless me, my lord !
Pom. I will, and Cyris, my poor daughter too.
Even that high hand that hurl'd me down thus low,
Keep you from rising high ! I hear ; now tell me.
I think, my friend, you once serv'd under me.
Septi[mi]us *only nods with his head*
Nod only, not a word deign ? What are these ?
Cornelia, I am now not worth men's words.
Ach. Please you receive your aid, sir ?
Pom. Ay, I come.
Exit Pompey. *They draw and follow*
Cor. Why draw they ? See, my lords ; attend them, ushers !
[*Exeunt the two* Lentuli, *and* Demetrius *with the* Ushers]
Se[x]. O they have slain great Pompey !
Cor. O my husband !
Se[x]. *Cyr.* Mother, take comfort !

Enter Pompey *bleeding*

O, my lord, and father !
Pom. See, heavens, your sufferings ! Is my country's love,

The justice of an empire, piety,
Worth this end in their leader? Last yet, life,
And bring the gods off fairer: after this
Who will adore or serve the deities?

He hides his face with his robe

Enter the Murtherers

Ach. Help hale him off, and take his head for Cæsar.
Se[*x*]. Mother, O save us! Pompey, O my father!
[*Exeunt* Murderers *with* Pompey]

Enter the two Lentuli *and* Demetrius *bleeding, and kneel about* Cornelia

1*st Len.* Yet falls not heaven? Madam, O make good
Your late great spirits! All the world will say
You know not how to bear adverse events,
If now you languish.
Omnes. Take her to her coach.

They bear her out

[SCENE II

A Room in Cato's *House in Utica*]

Cato *with a book in his hand*

[*Cato.*] O beastly apprehenders of things manly
And merely heavenly! They, with all the reasons
I us'd for just men's liberties to bear
Their lives and deaths up in their own free hands,
Fear still my resolution; though I seem
To give it off like them, and now am won
To think my life in law's rule, not mine own,
When once it comes to death, as if the law,
Made for a sort of outlaws, must bound me
In their subjection; as if I could
Be rack'd out of my veins to live in others,
As so I must, if others rule my life,
And public power keep all the right of death;
As if men needs must serve the place of justice,
The form and idol, and renounce itself,
Ourselves, and all our rights in God and goodness,
Our whole contents and freedoms, to dispose
All in the joys and ways of arrant rogues!

No stay but their wild errors to sustain us!
No forges but their throats to vent our breaths,
To form our lives in, and repose our deaths!
See, they have got my sword. Who's there?

Enter Marcilius *bare*

Mar. My lord!
Cato. Who took my sword hence? Dumb? I do not ask
For any use or care of it, but hope
I may be answer'd. Go, sir, let me have it. *Exit* Marcilius
Poor slaves, how terrible this death is to them!
If men would sleep they would be wroth with all
That interrupt them, physic take, to take
The golden rest it brings, both pay and pray
For good and soundest naps, all friends consenting
In those kind invocations, praying all
'Good rest the gods vouchsafe you', but when Death,
Sleep's natural brother, comes (that's nothing worse,
But better, being more rich, and keeps the store;
Sleep ever fickle, wayward still, and poor),
O how men grudge, and shake, and fear, and fly
His stern approaches; all their comforts taken
In faith and knowledge of the bliss and beauties
That watch their wakings in an endless life,
Drown'd in the pains and horrors of their sense
Sustain'd but for an hour! Be all the earth
Rapt with this error, I'll pursue my reason,
And hold that as my light and fiery pillar,
Th' eternal law of heaven and earth no firmer.
But while I seek to conquer conquering Cæsar,
My soft-spleen'd servants overrule and curb me.
He knocks, and [Butas] *enters*
Where's he I sent to fetch and place my sword
Where late I left it? Dumb, too? Come another!

Enter Cleanthes

Where's my sword hung here?
Cle. My lord, I know not.
Cato. The rest come in there! *Enter* Marcilius
Where's the sword I charg'd you
To give his place again? I'll break your lips ope.
Spite of my freedom, all my servants, friends,
My son and all, will needs betray me naked

To th' armed malice of a foe so fierce
And bear-like, mankind of the blood of virtue.
O gods, who ever saw me thus contemn'd ?
Go, call my son in, tell him that the less
He shows himself my son, the less I'll care
To live his father.

Enter Athenodorus, Portius ; Portius *kneeling* ; [Butas], Cleanthes, *and* Marcilius *by him*

Por. I beseech you, sir,
Rest patient of my duty, and my love ;
Your other children think on, our poor mother,
Your family, your country.

Cato. If the gods
Give over all, I'll fly the world with them.
Athenodorus, I admire the changes
I note in heavenly providence. When Pompey
Did all things out of course, past right, past reason,
He stood invincible against the world :
Yet now his cares grew pious, and his powers
Set all up for his country, he is conquered.

Ath. The gods' wills secret are, nor must we measure
Their chaste-reserved deeps by our dry shallows.
Sufficeth us, we are entirely such
As 'twixt them and our consciences we know
Their graces, in our virtues, shall present
Unspotted with the earth, to th' high throne
That overlooks us ; for this giant world,
Let's not contend with it, when heaven itself
Fails to reform it : why should we affect
The least hand over it in that ambition ?
A heap 'tis of digested villany ;
Virtue in labour with eternal chaos
Press'd to a living death, and rack'd beneath it,
Her throes unpitied, every worthy man
Limb by limb sawn out of her virgin womb,
To live here piecemeal tortur'd ; fly life then !
Your life and death made precedents for men. *Exit*

Cato. Ye hear, my masters, what a life this is,
And use much reason to respect it so.
But mine shall serve ye. Yet restore my sword,
Lest too much ye presume, and I conceive
Ye front me like my fortunes. Where's Statilius ?

Por. I think, sir, gone, with the three hundred Romans
In Lucius Cæsar's charge, to serve the victor.
Cato. And would not take his leave of his poor friend?
Then the philosophers have stoop'd his spirit,
Which I admire in one so free and knowing,
And such a fiery hater of base life,
Besides being such a vow'd and noted foe
To our great conqueror. But I advis'd him
To spare his youth and live.
Por. My brother Brutus
Is gone to Cæsar.
Cato. Brutus? Of mine honour
(Although he be my son-in-law) I must say
There went as worthy and as learn'd a precedent
As lives in Rome's whole rule for all life's actions;
And yet your sister Portia (his wife)
Would scarce have done this. But, for you, my son,
However Cæsar deals with me, be counsell'd
By your experienc'd father not to touch
At any action of the public weal,
Nor any rule bear near her politic stern:
For, to be upright and sincere therein
Like Cato's son, the time's corruption
Will never bear it; and, to soothe the time,
You shall do basely, and unworthy your life,
Which to the gods I wish may outweigh mine
In every virtue, howsoever ill
You thrive in honour.
Por. I, my lord, shall gladly
Obey that counsel.
Cato. And what needed you
Urge my kind care of any charge that nature
Imposes on me? Have I ever shown
Love's least defect to you, or any dues,
The most indulgent father, being discreet,
Could do his dearest blood? Do you me right
In judgment and in honour, and dispense
With passionate nature: go, neglect me not,
But send my sword in. Go, 'tis I that charge you.
Por. O, my lord and father! [*To the others*] Come, advise me. *Exeunt*
Cato. What have I now to think on in this world?
No one thought of the world: I go each minute

Discharg'd of all cares that may fit my freedom.
The next world and my soul, then, let me serve
With her last utterance, that my body may
With sweetness of the passage drown the sour
That death will mix with it: the Consuls' souls,
That slew themselves so nobly, scorning life
Led under tyrants' sceptres, mine would see.
For we shall know each other, and past death
Retain those forms of knowledge learn'd in life;
Since, if what here we learn, we there shall lose,
Our immortality were not life, but time.
And that our souls in reason are immortal
Their natural and proper objects prove;
Which immortality and knowledge are.
For to that object ever is referr'd
The nature of the soul, in which the acts
Of her high faculties are still employ'd.
And that true object must her powers obtain
To which they are in nature's aim directed,
Since 'twere absurd to have her set an object
Which possibly she never can aspire.

Enter a Page *with his sword, taken out before*

Page. Your sword, my lord.
Cato. O, is it found? Lay down
Upon the bed, my boy. (*Exit* Page) Poor men! a boy
Must be presenter; manhood at no hand
Must serve so foul a fact; for so are call'd,
In common mouths, men's fairest acts of all.
Unsheathe! Is't sharp? 'Tis sweet! Now I am safe;
Come Cæsar, quickly now, or lose your vassal.
Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her, heaven.
The earth, the air, and seas I know, and all
The joys and horrors of their peace and wars,
And now will see the gods' state, and the stars.

He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius *at another side of the stage with his sword drawn;* Portius, [Butas], Cleanthes, *and* Marcilius *holding his hands.*

Stat. Cato? My lord?
Por. I swear, Statilius,
He's forth, and gone to seek you, charging me
To seek elsewhere, lest you had slain yourself;

And by his love entreated you would live.
Stat. I swear by all the gods, I'll run his fortunes.
Por. You may, you may ; but shun the victor now,
Who near is, and will make us all his slaves.
Stat. He shall himself be mine first, and my slaves'. *Exit*
Por. Look, look in to my father ! O I fear
He is no sight for me to bear and live. *Exit*
Omnes 3. O ruthful spectacle !
Cle. He hath ripp'd his entrails.
[*But*]. Search, search ; they may be found.
Cle. They may, and are.
Give leave, my lord, that I may sew them up,
Being yet unperish'd.
Cato. Stand off ; now they are not.
He thrusts him back and plucks out his entrails
Have he my curse that my life's least part saves ;
Just men are only free, the rest are slaves. [*Dies*]
[*But*]. Mirror of men !
Mar. The gods envied his goodness.

Enter Cæsar, Antony, Brutus, Acilius, *with* Lords *and* Citizens *of* Utica

Cæs. Too late, too late, with all our haste ! O Cato,
All my late conquest, and my life's whole acts,
Most crown'd, most beautified, are b[l]asted all
With thy grave life's expiring in their scorn.
Thy life was rule to all lives ; and thy death
(Thus forcibly despising life) the quench
Of all lives' glories.
Ant. Unreclaimed man !
How censures Brutus his stern father's fact ?
Brut. 'Twas not well done.
Cæs. O censure not his acts ;
Who knew as well what fitted man, as all men.

Enter Achillas, Septimius, Salvius, *with* Pompey's *head*

All [*three*] *kneeling.* Your enemy's head, great Cæsar !
Cæs. Cursed monsters,
Wound not mine eyes with it, nor in my camp
Let any dare to view it ; far as noblesse
The den of barbarism flies, and bliss
The bitterest curse of vex'd and tyranniz'd nature,
Transfer it from me. Born the plagues of virtue,

How durst ye poison thus my thoughts? To torture
[With] them with instant rapture.
Omnes 3. Sacred Cæsar!
Cæs. Away with them; I vow by all my comforts
Who slack seems, or not fiery in my charge,
Shall suffer with them.
All the soldiers. Oot, base murtherers;
Tortures, tortures for them!
Omnes [3.] Cruel Cæsar!
Cæs. Too mild with any torture.
Hale them out
Brut. Let me crave
The ease of my hate on their one curs'd life.
Cæs. Good Brutus, take it; O you cool the poison
These villains flaming pour'd upon my spleen
To suffer with my loathings. If the blood
Of every common Roman touch'd so near,
Shall I confirm the false brand of my tyranny
With being found a fautor of his murther
Whom my dear country choos'd to fight for her?
Ant. Your patience, sir; their tortures well will quit you.
Brut. Let my slaves' use, sir, be your precedent.
Cæs. It shall, I swear; you do me infinite honour.
O Cato, I envy thy death, since thou
Envied'st my glory to preserve thy life.
Why fled his son, and friend Statilius?
So far I fly their hurt, that all my good
Shall fly to their desires. And, for himself,
My lords and citizens of Utica,
His much renown of you quit with your most;
And by the sea, upon some eminent rock,
Erect his sumptuous tomb, on which advance
With all fit state his statue, whose right hand
Let hold his sword, where may to all times rest
His bones as honour'd as his soul is blest.

FINIS

THE TRAGEDY OF ALPHONSUS EMPEROR OF GERMANY

Alphonsus Emperor of Germany

TO THE READER

I SHALL not need to bespeak thee courteous, if thou hast seen this piece presented with all the elegance of life and action on the Blackfriars' stage ; but if it be a stranger to thee, give me leave to prepare thy acceptation by telling thee it was received with general applause, and thy judgment (I doubt not) will be satisfied in the reading.

I will not raise thy expectation further, nor delay thy entertainment by a tedious preface. The design is high, the contrivement subtle, and will deserve thy grave attention in the perusal. Farewell.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Alphonsus, *Emperor of Germany*

King of Bohemia, } *The Seven Electors of the German Empire*
Bishop of Mentz, }
Bishop of Collen, }
Bishop of Trier, }
Palatine of the Rhein, }
Duke of Saxon, }
Marquess of Brandenburg, }

Prince Edward of England

Richard, *Duke of Cornwall*

Lorenzo de Cyprus, *Secretary to the Emperor*

Alexander, *his Son, the Emperor's Page*

Isabella, *the Empress*

Hedewick, *Daughter to the Duke of Saxon*

Captain of the Guard

Soldiers

Jailor

Hans, } *Two Boors*
Jerick, }

[ACT I, SCENE I

A Room in the Court]

Enter Alphonsus *the Emperor in his nightgown and his shirt, and a torch in his hand*; Alexander de Cyprus, *his Page, following him*

Alp. Boy, give me the master-key of all the doors;
To bed again, and leave me to myself! *Exit* Alexander
Is Richard come? Have four Electors sworn
To make him Kaiser in despite of me?
Why then, Alphonsus, it is time to wake!
No, Englishman, thou art too hot at hand,
Too shallow-brain'd to undermine my throne;
The Spanish sun hath purified my wit,
And dried up all gross humours in my head,
That I am sighted as the king of birds,
And can discern thy deepest stratagems.
I am the lawful German Emperor,
Chosen, install'd, by general consent;
And they may term me tyrant as they please,
I will be king and tyrant if I please,
For what is empire, but a tyranny?
And none but children use it otherwise.
Of seven Electors four are fall'n away,
The other three I dare not greatly trust;
My wife is sister to mine enemy,
And, therefore, wisely to be dealt withal.
But why do I except in special,
When this position must be general,
That no man living must be credited
Further than tends unto thy proper good.
But to the purpose of my silent walk!
Within this chamber lies my secretary,
Lorenzo de Cyprus, in whose learned brain
Is all the compass of the world contain'd;

And as the ignorant and simple age
Of our forefathers, blinded in their zeal,
Receiv'd dark answers from Apollo's shrine,
And honour'd him as patron of their bliss,
So I, not muffled in simplicity,
Zealous indeed of nothing but my good,
Haste to the augur of my happiness,
To lay the ground of my ensuing wars.
He learns his wisdom not by flight of birds,
By prying into sacrificed beasts,
By hares that cross the way, by howling wolves,
By gazing on the starry element,
Or vain imaginary calculations;
But from a settled wisdom in itself,
Which teacheth to be void of passion;
To be religious as the ravenous wolf
Who loves the lamb for hunger and for prey;
To threaten our inferiors with our looks;
To flatter our superiors at our need;
To be an outward saint, an inward devil;
These are the lectures that my master reads.
This key commands all chambers in the court;
Now on a sudden will I try his wit,
I know my coming is unlook'd for.

He opens the door and finds Lorenzo *asleep aloft*

Nay, sleep, Lorenzo, I will walk awhile.
As Nature, in the framing of the world,
Ordain'd there should be *nihil vacuum*,
Even so, methinks, his wisdom should contrive
That all his study should be full of wit,
And every corner stuff'd with sentences.
What's this? Plato? Aristotle? Tush!
These are ordinary;
It seems this is a note but newly written.

He reads a note which he finds among his books

'Una arbusta non alit duos erithacos; *which being granted, the Roman Empire will not suffice Alphonsus, King of Castile, and Richard, Earl of Cornwall, his competitor. Thy wisdom teacheth thee to cleave to the strongest; Alphonsus is in possession and therefore the strongest, but he is in hatred with the Electors, and men rather honour the sun rising than the sun going down.*'

Ay marry, this is argued like himself;

And now, methinks, he wakes.

Lorenzo *riseth and snatches at his sword, which hung by his bedside*

Lor. What, are there thieves within the Emperor's Court ?
Villain, thou diest ! What mak'st thou in my chamber ?

Alp. How now, Lorenzo, wilt thou slay thy lord ?

Lor. I do beseech your sacred Majesty
To pardon me, I did not know your Grace.

Alp. Lie down, Lorenzo, I will sit by thee.
The air is sharp and piercing ; tremble not !
Had it been any other but ourself,
He must have been a villain and a thief.

Lor. Alas, my lord, what means your Excellence
To walk by night in these so dangerous times ?

Alp. Have I not reason now to walk and watch,
When I am compass'd with so many foes ?
They ward, they watch, they cast, and they conspire
To win confederate princes to their aid,
And batter down the eagle from my crest.
Oh, my Lorenzo, if thou help me not,
Th' imperial crown is shaken from my head,
And giv'n from me unto an English earl.
Thou knowest how all things stand as well as we,
Who are our enemies and who our friends,
Who must be threat'ned and who dallied with,
Who won by words and who by force of arms.
For all the honour I have done to thee
Now speak, and speak to purpose in the cause ;
Nay, rest thy body, labour with thy brain,
And of thy words myself will be the scribe.

Lor. Why then, my lord, take paper, pen, and ink,
Write first this maxim, it shall do you good :

1. *A prince must be of the nature of the lion and the fox, but not the one without the other.*

Alp. The fox is subtle, but he wanteth force ;
The lion strong, but scorneth policy ;
I'll imitate Lysander in this point,
And where the lion's hide is thin and scant,
I'll firmly patch it with the fox's fell.
Let it suffice, I can be both in one.

Lor. 2. *A prince above all things must seem devout; but there is nothing so dangerous to his state, as to regard his promise or his oath.*

Alp. Tush, fear not me, my promises are sound,
But he that trusts them shall be sure to fail!

Lor. Nay, my good lord, but that I know your Majesty
To be a ready [and] quick-witted scholar,
I would bestow a comment on the text.

3. *Trust not a reconciled friend, for good turns cannot blot out old grudges.*

Alp. Then must I watch the Palatine of the Rhein;
I caus'd his father to be put to death.

Lor. Your Highness hath as little cause to trust
The dangerous, mighty duke of Saxony;
You know you sought to banish him the land;
And as for Collen, was not he the first
That sent for Richard into Germany?

Alp. What's thy opinion of the other four?

[*Lor*]. That Bohemia neither cares for one nor other,
But hopes this deadly strife between you twain
Will cast th' imperial crown upon his head.
For Trier and Brandenburg, I think of them
As simple men that wish the common good;
And as for Mentz, I need not censure him,
Richard hath chain'd him in a golden bond,
And sav'd his life from ignominious death.

Alp. Let it suffice, Lorenzo, that I know,
When Churfurst Mentz was taken prisoner
By young victorious Otho, Duke of Braunschweig,
That Richard, Earl of Cornwall, did disburse
The ransom of a king, a million,
To save his life, and rid him out of bands,
That sum of gold did fill the Braunschweig bags;
But since myself have rain'd a golden shower
Of bright Hungarian ducats and crusadoes
Into the private coffers of the bishop,
The English angels took their wings and fled;
My crosses bless his coffers, and plead for me;
His voice is mine, bought with ten ton of gold,
And at the meeting of the seven Electors
His princely double-dealing Holiness
Will spoil the English Emperor of hope.
But I refer these matters to the sequel;

Proceed, Lorenzo, forward to the next.
Lor. I'm glad your Grace hath dealt so cunningly
With that [vainglorious] fickle-minded prelate,
For in election his voice is first;
But to the next:
4. *'Tis more safety for a prince to be feared than loved.*
Alp. Love is an humour pleaseth him that loves;
Let me be hated, so I please myself.
Love is an humour mild and changeable,
But fear engraves a reverence in the heart.
Lor. 5. *To keep an usurped crown, a prince must swear, forswear, poison, murder, and commit all kind of villainies, provided it be cunningly kept from the eye of the world.*
Alp. But, my Lorenzo, that's the hardest point;
It is not for a prince to execute,
Physicians and apothecaries must know,
And servile fear or counsel-breaking bribes
Will from a peasant in an hour extort
Enough to overthrow a monarchy.
Lor. Therefore, my lord, set down this sixt and last article:
6. *Be always jealous of him that knows your secrets.*
And therefore it behoves you credit few,
And when you grow into the least suspect,
With silent cunning must you cut them off.
As for example, Julius Lentulus,
A most renowned Neapolitan,
Gave me this box of poison; 'twas not long
But therewithal I sent him to his grave.
Alp. And what's the special virtue of the same?
Lor. That it is twenty days before it works.
Alp. But what is this?
Lor. This an infection that kills suddenly;
This but a toy to cast a man asleep.
Alp. How? Being drunk?
Lor. No, being smelt unto.
Alp. Then smell, Lorenzo; I did break thy sleep,
And, for this time, this lecture shall suffice.
Lor. What have you done, my lord? Y'ave made me safe
For stirring hence these four-and-twenty hours.
[*He sleeps*]
Alp. I see, this charms his senses suddenly.

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How now, Lorenzo, half asleep already ?
Æneas' pilot by the God of dreams
Was never lull'd into a sounder trance.
And now, Alphonsus, over-read thy notes ! *He reads*
These are already at my fingers' ends,
And lest the world should find this little schedule,
Thus will I rend the text, and after this
On my behaviour set so fine a gloss
That men shall take me for a convertite.
But some may think I should forget my part
And have been over-rash in rending it ;
To put them out of doubt I study sure,
I'll make a backward repetition
In being jealous of my counsel-keepers.
This is the poison that kills suddenly :
So didst thou unto Julius Lentulus,
And blood with blood must be requited thus.
[*Poisons him*]
Now am I safe, and no man knows my counsels.
Churfurst of Mentz, if now thou play thy part,
Earning thy gold with cunning workmanship
Upon the Bemish king's ambition,
Richard shall shamefully fail of his hope,
And I with triumph keep my empery. *Exit*

[SCENE II

The Hall of Electors at Frankfort]

Enter the King of Bohemia, *the* Bishops of Mentz, Collen, Trier, *the* Palatine of the Rhein, *the* Duke of Saxon, *and the* Marquess of Brandenburg.

Boh. Churfursts and Princes of the election,
Since by the adverse fortune of our age
The sacred and imperial majesty
Hath been usurp'd by open tyranny,
We, the seven pillars of the German Empire,
To whom successively it doth belong
To make election of our Emperors,
Are here assembled to unite anew
Unto her former strength and glorious type
Our half-declining Roman monarchy ;
And in that hope I, Henry, King of Bohem,

Churfurst and Sewer to the Emperor,
Do take my seat next to the sacred throne.
Men. Next seat belongs to Julius Florius,
Archbishop of Mentz, Chancellor of Germany,
By birth the Duke of fruitful Pomerland.
Pal. The next place in election longs to me,
George Casimirus, Palsgrave of the Rhein,
His Highness' Taster, and upon my knee
I vow a pure, sincere, innated zeal
Unto my country, and no wrested hate
Or private love shall blind my intellect.
Col. Brave Duke of Saxon, Dutchland's greatest hope,
Stir now or never; let the Spanish tyrant
That hath dishonour'd us, murder'd our friends,
And stain'd this seat with blood of innocents,
At last be chastis'd with the Saxon sword;
And may Albertus, Archbishop of Collen,
Chancellor of Gallia, and the fourth Elector,
Be thought unworthy of his place and birth,
But he assist thee to his utmost power.
Sax. Wisdom, not words, must be the sovereign salve
To search and heal these grievous fester'd wounds;
And in that hope Augustus, Duke of Saxon,
Arch-Marshal to the Emperor, take my place.
Tri. The like doth Frederick, Archbishop of Trier,
Duke of Lorrain, Chancellor of Italy.
Bran. The seventh and last is Joachim Carolus,
Marquess of Brandenburg, overworn with age,
Whose office is to be the Treasurer;
But wars have made the coffers like the chair;
Peace bringeth plenty, wars bring poverty;
Grant Heavens this meeting may be to effect,
Establish peace, and cut off tyranny.

Enter the Empress Isabella, *King John's daughter*

Emp. Pardon my bold intrusion, mighty Churfursts,
And let my words pierce deeply in your hearts.
O, I beseech you on my bended knees,
I, the poor miserable Empress,
A stranger in this land, unus'd to broils,
Wife to the one and sister to the other
That are competitors for sovereignty,

All that I pray is, make a quiet end,
Make peace between my husband and my brother.
O think how grief doth stand on either side,
If either party chance to be amiss.
My husband is my husband, but my brother—
My heart doth melt to think he should miscarry!
My brother is my brother, but my husband—
O how my joints do shake fearing his wrong!
If both should die in these uncertain broils,
O me, why do I live to think upon 't!
Bear with my interrupted speeches, lords,
Tears stop my voice—your wisdoms know my meaning.
Alas! I know my brother Richard's heart
Affects not empire, he would rather choose
To make return again to Palestine
And be a scourge unto the infidels.
As for my lord, he is impatient;
The more my grief, the lesser is my hope.
Yet, Princes, thus he sends you word by me,
He will submit himself to your award,
And labour to amend what is amiss.
All I have said, or can devise to say,
Is few words of great worth: Make unity!
Boh. Madam, that we have suffer'd you to kneel so long,
Agrees not with your dignity nor ours;
Thus we excuse it: when we once are set
In solemn council of election,
We may not rise till somewhat be concluded.
So much for that: touching your earnest suit,
Your Majesty doth know how it concerns us.
Comfort yourself, as we do hope the best!
But tell us, madam, where's your husband now?
Emp. I left him at his prayers, good my lord.
Sax. At prayers? Madam, that's a miracle.
Pal. Undoubtedly your Highness did mistake,
'Twas sure some book of conjuration;
I think he never said pray'r in his life.
Emp. Ah me, my fear, I fear, will take effect!
Your hate to him and love unto my brother
Will break my heart and spoil th' imperial peace.
Men. My Lord of Saxon, and Prince Palatine,
This hard opinion yet is more than needs;
But, gracious madam, leave us to ourselves.

Emp. I go, and Heav'n, that holds the hearts of kings,
Direct your counsels unto unity. *Exit*
Boh. Now to the depth of that we have in hand.
This is the question, whether the king of Spain
Shall still continue in the royal throne,
Or yield it up unto Plantagenet,
Or we proceed unto a third election.
Sax. Ere such a viperous, bloodthirsty Spaniard
Shall suck the hearts of our nobility,
Th' imperial sword which Saxony doth bear
Shall be unsheath'd to war against the world.
Pal. My hate is more than words can testify,
Slave as he is, he murdered my father.
Col. Prince Richard is the champion of the world,
Learned and mild, fit for the government.
Boh. And what have we to do with Englishmen ?
They are divided from our continent.
But now, that we may orderly proceed
To our high office of election,
To you, my Lord of Mentz, it doth belong,
Having first voice in this imperial synod,
To name a worthy man for Emperor.
Men. It may be thought, most grave and reverend Princes,
That, in respect of divers sums of gold,
Which Richard of mere charitable love,
Not as a bribe, but as a deed of alms,
Disburs'd for me unto the Duke of Braunschweig,
That I dare name no other man but he;
Or should I nominate another prince,
Upon the contrary I may be thought
A most ingrateful wretch unto my friend;
But private cause must yield to public good;
Therefore, methinks, it were the fittest course
To choose the worthiest upon this bench.
Boh. We are all Germans; why should we be yok'd
Either by Englishmen or Spaniards ?
Sax. The Earl of Cornwall, by a full consent,
Was sent for out of England.
Men. Though he were,
Our later thoughts are purer than our first;
And to conclude, I think this end were best,
Since we have once chosen him Emperor,

That some great prince of wisdom and of power,
Whose countenance may overbear his pride,
Be join'd in equal government with Alphonsus.
Boh. Your Holiness hath soundly in few words
Set down a mean to quiet all these broils.
Tri. So may we hope for peace, if he amend;
But shall Prince Richard then be join'd with him?
Pal. Why should your Highness ask that question,
As if a prince of so high kingly birth
Would live in couples with so base a cur?
Boh. Prince Palatine, such words do ill become thee.
Sax. He said but right, and call'd a dog a dog.
Boh. His birth is princely.
Sax. His manners villainous,
And virtuous Richard scorns so base a yoke.
Boh. My Lord of Saxon, give me leave to tell you,
Ambition blinds your judgment in this case;
You hope, if by your means Richard be emperor,
He, in requital of so great advancement,
Will make the long-desired marriage up
Between the Prince of England and your [daughter];
And to that end Edward, the Prince of Wales,
Hath borne his uncle company to Germany.
Sax. Why, King of Bohem, is't unknown to thee
How oft the Saxon's sons have married queens,
And daughters kings, yea, mightiest emperors?
If Edward like her beauty and behaviour
He'll make no question of her princely birth;
But let that pass; I say, as erst I said,
That virtuous Richard scorns so base a yoke.
Men. If Richard scorn, some one upon this bench,
Whose power may overbear Alphonsus' pride,
Is to be named. What think you, my lords?
Sax. I think it was a mighty mass of gold
That made your Grace of this opinion.
Men. My Lord of Saxony, you wrong me much,
And know I highly scorn to take a bribe.
Pal. I think you scorn indeed to have it known.
But to the purpose: if it must be so,
Who is the fittest man to join with him?
Col. First with an ox to plough will I be yoked.
Men. [*To* Bohemia]. The fittest is your Grace, in mine opinion.

Boh. I am content, to stay these mutinies,
To take upon me what you do impose.
Sax. Why, here's a tempest quickly overblown.
God give you joy, my lord, of half the Empire;
For me, I will not meddle in the matter,
But warn your Majesty to have a care
And vigilant respect unto your person.
I'll hie me home to fortify my towns,
Not to offend, but to defend myself.
Pal. Ha' with you, cousin, and adieu, my lords;
I am afraid this sudden knitted peace
Will turn unto a tedious, lasting war;
Only thus much we do request you all,
Deal honourably with the Earl of Cornwall;
And so adieu! *Exeunt* Saxon *and* Palsgrave
Bran. I like not this strange farewell of the Duke's.
Boh. In all elections some are malcontent.
It doth concern us now with speed to know
How the competitors will like of this;
And therefore you, my Lord Archbishop of Trier,
Impart this order of arbitrament
Unto the Emperor; bid him be content
To stand content with half, or lose the whole.
My Lord of Mentz, go you unto Prince Richard,
And tell him flatly here's no crown nor empire
For English islanders; tell him 'twere his best
To hie him home to help the King his brother,
Against the Earl of Leicester and the barons.
Col. My Lord of Mentz, sweet words will qualify,
When bitter terms will add unto his rage.
'Tis no small hope that hath deceiv'd the Duke;
Therefore be mild: I know an Englishman,
Being flattered, is a lamb; threat'ned, a lion;
Tell him his charges, whatsoe'er they are,
Shall be repaid with treble vantages;
Do this: we will expect their resolutions.
Men. Brother of Collen, I entreat your Grace,
To take this charge upon you in my stead;
For why, I shame to look him in the face.
Col. Your Holiness shall pardon me in this;
Had I the profit I would take the pains:
With shame enough your Grace may bring the message,
Men. Thus am I wrong'd, God knows, unguiltily.

Bran. Then arm your countenance with innocency,
And boldly do the message to the Prince;
For no man else will be the messenger.
Men. Why then I must, since there's no remedy.
Exit Mentz
Bran. If Heav'n, that guides the hearts of mighty men,
Do calm the minds of these great potentates,
And make them like of this arbitrament,
Sweet Peace will triumph thorough Christendom,
And Germany shall bless this happy day.

Enter Alexander de Toledo, *the* Page

Alex. O me most miserable! O my dear father!
Boh. What means this passionate accent? What art thou
That sounds these exclamations in our ears?
Alex. Pardon me, Princes, I have lost a father.
O me, the name of father kills my heart!
O, I shall never see my father more,
H'as ta'en his leave of me for age and age!
Col. What was thy father?
Alex. Ah me! What was a not?
Noble, rich, valiant, well-belov'd of all,
The glory and the wisdom of his age,
Chief secretary to the Emperor.
Col. Lorenzo de Toledo! Is he dead?
Alex. Dead, ay me, dead! Ay me, my life is dead!
Strangely this night bereft of breath and sense,
And I, poor I, am conforted in nothing,
But that the Emperor laments with me;
As I exclaim, so he; he wrings his hands,
And makes me mad to see his Majesty
Excruciate himself with endless sorrow.
Col. The happiest news that ever I did hear!
Thy father was a villain murderer,
Witty, not wise, lov'd like a scorpion,
Grown rich by the impoverishing of others,
The chiefest cause of all these mutinies,
And Cæsar's tutor to all villany.
Alex. None but an open liar terms him so.
Col. What, boy, so malapert?
Boh. Good Collen, bear with him, it was his father;
Dutchland is blessed in Lorenzo's death.

Bran. Did never live a viler-minded man.
Exeunt [*the* Electors]. *Manet* Alexander
Alex. Nor king, nor Churfurst should be privileg'd
To call me boy, and rail upon my father,
Were I wehrhaftig ; but in Germany
A man must be a boy at forty years,
And dares not draw his weapon at a dog,
Till, being soundly box'd about the ears,
His lord and master gird him with a sword.
The time will come I shall be made a man ;
Till then I'll pine with thought of dire revenge,
And live in hell until I take revenge.

ACT II

[SCENE I

The Hall of Electors]

Enter Alphonsus, Richard *Earl of Cornwall*, Mentz, Trier, Prince Edward, Bohemia, Collen, Brandenburg, *Attendants, and Pages with a sword.*

Boh. Behold, here come the Princes hand in hand,
Pleas'd highly with the sentence, as it seems.
Alp. Princes and pillars of the monarchy,
We do admire your wisdoms in this cause,
And do accept the King of Bohemia
As worthy partner in the government.
Alas, my lords, I flatly now confess
I was alone too weak to underprop
So great a burden as the Roman Empire,
And hope to make you all admire the course
That we intend in this conjunction !
Rich. That I was call'd from England with consent
Of all the seven Electors to this place
Yourselves best know, who wrote for me to come.
'Twas no ambition mov'd me to the journey,
But pity of your half-declining State ;
Which being likely now to be repair'd,
By the united force of these two kings,
I rest content to see you satisfied.
Men. Brave Earl, wonder of princely patience,
I hope your Grace will not misthink of me,
Who for your good, and for the Empire's best,
Bethought this means to set the world at peace.

Ed. No doubt this means might have been thought upon,
Although your Holiness had died in prison.
Men. Peace, peace, young Prince, you want experience!
Your uncle knows what cares accompany
And wait upon the crowns of mightiest kings,
And glad he is, that he hath shak'd it off.
Ed. Hark in your ear, my lord, hear me one word,
Although it were more than a million,
Which these two kings bestow'd upon your Grace,
Mine uncle Richard's million sav'd your life.
Men. You were best to say your uncle brib'd me then.
Ed. I do but say mine uncle sav'd your life;
You know, Count Mansfield, your fellow-prisoner,
Was by the Duke of Braunschweig put to death.
Men. You are a child, my lord, your words are wind.
Ed. You are a fox, my lord, and past a child.
Boh. My Lord of Cornwall, your great forwardness,
Crossing the seas with aid of Englishmen,
Is more than we can any way requite;
But this your admirable patience,
In being pleased with our election,
Deserves far more than thanks can satisfy:
In anything command the Emperors,
Who live to honour Richard, Earl of Cornwall.
Alp. Our deeds shall make our protestations good;
Meanwhile, brave Princes, let us leave this place,
And solace us with joy of this accord.

[*Exeunt omnes*]

[SCENE II

A Room in The Court]

Enter Isabella, *the Empress;* Hedewick, *the Duke of Saxon's daughter, apparelled like Fortune, drawn on a globe, with a cup in her hand, wherein are bay-leaves, whereupon are written the lots. A train of ladies following with music.* [*The Princes.*]

Emp. To gratulate this unexpected peace,
This glorious league confirm'd against all hope,
Joyful Isabella doth present this show
Of Fortune's triumph, as the custom is
At coronation of our Emperors.

If therefore every party be well-pleas'd,
And stand content with this arbitrament,
Then deign to do as your progenitors,
And draw in sequence lots for offices.
Alp. This is an order here in Germany
For princes to disport themselves withal,
In sign their hearts so firmly are conjoin'd
That they will bear all fortunes equally;
And that the world may know I scorn no state
Or course of life to do the Empire good,
I take my chance: [*Draws a lot*]
My fortune is to be the Forester.
Emp. If we want ven'son, either red or fallow,
Wild boar or bear, you must be fin'd, my lord.
Boh. [*drawing a lot*] The Emperor's Taster I!
Emp. Your Majesty hath been tasted to so oft
That you have need of small instructions.
Rich. [*drawing a lot*] I am the Boor; sister, what is my charge?
Emp. Tir'd like a carter and a clownish boor,
To bring a load of wood into the kitchen.
Now for myself [*drawing*]: 'faith, I am Chambermaid!
I know my charge; proceed unto the next.
Alp. Prince Edward standeth melancholy still;
Please it your Grace, my lord, to draw your lot.
Emp. Nephew, you must be solemn with the sad,
And given to mirth in sportful company.
The German princes, when they will be lusty,
Shake off all cares, and clowns and they are fellows,
Ed. Sweet aunt, I do not know the country guise,
Yet would be glad to learn all fashions:
Since I am next, good fortune be my guide. [*He draws*]
Bran. A most ingenuous countenance hath this Prince,
Worthy to be the King of England's heir.
Ed. Be it no disparagement to you, my lords,
I am your Emperor!
Alp. Sound trumpets; God save the Emperor!
Col. [*drawing*] The world could never worse have fitted me!
I am not old enough to be the Cook.
Emp. If you be cook, there is no remedy,
But you must dress one mess of meat yourself,
Bran. [*drawing*] I am Physician.

Tri. [*drawing*] I am Secretary.
Men. [*drawing*] I am the Jester.
Ed. O excellent! Is your Holiness the Vice?
Fortune hath fitted you, i' faith, my lord;
You'll play the Ambidexter cunningly.
Men. Your Highness is too bitter in your jests.
Alp. Come hither, Alexander, to comfort thee
After the death of thy beloved father,
Whose life was dear unto his Emperor,
Thou shalt make one in this solemnity;
Yet ere thou draw, myself will honour thee,
And as the custom is, make thee a man.
Stand stiff, sir boy, now com'st thou to thy trial!
Take this. and that, and therewithal this sword.
He gives Alexander *a box on the ear or two*
If, while thou live, thou ever take the like
Of me, or any man, I here pronounce
Thou art a schelm, otherwise a man.
Now draw thy lot, and fortune be thy speed.
Ed. Uncle, I pray, why did he box the fellow?
Foul lubber as he is to take such blows.
Rich. Thus do the princes make their pages men.
Ed. But that is strange to make a man with blows.
We say in England that he is a man
That like a man dare meet his enemy,
And in my judgment 'tis the sounder trial.
Alex. [*drawing*] Fortune hath made me Marshal of the triumphs.
Alp. Now what remains?
Emp. That Fortune draw her lot.
[Hedewick *draws,*] *opens it and gives it to the Empress to read*
Emp. Sound trumpets; Fortune is your Emperess.
Alp. This happens right, for Fortune will be queen.
Now, Emperor, you must unmask her face,
And tell us how you like your Emperess;
In my opinion England breeds no fairer.
[Edward *unmasks her*]
Boh. Fair Hedewick, the Duke of Saxon's daughter!
Young Prince of England, you are bravely match'd.
Ed. Tell me, sweet aunt, is that this Saxon Princess,
Whose beauty's fame made Edward cross the seas?
Emp. Nephew, it is; hath fame been prodigal,

Or oversparing in the Princess' praise ?
Ed. Fame, I accuse thee, thou didst niggardize
And faintly sound my love's perfections.
Great lady Fortune and fair Emperess,
Whom chance this day hath thrown into my arms,
More welcome than the Roman Emperess.
Edward *kisses her*
Hed. Sieh doch, das ist hier kein gebrauch !
Mein Gott, ist das die Englisch manier ?
Dass dich !
Ed. What meaneth this ? Why chafes my Emperess ?
Alp. Now by my troth, I did expect this jest;
Prince Edward us'd his country fashion.
Ed. I am an Englishman, why should I not ?
Emp. Fie nephew Edward, here in Germany
To kiss a maid ! a fault intolerable.
Ed. Why should not German maids be kissed as well as others ?
Ric. Nephew, because you did not know the fashion,
And want the language to excuse yourself,
I'll be your spokesman to your Emperess.
Ed. Excuse it thus : I like the first so well
That, tell her, she shall chide me twice as much
For such another : nay, tell her more than so,
I'll double kiss on kiss and give her leave
To chide and brawl and cry ten thousand *Dass dich !*
And make her weary of her fretting humour
Ere I be weary of my kissing vein.
Dass dich ! A jungfrau angry for a kiss !
Emp. Nephew, she thinks you mock her in [your] mirth.
Ed. I think the Princes make a scorn of me ;
If any do, I'll prove it with my sword
That English courtship leaves it from the world.
Boh. The pleasant'st accident that I have seen.
Bran. Methinks the Prince is chaf'd as well as she.
Rich. Gnädiges Fräulein.
Hed. Dass dich ! mus[s] ich arme kind zu schanden gemacht werden ?
Ed. Dass dich ! I have kiss'd as good as you ;
Pray, uncle, tell her, if she mislike the kiss
I'll take it off again with such another.
Rich. Ei, liebes Fräulein, nim es all für güte ; es ist die Englisch manier und gebrauch.

Hed. Euer Gnaden weiss [e]s wohl, es ist mir ein grosse schande.
Ed. Good aunt, teach me so much Dutch to ask her pardon.
Emp. Say so: *Gnädiges Fräulein, vergebet mir's; ich will's nimmermehr thun;* then kiss your hand three times upsy Dutch.
Ed. Ich will's nimmermehr thun: if I understand it right,
That's as much to say as I'll do so no more.
Emp. True, nephew!
Ed. Nay, aunt, pardon me, I pray;
I hope to kiss her many thousand times,
And shall I go to her like a great boy,
And say, I will do so no more?
Emp. I pray, cousin, say as I tell you.
Ed. Gnädiges Fräulein, vergebet mir's; ich will's nimmermehr thun.
Alp. Fürwahr, kein schand.
Hed. Gnädiger hochgeborner Fürst und Herr, wenn ich könnte so viel Englisch sprechen, ich wollt' Euer Gnaden fürwahr ein filz geben; ich hoffe aber, ich soll einmal so viel lernen, dass sie mich verstehen soll.
Ed. What says she?
Alp. O excellent! Young Prince, look to yourself!
She swears she'll learn some English for your sake,
To make you understand her when she chides.
Ed. I'll teach her English, she shall teach me Dutch; *Gnädiges Fräulein, etc.*
Boh. It is great pity that the Duke of Saxon
Is absent at this joyful accident;
I see no reason, if his Grace were here,
But that the marriage might be solemniz'd;
I think the Prince of Wales were well content.
Ed. I left sweet England to none other end,
And though the Prince, her father, be not here,
This royal presence knows his mind in this.
Emp. Since you do come so roundly to the purpose,
'Tis time for me to speak; the maid is mine,
Giv'n freely by her father unto me;
And to the end these broils may have an end,
I give the father's interest and mine own
Unto my nephew, Edward, Prince of Wales.
Ed. A jewel of incomparable price

Your Majesty hath here bestowed on me;
How shall I ask her if she be content?
Emp. Say thus: *Ist Euer Gnaden wohl hiemit zufrieden?*
Ed. Ist Euer Gnaden wohl hiemit zufrieden?
Hed. Was Ihre Durchlauchtigkeit will, das will mein Vater, und was mein Vater will, damit muss ich zufrieden sein.
Alp. It is enough, she doth confirm the match;
We will despatch a post unto her father.
On Sunday shall the revels and the wedding
Be both solemnized with mutual joy.
Sound trumpets, each one look unto his charge
For preparation of the festivals.
Exeunt. Manent Alphonsus *and* Alexander
Come hither, Alexander, thy father's joy.
If tears, and sighs, and deep-fetch'd deadly groans
Could serve t'evert inexorable fate,
Divine Lorenzo, whom in life my heart,
In death my soul and better art adores,
Had to thy comfort and his prince's honour
Surviv'd, and drawn this day this breath of life.
Alex. Dread Cæsar, prostrate on my bended knee,
I thank your Majesty for all favours shown
To my deceased father and myself.
I must confess, I spend but bootless tears,
Yet cannot bridle nature: I must weep,
Or heart will break with burden of my thoughts;
Nor am I yet so young or fond withal
Causeless to spend my gall and fret my heart;
'Tis not that he is dead, for all must die,
But that I live to hear his life's reproach.
O sacred Emperor, these ears have heard
What no son's ears can unrevenged hear;
The Princes, all of them, but specially
The Prince Elector, Archbishop of Collen,
Revil'd him by the names of murderer,
Arch-villain, robber of the Empire's fame,
And Cæsar's tutor in all wickedness,
And with a general voice applaus'd his death
As for a special good to Christendom.
Alp. Have they not reason to applaud the deed
Which they themselves have plotted? Ah, my boy,
Thou art too young to dive into their drifts.

Alex. Yet old enough, I hope, to be reveng'd.
Alp. What wilt thou do, or whither wilt thou run ?
Alex. Headlong to bring them death, then die myself.
Alp. First hear the reason why I do mistrust them.
Alex. They had no reason for my father's death,
And I scorn reason till they all be dead.
Alp. Thou wilt not scorn my counsel in revenge ?
Alex. My rage admits no counsel but revenge.
Alp. First let me tell thee whom I do mistrust.
Alex. Your Highness said you did mistrust them all.
Alp. Yea, Alexander, all of them, and more than all
My most especial, nearest, dearest friends.
Alex. All's one to me, for know thou, Emperor,
Were it thy father, brother, or thine Empress,
Yea, were't thyself that didst conspire his death,
This fatal hand should take away thy life.
Alp. Spoke like a son, worthy so dear a father ;
Be still and hearken, I will tell thee all.
The Duke of Saxon—
Alex. O, I thought no less !
Alp. Suppress thy choler, hearken to the rest.
Saxon, I say, so wrought with flattering Mentz,
Mentz with Bohemia, Trier, and Brandenburg
(For Collen and the Palsgrave of the Rhein
Were principals with Saxon in the plot),
That, in a general meeting to that purpose,
The seven selected Emperor's Electors
Most heinously concluded of the murder.
The reason why they doom'd him unto death
Was his deep wisdom and sound policy,
Knowing, while he did live, my state was firm,
He being dead, my hope must die with him.
Now, Alexander, will we be reveng'd
Upon this wicked whore of Babylon,
This hideous monster with the seven-fold head ;
We must with cunning level at the heart,
[Which] pierc'd and perish'd all the body dies,
Or strike we off her heads by one and one ;
Behooveth us to use dexterity,
Lest she do trample us under her feet
And triumph in our honour's overthrow.
Alex. Mad and amaz'd to hear this tragic doom
I do subscribe unto your sound advice.

Alp. Then hear the rest ; these seven gave but the sentence,
A nearer hand put it in execution,
And, but I lov'd Lorenzo as my life,
I never would betray my dearest wife.
Alex. What, what ? The Empress accessary too ?
Alp. What cannot kindred do ? Her brother Richard,
Hoping thereby to be an Emperor,
Gave her a dram that sent him to his grave.
Alex. O my poor father, wert thou such an eye-sore
That nine the greatest princes of the earth
Must be confederate in thy tragedy ?
But why do I respect their mightiness,
Who did not once respect my father's life ?
Your Majesty may take it as you please,
I'll be reveng'd upon your Emperess,
On English Richard, Saxon, and the Palsgrave,
On Bohem, Collen, Mentz, Trier, and Brandenburg.
If that the Pope of Rome himself were one
In this confederacy, undaunted I
Amidst the college of his cardinals
Would press and stab him in St. Peter's chair,
Though clad in all his pontificalibus.
Alp. Why, Alexander, dost thou speak to me
As if thou didst mistrust my forwardness ?
No, thou shalt know my love to him was such,
And in my heart I have proscrib'd them all
That had to do in this conspiracy.
The bands of wedlock shall not serve her turn,
Her fatal lot is cast among the rest ;
And, to conclude, my soul doth live in hell
Till I have set my foot upon their necks,
That gave this spur of sorrow to my heart ;
But with advice it must be managed,
Not with a headlong rage as thou intend'st ;
Nor in a moment can it be perform'd ;
This work requires long time, dissembling looks,
Commix'd with undermining actions,
Watching advantages to execute.
Our foes are mighty, and their number great ;
It therefore follows that our stratagems
Must branch forth into manifold deceits,
Endless devices, bottomless conclusions.

Alex. What by your Majesty is prescrib'd to me
That will I execute, or die the death.
I am content to suck my sorrows up,
And with dull patience will attend the time,
Gaping for every opportunity
That may present the least occasion,
Although each minute multiply mine anguish,
And to my view present a thousand forms
Of senseless bodies in my father's shape,
Yelling with open throat for just revenge.
Alp. Content thyself, he shall not cry in vain,
I have already plotted Richard's death.
Alex. That hath my father's sacred ghost inspir'd.
O tell me, shall I stab him suddenly?
The time seems long till I be set a-work.
Alp. Thou knowest, in gripping at our lots to-day,
It was Prince Richard's lot to be the Boor,
So that his office is to drive the cart
And bring a load of wood into the kitchen.
Alex. O excellent! Your Grace being Forester,
As in the thicket he doth load the cart,
May shoot him dead, as if he were a deer.
Alp. No, Alexander, that device were shallow.
Thus it must be: there are two very boors
Appointed for to help him in the wood,
These must be brib'd, or cunningly seduc'd,
Instead of helping him to murder him.
Alex. *Verbum satis sapienti:* it is enough.
Fortune hath made me Marshal of the sports,
I hope to marshal them to th' devil's feast.
Plot you the rest, this will I execute,
Dutch boors [are] towsandt schelms and gold [doth] tempt them.
Alp. 'Tis right; about it then, but cunningly.
Alex. Else let me lose that good opinion
Which by your Highness I desire to hold.
By letters which I'll strew within the wood
I'll undermine the boors to murder him,
Nor shall they know who set them so a-work;
Like a familiar will I fly about
And nimbly haunt their ghosts in every nook.
Exit [Alexander] *Manet* Alphonsus
Alp. This one nail helps to drive the other out.

I slew the father and bewitch the son
With power of words to be the instrument
To rid my foes with danger of his life.
How easily can subtle age entice
Such credulous young novices to their death!
Huge wonders will Alphonsus bring to pass
By the mad mind of this enraged boy;
Even they which think themselves my greatest friends
Shall fall by this deceit; yea, my arch-enemies
Shall turn to be my chief confederates.
My solitary walks may breed suspect;
I'll therefore give myself to company,
As I intended nothing but these sports,
Yet hope to send most actors in this pageant
To revel it with Rhadamant in hell. *Exit*

[SCENE III

A Wood near Frankfort]

Enter Richard Earl of Cornwall, *like a clown*

Rich. How far is Richard now unlike the man
That cross'd the seas to win an empery!
But as I plod it like a plumper boor
To fetch in fuel for the kitchen fire,
So every one in his vocation
Labours to make the pastimes plausible;
My nephew Edward jets it through the court
With princess Hedewick, Empress of his fortune;
The demi-Cæsar, in his hunter's suit,
Makes all the court to ring with horns and hounds;
Collen, the Cook, bestirs him in the kitchen.
But that which joys me most in all these sports
Is Mentz, to see how he is made an ass,
The common scorn and by-word of the court;
And every one, to be the same he seems,
Seems to forget to be the same he is.
Yet to my robes I cannot suit my mind,
Nor with my habit shake dishonour off.
The seven Electors promis'd me the Empire,
The perjur'd Bishop Mentz did swear no less,
Yet I have seen it shar'd before my face,

While my best friends do hide their heads for shame ;
I bear a show of outward full content,
But grief thereof hath almost kill'd my heart.
Here rest thee, Richard ; think upon a mean
To end thy life, or to repair thine honour,
And vow never to see fair England's bounds
Till thou in Aix be crowned Emperor.
Holla, methinks there cométh company,
The boors, I trow, that come to hew the wood,
Which I must carry to the kitchen fire ;
I'll lie awhile and listen to their talk. [*He retires*]

Enter Hans *and* Jerick, *two Dutch boors*

Jer. Komm hier, Hans, wor bist du ? Warum bist du so traurick ? Bis frolick ! Kannst vel gelt verdienen, wir will ihn bei potz tausend tot schlagen.

Hans. Lat mich die briefe sehen.

Rich. Methinks they talk of murdering somebody ;
I'll listen more.

Jer. [*Reads the letter*] *' Hans und Jerick, meine liebe freunde, ich bitte, lasset es bei euch bleiben in geheim, und schlaget den Engelländer zu tod.'*

Rich. What's that ? ' Hans and Jerick, my good friend[s], I pray be secret, and murder the Englishman.'

Jer. Hör' weiter : [*reads*] *' denn er ist kein bauer nicht, er ist ein junker und hat viel geld und kleinodien bei sich.'*

Rich. ' For he is no boor, but a gentleman, and hath store of gold and jewels by him.'

Jer. Noch weiter : [*reads*] *' ihr sollt solche gelegenheit nicht versäumen, und wenn ihr gethan habet, will ich euch sagen, was ich für ein guter kerl bin, der euch rath gegeben habe.'*

Rich. ' Slip not this opportunity, and when you have done I will discover who gave you the counsel.'

Jer. Wat sagst du, wilt du es thun ?

Hans. Wat will ich nicht für gelt thun ! sieh, potz tausend, dor ist er ! [*Discovering* Richard]

Jer. Ja, bei potz tausend sapperment, er ist's ! Holla, guten morgen, glück zu, junker.

Hans. Junker ? Der düvel, he is ein bauer.

Rich. Du bist ein schelm, weich von mir.

Jer. Holla, holla, bist du so hoffärtig ? Junker bauer, kommt hier, oder dieser und jener soll euch holen.

Rich. Ich bin ein Fürst, berührt mich nicht, ihr schelme, ihr verräther.

Both. Sla tau, sla tau, wir will you fürstlich tractieren !

Richard, *having nothing in his hand but his whip, defends himself awhile and then falls down as if he were dead*

Rich. O Gott, nim meine Seele in deine Hände.

Jer. O excellent, hurtick ! He is tot, he is tot ! Lat uns see wat he hat for gelt bei sich. [*Plunders the body.*] *Holla, hier is all enough, all satt ; dor is for dich, und dor is for mich, und dit will ich dortau haben.*

Jerick *puts the chain about his neck.*

Hans. How so, Hans Narrhals, gev mir die kette hier.

Jer. Ja, ein dreck ; dit kett stehet hüpsch um mein hals, dit will ich tragen.

Hans. Dat dich Potz Velten leiden, dat soltu nimmermehr thun, du schelm.

Jer. Wat, sollt du mich schelm heiten ? Nim dat ! [*Strikes him*]

Hans. Dat dich hundert tonnen düvels ! Harr, ich will dich lernen !

Jer. Wiltu hauen oder siechen ?

Hans. Ich will redlich hauen.

Jer. Nun wohlan, dor ist mein rück, sla tau !

They must have axes made for the nonce to fight withal, and while one strikes, the other holds his back without defence.

Hans. Nim du dat. [*Strikes him*] *Und dor hast mein rück.*

Jer. Noch a mal. [*Strikes him,* Hans *falls*] *O excellent, ligst du dor ! Nun will ich alles haben, gelt und kett, and alles mit einander. O hurtig, frisch-up, lustig, nun bin ich ein hurtig junker !*

Richard *rises up again and snatcheth up the fellow's hatchet that was slain*

Rich. Ne Hercules [*quidem*] *contra duos :*
Yet policy hath gone beyond them both.
Du hudler, schelm, mörder, kehre dich, siehstu mich ? Gebe mir die kett und gelt wieder.

Jer. Wat, bistu wieder lebendig worden, so muss ich mich wehren ; wat wiltu, stechen oder hauen ?

Rich. So will ich machen, du schelm. [*Strikes him down*]

Jer. [*falls.*] *Harr, harr! Bistu ein redlich kerl, so ficht redlich. O ich sterb, ich sterb, lat mich leben!*

Rich. Sagt mir dann, wer hat die briefe geschrieben? Lie nicht, sondern sagt die wahrheit.

Jer. O mein frommer, guter, edler, gestrenger junker, dor ist das gelt und kett wieder, you soll alles haben, aber wer hatt die briefe geschrieben, dat weit ich bei meiner seele nicht.

Rich. Lieg dor still, still ich sag.

The villain swears and deeply doth protest
He knows not who incited them to this,
And, as it seems, the scroll imports no less.
So stirb du mir, schelm! [*Kills him*]

Jer. O ich sterb, awe, awe, awe! Dat dich der düvel hole!

As Richard *kills the* Boor, *enter* Saxon *and the* Palsgrave

Sax. Pfui dich an, loser schelm, hastu dein gesellen tot geschlagen?

Pal. Lasst uns den schelmen angreifen.

Rich. Call you me schelm? How dare you then,
Being princes, offer to lay hands on me?
That is the hangman's office here in Dutchland.

Sax. But this is strange, our boors can speak no English;
What bistu more than a damn'd murderer?
That thou art so much we are witnesses.

Rich. Can then this habit alter me so much
That I am call'd a villain by my friends?
Or shall I dare once to suspect your Graces,
That for you could not make me Emperor,
Pitying my sorrow through mine honour lost,
You set these slaves to rid me of my life?
Yet far be such a thought from Richard's heart.

Pal. How now? What, do I hear Prince Richard speak?

Rich. The same; but wonder that he lives to speak,
And had not policy help'd above strength
These sturdy swains had rid me of my life.

Sax. Far be it from your Grace for to suspect us.

Rich. Alas! I know not whom I should suspect;
But yet my heart cannot misdoubt your Graces.

Sax. How came your Highness into this apparel?

Rich. We, as the manner is, drew lots for offices,
My hap was hardest, to be made a carter;
And by this letter which some villain wrote

I was betray'd here to be murdered ;
But Heav'n, which doth defend the innocent,
Arm'd me with strength and policy together,
That I escap'd out of their treacherous snare.
Pal. Were it well sounded, I dare lay my life
The Spanish tyrant knew of this conspiracy ;
Therefore the better to dive into the depth
Of this most devilish murderous complot,
As also secretly to be beholders
Of the long-wish'd-for wedding of your daughter,
We will disrobe these boors of their apparel,
Clapping their rustic cases on our backs,
And help your Highness for to drive the cart.
'T may be the traitor that did write these lines,
Mistaking us for them, will show himself.
Rich. Prince Palatine, this plot doth please me well ;
I make no doubt, if we deal cunningly,
But we shall find the writer of this scroll.
Sax. And in that hope I will disrobe this slave ;
Come, Princes, in the neighbouring thicket here
We may disguise ourselves and talk at pleasure ;
Fie on him, heavy lubber, how he weighs.
[*Dragging in* Jerick]
Rich. The sin of murder hangs upon his soul,
It is no marvel, then, if he be heavy.
Exeunt [*dragging in* Hans]

ACT III

[SCENE I

A Room in the Court]

Enter to the Revels Edward *with an Imperial Crown ;* Hedewick, *the Empress ;* Bohemia, *the taster ;* Alphonsus, *the forester ;* Mentz, *the jester ;* Empress, *the chambermaid ;* Brandenburg, *the physician ;* Trier, *the secretary ;* Alexander, *the marshal, with his marshal's Staff ; and all the rest in their proper apparel, and Attendants and Pages*

Alex. Princes and princes' superiors, lords and lords' fellows, gentlemen and gentlemen's masters, and all the rest of the states here assembled, as well masculine as feminine, be it known unto you by these presents, that I, Alexander de Toledo, Fortune's chief Marshal, do will and command you, by the

authority of my said office, to take your places in manner and form following : first, the Emperor and the Empress, then the Taster, the Secretary, the Forester, the Physician ; as for the Chambermaid and myself we will take our places at the nether end ; the Jester is to wait up and live by the crumbs that fall from the Emperor's trencher. But now I have marshalled you to the table, what remains ?

Men. Every fool can tell that ; when men are set to dinner they commonly expect meat.

Ed. That's the best jest the Fool made since he came into his office. Marshal, walk into the kitchen and see how the Churfurst of Collen bestirs himself. *Exiturus* Alexander

Men. Shall I go with him too ? I love to be employed in the kitchen.

Ed. I prithee go, that we may be rid of thy wicked jests.

Men. Have with thee, Marshal ; the Fool rides thee.

Exit on Alexander's *back*

Alp. Now by mine honour, my lord of Mentz plays the fool the worst that I ever saw.

Ed. He does all by contraries, for I am sure he played the wise man like a fool, and now he plays the fool wisely.

Alp. Princes and Churfursts, let us frolic now ;
This is a joyful day to Christendom,
When Christian princes join in amity.
Schinck bowls of Rheinpfal[z] and the purest wine ;
We'll spend this evening lusty upsy Dutch
In honour of this unexpected league.

Emp. Nay, gentle Forester, there you range amiss !
His looks are fitly suited to his thoughts,
His glorious Empress makes his heart triumph,
And heart's triumphing makes his countenance staid
In contemplation of his life's delight.

Ed. Good aunt, let me excuse myself in this ;
I am an Emperor but for a day,
She Empress of my heart while life doth last ;
Then give me leave to use imperial looks—
Nay, if I be an Emperor I'll take leave—
And here I do pronounce it openly,
What I have lately whisper'd in her ears,
I love mine Empress more than empery,
I love her looks above my fortune's hope.

Alp. Saving your looks, dread Emperor, *es gilt* a bowl
Unto the health of your fair bride and Empress.

Ed. *Sam Gott, es soll mir ein liebe trunk sein!* So much
Dutch have I learned since I came into Germany.
Bran. When you have drunk a dozen of these bowls,
So can your majesty with a full mouth
Troll out high Dutch; till then it sounds not right.
Drauf, es gilt noch eins, Ihr Majestät.
Edw. *Sam Gott, lass laufen.*
Boh. My Lord of Brandenburg, spoken like a good Dutch brother,
But most unlike a good physician;
You should consider what he has to do,
His bride will give you little thanks to-night.
Alp. Ha, ha, my lord, now give me leave to laugh;
He need not therefore shun one beaker full.
In Saxon land you know it is the use,
That the first night the bridegroom spares the bride.
Boh. 'Tis true, indeed; that had I quite forgotten.
Ed. How understand I that?
Alp. That the first night
The bride and bridegroom never sleep together.
Ed. That may well be, perchance they wake together.
Boh. Nay, without fallace, they have several beds.
Ed. Ay, in one chamber, that's most princely.
Alp. Not only several beds, but several chambers,
Lock'd soundly too with iron bolts and bars.
Emp. Believe me, nephew, that's the custom here.
Ed. O, my good aunt, the world is now grown new;
Old customs are but superstitions.
I'm sure this day, this presence all can witness,
The high and mighty Prince th' Archbishop of Collen,
Who now is busy in the scullery,
Join'd us together in St. Peter's church,
And he that would disjoin us two to-night,
'Twixt jest and earnest be it proudly spoken,
Shall eat a piece of ill-digesting iron.
Bride, *wilt du dis nacht bei me schlapen?*
Hed. *Da behüte mich Gott für; ich hoffe Eure Majestät will's von mir nicht begehren.*
Ed. What says she? *Behüte mich Gott für?*
Alp. She says God bless her from such a deed.
Ed. Tush, Empress, clap thy hands upon thy head,
And God will bless thee; I have a Jacob's staff
Shall take the elevation of the pole;

For I have heard it said, the Dutch north-star
Is a degree or two higher than ours.
Boh. Nay, though we talk, let's drink, and, Emperor,
I'll tell you plainly what you must trust unto ;
Can they deceive you of your bride to-night,
They'll surely do't, therefore look to yourself.
Ed. If she deceive me not, let all do their worst.
Alp. Assure you, Emperor, she'll do her best.
Ed. I think the maids in Germany are mad ;
Ere they be married they will not kiss,
And, being married, will not go to bed.
We'll drink about, let's talk no more of this ;
Well-warn'd half-arm'd, our English proverb say[s].

Enter Alexander

Alp. Holla, Marshal, what says the Cook ?
Belike he thinks we have fed so well already,
That we disdain his simple cookery.
Alex. 'Faith, the Cook says so, that his office was to dress a mess of meat with that wood which the English Prince should bring in, but he hath neither seen Dutch wood nor English Prince, therefore he desires you hold him excused.
Alp. I wonder where Prince Richard stays so long.
Alex. An't please your Majesty, he's come at length,
And with him has he brought a crew of boors
A[nd] hüpsch boor-maikins, fresh as flowers in May,
With whom they mean to dance a Saxon round,
In honour of the bridegroom and his bride.
Ed. So has he made amends for his long tarrying ;
I prithee marshal them into the presence.
Alp. [*aside to* Alexander.] Lives Richard, then ? I'd thought thou'dst made him sure.
Alex. O, I could tear my flesh to think upon't !
He lives, and secretly hath brought with him
The Palsgrave and the Duke of Saxony,
Clad like two boors, ev'n in the same apparel
That Hans and Jerick wore when they went out
To murder him.
It now behoves us to be circumspect.
Alp. It likes me not. Away, Marshal, bring them !
Exit Alexander
I long to see this sport's conclusion.
Boh. Is't not a lovely sight to see this couple

Sit sweetly billing, like two turtle-doves ?
Alp. I promise you, it sets my teeth an edge,
That I must take mine Empress in mine arms.
Come hither, Isabel, though thy robes be homely,
Thy face and countenance holds colour still.

Enter Alexander, Collen, Mentz, Richard, Saxon, Palsgrave, Collen *cook, with a gammon of raw bacon, and links or puddings in a platter ;* Richard, Palsgrave, Saxon, Mentz, *like clowns, with each of them a mitre, with corances on their heads.*

Col. Dread Emperor and Emperess, for to-day,
I, your appointed Cook until to-morrow,
Have by the Marshal sent my just excuse,
And hope your Highness is therewith content.
Our Carter here, for whom I now do speak,
Says that his axle-tree broke by the way ;
That is his answer, and, for you shall not famish,
He and his fellow boors of the next dorp,
Have brought a schinke[n] of good raw bacon,
And that's a common meat with us, unsod,
Desiring you, you would not scorn the fare ;
'Twill make a cup of wine taste nippitate.
Ed. Welcome, good fellows, we thank you for your present
Rich. So spiel fresh up, and let us *rommer dantzen.*
Alex. Please it your Highness to dance with your bride ?
Ed. Alas ! I cannot dance your German dances.
Boh. I do beseech your Highness mock us not ;
We Germans have no changes in our dances,
An Almain and an upspring, that is all.
So dance the princes, burghers, and the boors.
Bran. So danc'd our ancestors for thousand years.
Ed. It is a sign the Dutch are not new-fangled.
I'll follow in the measure ; Marshal, lead !

Alexander *and* Mentz *have the foredance, with each of them a glass of wine in their hands ; then* Edward *and* Hedewick, Palsgrave *and* Empress, *and two other couple, after drum and trumpet. The* Palsgrave *whispers with the* Empress

Alp. I think the boor is amorous of my Empress ;
Fort, bauer, and *löffel morgen,* when thou com'st to house.

Col. [*To* Prince Edward]. Now is your Grace's time to steal away;
Look to't, or else you'll lie alone to-night.
Edward *steals away the Bride*
Alex. (*drinketh to the* Palsgrave) *'S gilt, bauer.*
Pal. *Sam Gott!*
The Palsgrave *requests the* Empress.
Ey jungfrau, help mich doch! Ey jungfrau, trink! [*To* Alphonsus] *Es gilt, guter freund, ein fröhlichen trunk.*
Alp. *Sam Gott, mein freund, ich will gern bescheid thun.*
Alphonsus takes the cup of the Palsgrave *and drinks to the King of Bohemia, and after he hath drunk puts poison into the beaker*
Half this I drink unto your Highness' health;
It is the first since we were join'd in office.
Boh. I thank your Majesty, I'll pledge you half.
As Bohemia *is a-drinking, ere he hath drunk it all out,* Alphonsus *pulls the beaker from his mouth*
Alp. Hold, hold, your Majesty, drink not too much.
Boh. What means your Highness?
Alp. Methinks that something grates between my teeth,
Pray God there be not poison in the bowl!
Boh. Marry, God forbid!
Alex. So were I pepper'd.
Alp. I highly do mistrust this schelmish boor;
Lay hands on him, I'll make him drink the rest.
[*Pal.*] *Was ist, was ist, wat will you mit me machen?*
Alp. Drink out, drink out, *oder der düvel soll dich holen.*
Pal. *Ey gebt you to frieden, ich will gern trinken.*
Sax. Drink not, Prince Palatine, throw it on the ground;
It is not good to trust his Spanish flies.
[*The* Palsgrave *spills the wine*]
Boh. Saxon and Palsgrave! This cannot be good.
Alp. 'Twas not for nought my mind misgave me so;
This hath Prince Richard done t' entrap our lives.
Ric. No, Alphonsus, I disdain to be a traitor.
[*They draw*]
Emp. O, sheathe your swords, forbear these needless broils.
Alp. Away, I do mistrust thee as the rest.
Boh. Lords, hear me speak to pacify these broils.
For my part I feel no distemperature.

How do you feel yourself ?
Alp. I cannot tell,
Not ill, and yet methinks I am not well.
Boh. Were it a poison, 'twould begin to work.
Alp. Not so, all poisons do not work alike.
Pal. If there were poison in, which God forbid,
The Empress and myself and Alexander
Have cause to fear as well as any other.
Alp. Why didst thou throw the wine upon the earth ?
Hadst thou but drunk, thou hadst satisfied our minds.
Pal. I will not be enforc'd by Spanish hands.
Alp. If all be well with us, that scuse shall serve ;
If not, the Spaniard's blood will be reveng'd.
Rich. Your Majesty is more afraid than hurt.
Boh. For me, I do not fear myself a whit ;
Let all be friends, and forward with our mirth.

Enter Edward, *in his night-gown and his shirt*

Rich. Nephew, how now ? Is all well with you ?
Boh. I lay my life the Prince has lost his bride.
Ed. I hope not so, she is but stray'd a little.
Alp. Your Grace must not be angry, though we laugh.
Ed. If it had happen'd by default of mine,
You might have worthily laugh'd me to scorn :
But to be so deceiv'd, so over-reach'd,
Even as I meant to clasp her in mine arms,
The grief is intolerable, not to be guess'd,
Or comprehended by the thought of any,
But by a man that hath been so deceiv'd,
And that's by no man living but myself.
Sax. My princely son-in-law, God give you joy.
Ed. Of what, my princely father ?
Sax. O' my daughter,
Your new-betrothed wife and bedfellow.
Ed. I thank you, father ; indeed, I must confess
She is my wife, but not my bedfellow.
Sax. How so, young prince ? I saw you steal her hence,
And, as me thought, she went full willingly.
Ed. 'Tis true, I stole her finely from amongst you,
And, by the Archbishop of Collen's help,
Got her alone into the bride-chamber,
Where having lock'd the door, thought all was well.
I could not speak, but pointed to the bed ;

She answer'd *Ja* and gan for to unlace her;
I, seeing that, suspected no deceit,
But straight untruss'd my points, uncas'd myself,
And in a moment slipp'd between the sheets:
There lying in deep contemplation,
The Princess of herself drew near to me,
Gave me her hand, spake prettily in Dutch,
I know not what, and kiss'd me lovingly,
And, as I shrank out of my lukewarm place
To make her room, she clapp'd thrice with her feet,
And through a trap-door sunk out of my sight.
Knew I but her confederates in the deed—
I say no more.
Emp. Tush, cousin, be content;
So many lands, so many fashions;
It is the German use, be not impatient,
She will be so much welcomer to-morrow.
Rich. Come, nephew, we'll be bedfellows to-night.
Ed. Nay, if I find her not, I'll lie alone;
I have good hope to ferret out her bed,
And so good-night, sweet Princes, all at once.
Alp. Good-night to all; Marshal, discharge the train.
Alex. To bed, to bed, the Marshal cries 'tis time.
Flourish of cornets. Exeunt
[Alexander *conceals himself behind the arras*]

Manent Saxon, Richard, Palsgrave, Collen, Empress

Sax. Now, Princes, it is time that we advise;
Now we are all fast in the fowler's gin,
Not to escape his subtle snares alive,
Unless by force we break the nets asunder.
When he begins to cavil and pick quarrels,
I will not trust him in the least degree.
Emp. It may beseem me evil to mistrust
My lord and Emperor of so foul a fact;
But love unto his honour and your lives
Makes me with tears entreat your Excellencies
To fly with speed out of his dangerous reach.
His cloudy brow foretells a sudden storm
Of blood, not natural, but prodigious.
Rich. The castle-gates are shut, how should we fly?
But were they open I would lose my life,
Ere I would leave my nephew to the slaughter;

He and his bride were sure to bear the brunt.
Sax. Could I get out of doors I'd venture that,
And yet I hold their persons dear enough.
I would not doubt but ere the morning sun
Should half-way run his course into the south,
To compass and begirt him in his fort,
With Saxon lansknights and brunt-bearing Switzers,
Who lie in ambuscado not far hence,
That he should come to composition,
And with safe conduct bring into our tents
Both bride and bridegroom and all other friends.
Emp. My chamber-window stands upon the wall,
And thence with ease you may escape away.
Sax. Prince Richard, you will bear me company?
Rich. I will, my lord.
Sax. And you, Prince Palatine?
Pal. The Spanish tyrant hath me in suspect
Of poisoning him, I'll therefore stay it out;
To fly upon 't were to accuse myself.
Emp. If need require, I'll hide the Palatine
Until to-morrow, if you stay no longer.
Sax. If God be with us, ere to-morrow noon
We'll be with ensigns spread before the walls;
We leave dear pledges of our quick return.
Emp. May the heavens prosper your just intents!
Exeunt
[*Alex. coming forward.*] This dangerous plot was happily overheard.
Here didst thou listen in a blessed hour.

Enter Alphonsus

[*Alp.*] Alexander, where dost thou hide thyself?
I've sought thee in each corner of the court,
And now or never must thou play the man.
Alex. And now or never must your Highness stir;
Treason hath round encompassed your life.
Alp. I have no leisure now to hear thy talk:
Seest thou this key?
Alex. Intends your Majesty
That I should steal into the Princes' chambers,
And sleeping stab them in their beds to-night?
That cannot be.
Alp. Wilt thou not hear me speak?

Alex. The Prince of England, Saxon, and of Collen,
Are in the Empress' chamber privily.
Alp. All this is nothing, they would murder me,
I come not there to-night; seest thou this key?
Alex. They mean to fly out at the chamber-window,
And raise an army to besiege your Grace;
Now may your Highness take them with the deed.
Alp. The Prince of Wales, I hope, is none of them.
Alex. Him and his bride by force they will recover.
Alp. What makes the cursed Palsgrave of the Rhein?
Alex. Him hath the Empress taken to her charge
And in her closet means to hide him safe.
Alp. To hide him in her closet? Of bold deeds
The dearest charge that e'er she undertook.
Well, let them bring their complots to an end,
I'll undermine to meet them in their works.
Alex. Will not your Grace surprise them ere they fly?
Alp. No, let them bring their purpose to effect,
I'll fall upon them at my best advantage.
Seest thou this key? There, take it, Alexander,
Yet take it not, unless thou be resolv'd—
Tush, I am fond to make a doubt of thee!
Take it, I say, it doth command all doors,
And will make open way to dire revenge.
Alex. I know not what your Majesty doth mean.
Alp. Hie thee with speed into the inner chamber
Next to the chapel, and there shalt thou find
The dainty trembling bride couch'd in her bed,
Having beguil'd her bridegroom of his hopes,
Taking her farewell of virginity,
Which she to-morrow night expects to lose.
By night all cats are grey, and in the dark
She will embrace thee for the Prince of Wales,
Thinking that he hath found her chamber out;
Fall to thy business and make few words,
And having pleas'd thy senses with delight,
And fill'd thy beating veins with stealing joy,
Make thence again before the break of day.
What strange events will follow this device
We need not study on; our foes shall find.
How now,—how stand'st thou?—hast thou not the heart?
Alex. Should I not have the heart to do this deed,
I were a bastard villain, and no man;

Her sweetness and the sweetness of revenge
Tickles my senses in a double sense,
And so I wish your Majesty good night.
Alp. Good night. Sweet Venus prosper thy attempt!
Alex. Sweet Venus and grim Ate I implore,
Stand both of you to me auspicious. *Exit* Alexander
Alp. It had been pity of his father's life,
Whose death hath made him such a perfect villain.
What murder, wrack, and causeless enmity
'Twixt dearest friends, that are my strongest foes,
Will follow suddenly upon this rape
I hope to live to see and laugh thereat.
And yet this piece of practice is not all:
The King of Bohem, though he little feel it,
Because in twenty hours it will not work,
Hath from my knife's point suck'd his deadly bane.
Whereof I will be least of all suspected,
For I will feign myself as sick as he,
And blind mine enemies' eyes with deadly groans.
Upon the Palsgrave and mine Emperess
Heavy suspect shall light to bruise their bones;
Though Saxon would not suffer him to taste
The deadly potion provided for him,
He cannot save him from the sword of justice,
When all the world shall think that like a villain
He hath poison'd two great Emperors with one draught.
That deed is done, and by this time I hope
The other is a-doing; Alexander,
I doubt it not, will do it thoroughly.
While these things are a-brewing I'll not sleep,
But suddenly break ope the chamber-doors
And rush upon my Empress and the Palsgrave.
Holla! Where's the captain of the guard?

Enter Captain *and* Soldiers

Cap. What would your Majesty?
Alp. Take six travants well arm'd and follow.
They break with violence into the chamber, and Alphonsus *trails the* Empress *by the hair*

Enter Alphonsus, Empress, Soldiers, *etc.*

Alp. Come forth, thou damned witch, adulterous whore!
Foul scandal to thy name, thy sex, thy blood!

Emp. O Emperor, gentle husband, pity me!
Alp. Canst thou deny thou wert confederate
With my arch-enemies that sought my blood?
And like a strumpet, through thy chamber-window,
Hast with thine own hands help'd to let them down,
With an intent that they should gather arms,
Besiege my court, and take away my life?
Emp. Ah, my Alphonsus!
Alp. Thy Alphonsus, whore!
Emp. O pierce my heart, trail me not by my hair;
What I have done, I did it for the best.
Alp. So for the best advantage of thy lust
Hast thou in secret, Clytemnestra-like,
Hid thy Ægisthus, thy adulterous love.
Emp. Heav'n be the record 'twixt my lord and me,
How pure and sacred I do hold thy bed.
Alp. Art thou so impudent to belie the deed?
Is not the Palsgrave hidden in thy chamber?
Emp. That I have hid the Palsgrave I confess,
But to no ill intent, your conscience knows.
Alp. Thy treasons, murders, incests, sorceries,
Are all committed to a good intent;
Thou know'st he was my deadly enemy.
Emp. By this device I hop'd to make you friends.
Alp. Then bring him forth, we'll reconcile ourselves.
Emp. Should I betray so great a prince's life?
Alp. Thou hold'st his life far dearer than thy lord's.
This very night hast thou betray'd my blood.
But thus, and thus, will I revenge myself.
[*Trailing her by the hair*]
And but thou speedily deliver him,
I'll trail thee through the kennels of the street,
And cut the nose from thy bewitching face,
And into England send thee like a strumpet.
Emp. Pull every hair from off my head,
Drag me at horses' tails, cut off my nose,
My princely tongue shall not betray a prince.
Alp. That will I try [*Strikes her*].
Emp. O Heav'n, revenge my shame!

Enter Palsgrave

Pal. Is Cæsar now become a torturer,

A hangman of his wife, turn'd murderer ?
Here is the Palatine, what wouldst thou more ?
Alp. Upon him, soldiers, strike him to the ground !
Emp. Ah, soldiers, spare the princely Palatine !
Alp. Down with the damn'd adulterous murderer !
Kill him, I say ; his blood be on my head.
They kill the Palatine
Run to the tow'r and ring the larum bell,
That fore the world I may excuse myself,
And tell the reason of this bloody deed.

Enter Edward *in his night-gown and shirt*

Ed. How now ? What means this sudden, strange alarm ?
What wretched dame is this with blubber'd cheeks,
And rent, dishevell'd hair ?
Emp. O my dear nephew,
Fly, fly the shambles, for thy turn is next.
Ed. What, my imperial aunt ? Then break my heart !
Alp. Brave Prince, be still ; as I am nobly born,
There is no ill intended to thy person.

Enter Mentz, Trier, Brandenburg, Bohemia

Men. Where is my page ? Bring me my two-hand sword !
Tri. What is the matter ? Is the Court a-fire ?
Bran. Who's that ? The Emperor with his weapon drawn ?
Boh. Though deadly sick, yet am I forc'd to rise,
To know the reason of this hurly-burly.
Alp. Princes be silent ; I will tell the cause,
Though suddenly a griping at my heart
Forbids my tongue his wonted course of speech.
See you this harlot traitress to my life,
See you this murderer, stain to mine honour ?
These twain I found together in my bed,
Shamefully committing lewd adultery,
And heinously conspiring all your deaths,
I mean your deaths that are not dead already ;
As for the King of Bohem and myself,
We are not of this world, we have our transports
Giv'n in the bowl by this adulterous Prince ;
And lest the poison work too strong with me,
Before that I have warn'd you of your harms,

I will be brief in the relation.
That he hath stain'd my bed, these eyes have seen ;
That he hath murder'd two imperial kings,
Our speedy deaths will be too sudden proof ;
That he and she have bought and sold your lives
To Saxon, Collen, and the English Prince,
Their ensigns, spread before the walls to-morrow,
Will all too suddenly bid you defiance.
Now tell me, Princes, have I not just cause
To slay the murderer of so many souls ?
And have not all cause to applaud the deed ?
More would I utter, but the poison's force
Forbids my speech ; you can conceive the rest.
Boh. Your Majesty, reach me your dying hand
With thousand thanks for this so just revenge !
O, how the poison's force begins to work !
Men. The world may pity and applaud the deed.
Bran. Did never age bring forth such heinous acts.
Ed. My senses are confounded and amaz'd.
Emp. The God of Heav'n knows my unguiltiness.

Enter Messenger

Mes. Arm, arm, my lords, we have descried afar
An army of ten thousand men-at-arms.
Alp. Some run unto the walls, some draw up the sluice,
Some speedily let the portcullis down.
Men. Now may we see the Emperor's words are true ;
To prison with the wicked murderous whore. *Exeunt*

ACT IV

[SCENE I

Before the Walls]

Enter Saxon *and* Richard *with* Soldiers

Sax. My Lord of Cornwall, let us march before
To speedy rescue of our dearest friends ;
The rearward with the armed legions,
Committed to the Prince of Collen's charge,
Cannot so lightly pass the mountain tops.
Rich. Let's summon suddenly unto a parley ;
I do not doubt but ere we need their helps,
Collen with all his forces will be here.

Enter Collen *with Drums and an Army*

Your Holiness hath made good haste to-day,
And like a beaten soldier lead your troops.
Col. In time of peace I am an Archbishop,
And, like a churchman, can both sing and say;
But when the innocent do suffer wrong,
I cast my rochet off upon the altar,
And, like a prince, betake myself to arms.

Enter above Mentz, Trier, *and* Brandenburg

Men. Great Prince of Saxony, what mean these arms?
Richard of Cornwall, what may this intend?
Brother of Collen, no more churchman now?
Instead of mitre and a crozier staff
Have you beta'en you to your helm and targe?
Were you so merry yesterday as friends,
Cloaking your treason in your clown's attire?
Sax. Mentz, we return the traitor in thy face.
To save our lives, and to release our friends
Out of the Spaniard's deadly trapping snares,
Without intent of ill, this power is rais'd,
Therefore, grave Prince, Marquess of Brandenburg,
My loving cousin, as indifferent judge,
To you, an aged peace-maker, we speak;
Deliver with safe-conduct in our tents
Prince Edward and his bride, the Palatine,
With every one of high or low degree
That are suspicious of the King of Spain,
So shall you see, that in the self-same hour
We marched to the walls with colours spread,
We will cashier our troops, and part good friends.
Bran. Alas, my lord, crave you the Palatine?
Rich. If craving will not serve, we will command.
Bran. Ah me, since your departure, good my lords,
Strange accidents of blood and death are happen'd.
Sax. My mind misgave a massacre this night.
Rich. How does Prince Edward then?
Sax. How does my daughter?
Col. How goes it with the Palsgrave of the Rhein?
Bran. Prince Edward and his bride do live in health,
And shall be brought unto you when you please.
Sax. Let them be presently deliver'd.
Col. Lives not the Palsgrave too?

Men. In heaven or hell
He lives, and reaps the merit of his deeds.
Col. What damned hand hath butchered the Prince?
Sax. O that demand is needless; who but he
That seeks to be the butcher of us all?
But vengeance and revenge shall light on him.
Bran. Be patient, noble Princes, hear the rest.
The two great Kings of Bohem and Castile—
God comfort them—lie now at point of death,
Both poison'd by the Palsgrave yesterday.
Rich. How is that possible? So must my sister,
The Palatine himself, and Alexander,
Who drunk out of the bowl, be poisoned too.
Men. Nor is that heinous deed alone the cause,
Though cause enough to ruin monarchies;
He hath defil'd with lust th' imperial bed,
And by the Emperor in the fact was slain.
Col. O worthy, guiltless Prince! O, had he fled!
Rich. But say, where is the Empress, where's my sister?
Men. Not burnt to ashes yet, but shall be shortly.
Rich. I hope her Majesty will live to see
A hundred thousand flattering turn-coat slaves,
Such as your Holiness, die a shameful death.
Bran. She is in prison, and attends her trial.
Sax. O strange, heart-breaking, mischievous intents!
Give me my children, if you love your lives!
No safety is in this enchanted fort.
O see, in happy hour, there comes my daughter
And loving son, scap'd from the massacre.

Enter [*below*] Edward *and* Hedewick

Ed. My body lives, although my heart be slain.
O Princes, this hath been the dismall'st night
That ever eye of sorrow did behold!
Here lay the Palsgrave, welt'ring in his blood,
Dying Alphonsus standing over him;
Upon the other hand the King of Bohem,
Still looking when his poison'd bulk would break;
But that which pierc'd my soul with nature's touch,
Was my tormented aunt, with blubber'd cheeks,
Torn, bloody garments, and dishevell'd hair,
Waiting for death—deservedly or no,

That knows the Searcher of all human thoughts,
For these devices are beyond my reach.
Sax. *Sag doch, liebe tochter, wo warst du dieselbe nacht?*
Hed. *Als wo, wo sollt' ich sein? Ich war im bette.*
Sax. *Warst du allein, so warst du gar verschrocken.*
Hed. *Ich hab nicht anders gemeint, denn dass ich wollt' allein geschlafen haben, aber um mitternacht kam mein bridegroom und schlafet bei mir, bis wir mit dem getümmel erwacht waren.*
Ed. What says she? Came her bridegroom to her at midnight?
Rich. Nephew, I see you were not overreach'd;
Although she slipp'd out of your arms at first,
You seiz'd her surely, ere you left the chase.
Sax. But left your Grace your bride alone in bed?
Or did she run together in the larum?
Ed. Alas, my lords, this is no time to jest!
I lay full sadly in my bed alone.
Not able for my life to sleep a wink,
Till that the larum-bell began to ring,
And then I started from my weary couch.
Sax. How now? This rhymes not with my daughter's speech;
She says you found her bed, and lay with her.
Ed. Not I, your Highness did mistake her words.
Col. Deny it not, Prince Edward; 'tis an honour.
Ed. My lords, I know no reason to deny it;
T' have found her bed, I would have given a million.
Sax. *Hedewick, der Fürst sagt, er hat nicht bei dir geschlafen.*
Hed. *Es gefällt ihm also zu sagen, aber ich hab es wohl gefühlet.*
Rich. She says, you are dispos'd to jest with her,
But yesternight she felt it in good earnest.
Ed. Uncle, these jests are too unsavoury,
Ill-suited to these times, and please me not.
Hab ich bei you geschlapen yesternight?
Hed. *Ei, lief, warum sollt ihr's fragen?*
Sax. Edward, I tell thee, 'tis no jesting matter,
Say plainly, wast thou by her, ay or no?
Ed. As I am Prince, true heir to England's crown,
I never touch'd her body in a bed.
Hed. *Das hastu gethan, oder hole mich der düvel.*
Rich. Nephew, take heed, you hear the Princess' words.
Ed. It is not she, nor you, nor all the world,
Shall make me say I did another's deed.

Sax. Another's deed ? What, think'st thou her a whore ?
Saxon *strikes* Edward
Ed. She may be whore, and thou a villain too ;
Struck me the Emperor, I will strike again.
Col. Content you, Princes ; buffet not like boys.
Rich. Hold you the one, and I will hold the other.
Hed. O Herr Gott, help, help ! O ich armes kind !
Sax. Soldiers, lay hands upon the Prince of Wales,
Convey him speedily into a prison,
And load his legs with grievous bolts of iron ;
Some bring the whore my daughter from my sight,
And thou, smooth Englishman, to thee I speak,
[*To* Richard]
My hate extends to all thy nation,
Pack thee out of my sight, and that with speed,
Your English practices have all too long
Muffled our German eyes—pack, pack, I say !
Rich. Although your Grace have reason for your rage,
Yet be not like a madman to your friends.
Sax. My friends ? I scorn the friendship of such mates
That seek my daughter's spoil, and my dishonour ;
But I will teach the boy another lesson.
His head shall pay the ransom of his fault.
Rich. His head ?
Sax. And thy head too ! O, how my heart doth swell !
Was there no other prince to mock but me ?
First woo, then marry her, then lie with her,
And, having had the pleasure of her bed,
Call her a whore in open audience !
None but a villain and a slave would do it.
My lords of Mentz, of Trier, and Brandenburg,
Make ope the gates, receive me as a friend,
I'll be a scourge unto the English nation.
Men. Your Grace shall be the welcom'st guest alive.
Col. None but a madman would do such a deed.
Sax. Then, Collen, count me mad, for I will do it ;
I'll set my life and land upon the hazard,
But I will thoroughly sound this deceit.
What, will your Grace leave me or follow me ?
Col. No, Saxon, know I will not follow thee,
And leave Prince Richard in so great extremes.
Sax. Then I defy you both, and so farewell.
Rich. Yet, Saxon, hear me speak before thou go :

Look to the Prince's life as to thine own ;
Each perish'd hair that falleth from his head
By thy default shall cost a Saxon city ;
Henry of England will not lose his heir ;
And so farewell and think upon my words.
Sax. Away, I do disdain to answer thee !
Pack thee with shame again into thy country ;
I'll have a cock-boat at my proper charge,
And send th' imperial crown which thou hast won
To England by Prince Edward after thee.
Exeunt [Saxon *and the others*]

Manent Richard *and* Collen

Col. Answer him not, Prince Richard ; he is mad ;
Choler and grief have robb'd him of his senses.
Like accident to this was never heard.
Rich. Break, heart, and die ; fly hence, my troubled spirit ;
I am not able for to underbear
The weight of sorrow which doth bruise my soul.
O Edward, O sweet Edward, O my life !
O noble Collen, last of all my hopes,
The only friend in my extremities,
If thou dost love me, as I know thou dost,
Unsheathe thy sword and rid me of this sorrow.
Col. Away with abject thoughts ! Fie, princely Richard ;
Rouse up thyself, and call thy senses home ;
Shake off this base pusillanimity,
And cast about to remedy these wrongs.
Rich. Alas, I see no means of remedy !
Col. Then hearken to my counsel and advice.
We will intrench ourselves not far from hence,
With those small pow'rs we have, and send for more.
If they do make assault, we will defend ;
If violence be offer'd to the Prince,
We'll rescue him with venture of our lives ;
Let us with patience attend advantage,
Time may reveal the author of these treasons.
For why, undoubtedly the sweet young Princess,
Foully beguil'd by night with cunning show,
Hath to some villain lost her maidenhead.
Ric. O, that I knew the foul incestuous wretch !
Thus would I tear him with my teeth and nails.
Had Saxon sense, he would conceive so much,

And not revenge on guiltless Edward's life.
Col. Persuade yourself, he will be twice advis'd,
Before he offer wrong unto the Prince.
Rich. In that good hope I will have patience.
Come, gentle Prince, whose pity to a stranger
Is rare and admirable, not to be spoken;
England cannot requite this gentleness.
Col. Tush, talk not of requital, let us go
To fortify ourselves within our trench. *Exeunt*

[SCENE II

A Room in the Court]

Enter Alphonsus, *carried in the Couch;* Saxon, Mentz, Trier, Brandenburg, Alexander

Alp. O most excessive pain, O raging fire!
Is burning Cancer, or the Scorpion,
Descended from the heavenly zodiac,
To parch mine entrails with a quenchless flame?
Drink, drink, I say, give drink, or I shall die!
Fill a thousand bowls of wine! Water, I say,
Water from forth the cold Tartarian hills!
I feel th' ascending flame lick up my blood;
Mine entrails shrink together like a scroll
Of burning parchment, and my marrow fries.
Bring hugy cakes of ice and flakes of snow,
That I may drink of them being dissolved.
Sax. We do beseech your Majesty, have patience.
Alp. Had I but drunk an ordinary poison,
The sight of thee, great Duke of Saxony,
My friend in death, in life my greatest foe,
Might both allay the venom and the torment;
But that adulterous Palsgrave and my wife,
Upon whose life and soul I vengeance cry,
Gave me a mineral not to be digested,
Which burning, eats, and eating, burns my heart.
My Lord of Trier, run to the King of Bohem,
Commend me to him, ask him how he fares;
None but myself can rightly pity him,
For none but we have sympathy of pains.
Tell him when he is dead, my time's not long,
And when I die, bid him prepare to follow.
Exit Trier

Now, now it works afresh ; are you my friends ?
Then throw me on the cold, swift-running Rhein
And let me bathe there for an hour or two,
I cannot bear this pain.
Men. O, would th' unpartial Fates afflict on me
These deadly pains, and ease my Emperor,
How willing would I bear them for his sake.
Alp. O Mentz, I would not wish unto a dog
The least of thousand torments that afflict me,
Much less unto your princely Holiness.
See, see, my Lord of Mentz, he points at you.
Men. It is your fantasy, and nothing else ;
But were Death here, I would dispute with him,
And tell him to his teeth he doth injustice,
To take your Majesty in the prime of youth ;
Such wither'd, rotten branches as myself
Should first be lopp'd, had he not partial hands ;
And here I do protest upon my knee
I would as willingly now leave my life,
To save my King and Emperor alive,
As erst my mother brought me to the world.
Bran. My Lord of Mentz, this flattery is too gross ;
A prince of your experience and calling
Should not so fondly call the heavens to witness.
Men. Think you, my lord, I would not hold my word ?
Bran. You know, my lord, Death is a bitter guest.
Men. To ease his pain and save my Emperor,
I sweetly would embrace that bitterness.
Alex. [*aside*] If I were Death, I knew what I would do.
Men. But see, his Majesty is fall'n asleep ;
Ah me ! I fear it is a dying slumber.
Alp. [*waking*]. My Lord of Saxony, do you hear this jest ?
Sax. What should I hear, my lord ?
Alp. Do you not hear,
How loudly Death proclaims it in mine ears,
Swearing by trophies, tombs, and dead men's graves,
If I have any friend so dear to me
That to excuse my life will lose his own,
I shall be presently restor'd to health.

Enter Trier

Men. I would he durst make good his promises.
Alp. My Lord of Trier, how fares my fellow Emperor ?

Tri. His Majesty is eas'd of all his pains.
Alp. O happy news! Now have I hope of health.
Men. My joyful heart doth spring within my body
To hear these words;
Comfort your Majesty, I will excuse you,
Or, at the least, will bear you company.
Alp. My hope is vain; now, now my heart will break!
My Lord of Trier, you did but flatter me;
Tell me the truth, how fares his Majesty?
Tri. I told your Highness, eas'd of all his pain.
Alp. I understand thee now; he's eas'd by death,
And now I feel an alteration.
Farewell, sweet lords; farewell, my Lord of Mentz,
The truest friend that ever earth did bear,
Live long in happiness to revenge my death
Upon my wife and all the English brood.
My Lord of Saxony, your Grace hath cause—
Men. I dare thee, Death, to take away my life.
Some charitable hand that loves his Prince
And hath the heart,
Draw forth his sword and rid me of my life.
Alex. [*drawing*] I love my Prince, and have the heart to do it.
Men. O, stay awhile!
Alex. Nay, now it is too late.
[*Stabs him*]
Bran. Villain, what hast thou done? Th'ast slain a prince!
Alex. I did no more than he entreated me.
Alp. [*rising as if restored to life*] How now, what make I in my couch so late?
Princes, why stand you so gazing about me?
Or who is that lies slain before my face?
O, I have wrong, my soul was half in heaven;
His Holiness did know the joys above,
And therefore is ascended in my stead.
Come, Princes, let us bear the body hence;
I'll spend a million to embalm the same.
Let all the bells within the Empire ring,
Let mass be said in every church and chapel,
And that I may perform my latest vow,
I will procure so much by gold or friends,
That my sweet Mentz shall be canonized
And number'd in the bead-roll of the saints.

I hope the Pope will not deny it me;
I'll build a church in honour of thy name
Within the ancient, famous city Mentz,
Fairer than any one in Germany.
There shalt thou be interr'd with kingly pomp,
Over thy tomb shall hang a sacred lamp,
Which till the day of doom shall ever burn;
Yea, after-ages shall speak of thy renown,
And go a-pilgrimage to thy sacred tomb.
Grief stops my voice; who loves his Emperor,
Lay to his helping hand and bear him hence,
Sweet father and redeemer of my life.

Exeunt [*bearing off* Mentz]

Manet Alexander

Alex. Now is my lord sole Emperor of Rome,
And three conspirators of my father's death
Are cunningly sent unto heaven or hell;
Like subtlety to this was never seen.
Alas, poor Mentz! I, pitying thy prayers,
Could do no less than lend a helping hand;
Thou wert a famous flatterer in thy life,
And now hast reap'd the fruits thereof in death.
But thou shalt be rewarded, like a saint,
With masses, bells, dirges, and burning lamps;
'Tis good, I envy not thy happiness:
But, ah! the sweet remembrance of that night,
That night, I mean, of sweetness and of stealth,
When, for a Prince, a Princess did embrace me,
Paying the first fruits of her marriage-bed,
Makes me forget all other accidents.
O Saxon, I would willingly forgive
The deadly trespass of my father's death,
So I might have thy daughter to my wife;
And, to be plain, I have best right unto her,
And love her best and have deserv'd her best.
But thou art fond to think on such a match,
Thou must imagine nothing but revenge;
And if my computation fail me not,
Ere long I shall be thoroughly reveng'd. *Exit*

[SCENE III

The Courtyard of the Palace]

Enter the Duke of Saxon, *and* Hedewick *with the* Child

Sax. Come forth, thou perfect map of misery,
Desolate daughter and distressed mother,
In whom the father and the son are curs'd.
Thus once again we will assay the Prince.
'T may be the sight of his own flesh and blood
Will now at last pierce his obdurate heart.
Jailor, how fares it with thy prisoner ?
Let him appear upon the battlements.

Hed. O mein dear vater, ich habe in dis lang, lang [vierzig] weeken, welche mich dünket sein vierzig jahr gewesen, ein lütt Englisch gelernet, und ich hope, he will me verstahn, und show me a lütte pity.

Enter Edward *on the walls, and* Jailor

Sax. Good morrow to your Grace, Edward of Wales,
Son and immediate heir to Henry the Third,
King of England and Lord of Ireland,
Thy father's comfort and the people's hope.
'Tis not in mockage, nor at unawares,
That I am ceremonious to repeat
Thy high descent, join'd with thy kingly might,
But therewithal to intimate unto thee
What God expecteth from the higher powers,
Justice and mercy, truth, sobriety,
Relenting hearts, hands innocent of blood.
Princes are God's chief substitutes on earth,
And should be lamps unto the common sort.
But, you will say, I am become a preacher ;
No, Prince, I am an humble suppliant,
And to prepare thine ears make this exordium.
To pierce thine eyes and heart, behold this spectacle :
Three generations of the Saxon blood, [*Kneeling*]
Descended lineally from forth my loins,
Kneeling and crying to thy mightiness.
First look on me, and think what I have been,—
For now I think myself of no account—
Next Cæsar greatest man in Germany,
Nearly allied and ever friend to England.

But woman's sighs move more in manly hearts ;
O, see the hands she elevates to heaven,
Behold those eyes that whilom were thy joys,
Uttering dumb eloquence in crystal tears.
If these exclaims and sights be ordinary,
Then look with pity on thy other self :
This is thy flesh and blood, bone of thy bone,
A goodly boy, the image of his sire.
Turn'st thou away ? O, were thy father here,
He would, as I do, take him in his arms,
And sweetly kiss his grandchild in the face.
O Edward, too young in experience,
That canst not look into the grievous wrack
Ensuing this thy obstinate denial ;
O, Edward, too young in experience,
That canst not see into the future good
Ensuing thy most just acknowledgment ;
Hear me, thy truest friend, I will repeat them :
For good thou hast an heir indubitate,
Whose eyes already sparkle majesty,
Born in true wedlock of a princely mother,
And all the German princes to thy friends ;
Where, on the contrary, thine eyes shall see
The speedy tragedy of thee and thine.
Like Athamas first will I seize upon
Thy young unchristen'd and despised son
And with his guiltless brains bepaint the stones ;
Then, like Virginius, will I kill my child,
Unto thine eyes a pleasing spectacle ;
Yet shall it be a momentary pleasure ;
Henry of England shall mourn with me,
For thou thyself, Edward, shalt make the third,
And be an actor in this bloody scene

Hed. Ach mein süsse Eduart, mein herzkin, mein scherzkin, mein herziges, einiges herz, mein allerlievest husband, I preedee, mein lief, see me freindlich an ; good s'eetheart, tell de trut : and at least to me and dein allerlievest child show pity ! denn ich bin dein, und du bist mein, du hast me geven ein kindelein ; O Eduart, süsse Eduart, erbarmet sein !

Ed. O Hedewick, peace ! Thy speeches pierce my soul.

Hed. Hedewick ? do your excellency hight me Hedewick ? Lieve Eduart, you weit ich bin your allerlieveste wife.

Ed. The priest, I must confess, made thee my wife ;

Curs'd be the damned villainous adulterer,
That with so foul a blot divorc'd our love.
Hed. O mein allerlievester, highborn Fürst und Herr, denk, dat unser Herr Gott sits in Himmelstrone, and sees dat heart, und will my cause wohl rächen.
Sax. Edward, hold me not up with long delays,
But quickly say, wilt thou confess the truth?
Ed. As true as I am born of kingly lineage,
And am the best Plantagenet next my father,
I never carnally did touch her body.
Sax. Edward, this answer had we long ago;
See'st thou this brat? [*Seizing the child.*] Speak quickly, or he dies.
Ed. His death will be more piercing to thine eyes
Than unto mine; he is not of my kin.
Hed. O Father, O mein Vater, spare mein Kind! O Eduart, O Prince Eduart, speak now oder nimmermehr! de Kind ist mein, it soll nicht sterben!
Sax. Have I dishonoured myself so much,
To bow my knee to thee, which never bow'd
But to my God, and am I thus rewarded?
Is he not thine? Speak, murderous-minded Prince!
Ed. O Saxon, Saxon, mitigate thy rage.
First thy exceeding great humility,
When to thy captive prisoner thou didst kneel,
Had almost made my lying tongue confess
The deed, which I protest I never did;
But thy not causeless, furious, madding humour,
Together with thy daughter's piteous cries,
Whom as my life and soul I dearly love,
Had thoroughly almost persuaded me
To save her honour and belie myself;
And were I not a prince of so high blood,
And bastards have no sceptre-bearing hands,
I would in silence smother up this blot,
And, in compassion of thy daughter's wrong,
Be counted father to another's child;
For why, my soul knows her unguiltiness.
Sax. Smooth words in bitter sense; is [this] thine answer?
Hed. Ei Vater, gebe mir mein Kind, de Kind ist mein.
Sax. Das weiss ich wohl; er sagt, es ist nicht sein, therefore it dies.

He dashes out the child's brains

Hed. *O Gott in seinem Trone! O mein Kind, mein Kind!*
Sax. There, murderer, take his head and breathless limbs!
There's flesh enough, bury it in thy bowels,
Eat that, or die for hunger; I protest
Thou get'st no other food till that be spent.
And now to thee, lewd whore, dishonour'd strumpet,
Thy turn is next; therefore prepare to die.
Ed. O mighty Duke of Saxon, spare thy child.
Sax. She is thy wife, Edward, and thou shouldst spare her;
One gracious word of thine will save her life.
Ed. I do confess, Saxon, she is mine own,
As I have married her I will live with her,
Comfort thyself, sweet Hedewick and sweet wife.
Hed. *Ach, ach und wehe, warum sagt your excellence nicht so before, now ist too late, unser arme Kind is kilt.*
Ed. Though thou be mine, and I do pity thee,
I would not nurse a bastard for a son.
Hed. *O Eduart, now ich mark your meaning; ich should be your whore; mein Vater, ich begehr upon meine knee, lass mich lieber sterben. Ade, false Eduart, false Prince, ich begehr's nicht.*
Sax. Unprincely thoughts do hammer in thy head;
Is't not enough that thou hast sham'd her once,
And seen the bastard torn before thy face;
But thou wouldst get more brats for butchery?
No, Hedewick, thou shalt not live the day.
Hed. *O Herr Gott, nim meine Seele in deine Hände.*
Sax. It is thy hand that gives this deadly stroke.
[*Stabs her*]
Hed. *O Herr Sabaot, dass mein unschuld an tag kommen möcht'!*
Ed. Her blood be on that wretched villain's head
That is the cause of all this misery.
Sax. Now, murderous-minded Prince, hast thou beheld
Upon my child and child's child thy desire;
Swear to thyself, that here I firmly swear,
That thou shalt surely follow her to-morrow,
In company of thy adulterous aunt.
Jailor, convey him to his dungeon,
If he be hungry, I have thrown him meat,
If thirsty, let him suck the newly born limbs.
Ed. O heavens and heavenly powers, if you be just,

Reward the author of this wickedness.

Exit Edward *and* Jailor

Enter Alexander

Alex. To arms, great Duke of Saxony, to arms!
My Lord of Collen and the Earl of Cornwall,
In rescue of Prince Edward and the Empress,
Have levied fresh supplies, and presently
Will bid you battle in the open field.
Sax. They never could have come in fitter time;
Thirst they for blood? And they shall quench their thirst.
Alex. O piteous spectacle! Poor Princess Hedewick!
Sax. Stand not to pity, lend a helping hand.
Alex. What slave hath murdered this guiltless child?
Sax. What, dar'st thou call me slave unto my face?
I tell thee, villain, I have done this deed,
And seeing the father and the grandsire's heart
Can give consent and execute their own,
Wherefore should such a rascal as thyself
Presume to pity them, whom we have slain?
Alex. Pardon me; if it be presumption
To pity them, I will presume no more.
Sax. Then help, I long to be amidst my foes.

Exeunt [*bearing off the dead bodies*]

ACT V

[SCENE I

A Field without the Walls]

Alarum and retreat. Enter Richard *and* Collen, *with drums and* Soldiers

Rich. What means your Excellence to sound retreat?
This is the day of doom unto our friends;
Before sun set my sister and my nephew,
Unless we rescue them, must lose their lives;
The cause admits no dalliance nor delay;
He that so tyrant-like hath slain his own,
Will take no pity on a stranger's blood.
Col. At my entreaty, ere we strike the battle,
Let's summon out our enemies to a parle:
Words spoken in time have virtue, power, and price,
And mildness may prevail and take effect,
When dint of sword perhaps will aggravate.

Rich. Then sound a parley to fulfil your mind,
Although I know no good can follow it. *A parley*

Enter Alphonsus, Empress, Saxon, Edward *prisoner*, Trier, Brandenburg, Alexander, *and* Soldiers

Alp. Why, how now, Emperor that should have been,
Are these the English general's bravadoes ?
Make you assault so hotly at the first,
And in the self-same moment sound retreat ?
To let you know that neither war nor words
Have power for to divert their fatal doom,
Thus are we both resolv'd : if we triumph,
And by the right and justice of our cause
Obtain the victory, as I doubt it not,
Then both of you shall bear them company,
And ere sun set we will perform our oaths,
With just effusion of their guilty bloods ;
If you be conquerors, and we overcome,
Carry not that conceit to rescue them,
Myself will be the executioner,
And with these poniards frustrate all your hopes,
Making you triumph in a bloody field.

Sax. To put you out of doubt that we intend it,
Please it your Majesty to take your seat,
And make a demonstration of your meaning.
[Alphonsus *takes his seat*]

Alp. First on my right hand bind the English whore,
That venomous serpent, nurs'd within my breast,
To suck the vital blood out of my veins ;
My Empress must have some pre-eminence,
Especially at such a bloody banquet ;
Her state and love to me deserves no less.
[Soldiers *bind the* Empress *to a chair*]

Sax. That to Prince Edward I may show my love,
And do the latest honour to his state,
These hands of mine that never chained any,
Shall fasten him in fetters to the chair.
[Saxon *binds* Edward]
Now, Princes, are you ready for the battle ?

Col. Now art thou right the picture of thyself,
Seated in height of all thy tyranny ;
But tell us, what intends this spectacle ?

Alp. To make the certainty of their deaths more plain,

And cancel all your hopes to save their lives;
While Saxon leads the troops into the field,
Thus will I vex their souls with sight of death,
Loudly exclaiming in their half-dead ears,
That if we win they shall have company,
Videlicet the English Emperor,
And you, my lord Archbishop of Collen;
If we be vanquish'd then they must expect
Speedy dispatch from these two daggers' points.
Col. What canst thou, tyrant, then expect but death?
Alp. Tush, hear me out; that hand which shed their blood
Can do the like to rid me out of bonds.
Rich. But that's a damned resolution.
Alp. So must this desperate disease be cur'd.
Rich. O Saxon, I'll yield myself and all my power
To save my nephew, though my sister die.
Sax. Thy brother's kingdom shall not save his life.
Ed. Uncle, you see these savage-minded men
Will have no other ransom but my blood;
England hath heirs, though I be never king,
And hearts and hands to scourge this tyranny;
And so farewell!
Emp. A thousand times farewell,
Sweet brother Richard and brave Prince of Collen!
Sax. What, Richard, hath this object pierc'd thy heart?
By this imagine how it went with me
When yesterday I slew my children.
Rich. O Saxon, I entreat thee on my knees.
Sax. Thou shalt obtain like mercy with thy kneeling
As lately I obtain'd at Edward's hands.
Ric. Pity the tears I pour before thy feet.
Sax. Pity those tears? Why, I shed bloody tears.
Rich. I'll do the like to save Prince Edward's life.
Sax. Then like a warrior spill it in the field;
My griefful anger cannot be appeas'd
By sacrifice of any but himself;
Thou hast dishonour'd me, and thou shalt die!
Therefore alarum, alarum to the fight
That thousands more may bear thee company!
Rich. Nephew and sister, now farewell for ever!
Ed. Heaven and the right prevail, and let me die!
Uncle, farewell!

Emp. Brother, farewell, until we meet in heaven ! *Exeunt*

Manent Alphonsus, Edward, Empress, Alexander

Alp. Here's farewell, brother, nephew, uncle, aunt,
As if in thousand years you should not meet.
Good nephew and good aunt, content yourselves,
The sword of Saxon and these daggers' points,
Before the evening-star doth show itself,
Will take sufficient order for your meeting.
But Alexander, my trusty Alexander,
Run to the watch-tow'r as I pointed thee,
And by thy life I charge thee, look unto it,
Thou be the first to bring me certain word
If we be conquerors, or conquered.
Alex. With careful speed I will perform this charge. *Exit*
Alp. Now have I leisure yet to talk with you.
Fair Isabel, the Palsgrave's paramour,
Wherein was he a better man than I ?
Or wherefore should thy love to him effect
Such deadly hate unto thy Emperor ?
Yet well fare wenches that can love good fellows
And not mix murder with adultery.
Emp. Great Emperor, I dare not call you husband,
Your conscience knows my heart's unguiltiness.
Alp. Didst thou not poison, or consent to poison us ?
Emp. Should any but your Highness tell me so,
I should forget my patience at my death,
And call him villain, liar, murderer.
Alp. She that doth so miscall me at her end,
Edward, I prithee, speak thy conscience,
Think'st thou not that in her prosperity
Sh'ath vex'd my soul with bitter words and deeds ?
O Prince of England, I do count thee wise,
That thou wilt not be cumber'd with a wife,
When thou hadst stol'n her dainty rose-corance,
And pluck'd the flow'r of her virginity.
Ed. Tyrant of Spain, thou liest in thy throat !
Alp. Good words ! Thou seest thy life is in our hands.
Ed. I see thou art become a common hangman,
An office far more fitting to thy mind
Than princely to the imperial dignity.
Alp. I do not exercise on common persons ;
Your Highness is a Prince, and she an Empress,

I therefore count not of a dignity. [*Noise of battle within*]
Hark, Edward, how they labour all in vain,
With loss of many a valiant soldier's life,
To rescue them whom Heaven and we have doom'd;
Dost thou not tremble when thou think'st upon't?
Ed. Let guilty minds tremble at sight of death.
My heart is of the nature of the palm,
Not to be broken, till the highest bud
Be bent and tied unto the lowest root.
I rather wonder that thy tyrant's heart
Can give consent, that those thy butcherous hands
Should offer violence to thy flesh and blood.
See, how her guiltless innocence doth plead
In silent oratory of her chastest tears.
Alp. Those tears proceed from fury and curst heart;
I know the stomach of your English dames.
Emp. No, Emperor, these tears proceed from grief.
Alp. Grief that thou canst not be reveng'd of us.
Emp. Grief that your Highness is so ill advis'd
To offer violence to my nephew Edward.
Since then there must be sacrifice of blood,
Let my heart-blood save both your bloods unspilt,
For of his death thy heart must pay the guilt.
Ed. No, aunt, I will not buy my life so dear;
Therefore, Alphonso, if thou beest a man,
Shed manly blood and let me end this strife.
Alp. Here's straining court'sy at a bitter feast!
Content thee, Empress, for thou art my wife,
Thou shalt obtain thy boon and die the death,
And, for it were unprincely to deny
So slight request unto so great a lord,
Edward shall bear thee company in death. *A retreat*
But hark, the heat of battle hath an end,
One side or other hath the victory;

Enter Alexander

And see where Alexander sweating comes!
Speak, man, what news? Speak, shall I die or live?
Shall I stab sure, or else prolong their lives
To grievous torments? Speak, am I conqueror?
What, hath thy haste bereft thee of thy speech?
Hast thou not breath to speak one syllable?
O speak, thy dalliance kills me; won or lost?

Alex. Lost!
Alp. Ah me, my senses fail, my sight is gone!
Amazed, lets fall the daggers
Alex. Will not your Grace dispatch the strumpet Queen?
Shall she then live, and we be doom'd to death?
Is your heart faint, or is your hand too weak?
Shall servile fear break your so sacred oaths?
Methinks an Emperor should hold his word.
Give me the weapons, I will soon dispatch them,
My father's yelling ghost cries for revenge;
His blood within my veins boils for revenge;
O, give me leave, Cæsar, to take revenge!
Alp. Upon condition that thou wilt protest
To take revenge upon the murtherers,
Without respect of dignity or state,
Afflict[ing] speedy, pitiless revenge,
I will commit this dagger to thy trust,
And give thee leave to execute thy will.
Alex. What need I here reiterate the deeds
Which deadly sorrow made me perpetrate?
How near did I entrap Prince Richard's life!
How sure set I the knife to Mentz his heart!
How cunningly was Palsgrave doom'd to death!
How subtilely was Bohem poisoned!
How slyly did I satisfy my lust,
Commixing dulcet love with deadly hate,
When Princess Hedewick lost her maidenhead,
Sweetly embracing me for England's heir!
Ed. O execrable deeds!
Emp. O savage mind!
Alex. Edward, I give thee leave to hear of this,
But will forbid the blabbing of your tongue.
Now, gracious lord and sacred Emperor,
Your Highness knowing these and many more,
Which fearless pregnancy hath wrought in me,
You do me wrong to doubt, that I will dive
Into their hearts, that have not spar'd their betters;
Be therefore sudden lest we die ourselves,
I know the conqueror hastes to rescue them.
Alp. Thy reasons are effectual, take this dagger;
Yet pause awhile.
Emp. Sweet nephew, now farewell!
Alp. They are most dear to me, whom thou must kill.

Ed. Hark, aunt, he now begins to pity you.
Alex. But they consented to my father's death.
Alp. More than consented, they did execute.
Emp. I will not make his Majesty a liar;
I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,
But save the life of this unguilty Prince.
Ed. I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,
But save the life of this unguilty Empress.
Alp. Hark thou to me, and think their words as wind.
I kill'd thy father, therefore let me die,
And save the lives of these two guiltless Princes.
Art thou amaz'd to hear what I have said?
There, take the weapon, now revenge at full
Thy father's death and those my dire deceits,
That made thee murtherer of so many souls.
Alex. O Emperor, how cunningly wouldst thou entrap
My simple youth to credit fictions!
Thou kill my father? No, no, Emperor,
Cæsar did love Lorenzo all too dearly:
Seeing thy forces now are vanquished,
Frustrate thy hopes, thy Highness like to fall
Into the cruel and revengeful hands
Of merciless, incensed enemies,
Like Caius Cassius weary of thy life,
Now wouldst thou make thy page an instrument
By sudden stroke to rid thee of thy bonds.
Alp. Hast thou forgotten, how that very night
Thy father died I took the master-key,
And with a lighted torch walk'd through the court?
Alex. I must remember that, for to my death
I never shall forget the slightest deed,
Which on that dismal night or day I did.
Alp. Thou wast no sooner in thy restful bed,
But I disturb'd thy father of his rest,
And to be short, not that I hated him,
But for he knew my deepest secrets,
With cunning poison I did end his life.
Art thou his son? Express it with a stab,
And make account, if I had prospered,
Thy date was out, thou wast already doom'd;
Thou knew'st too much of me to live with me.
Alex. What wonders do I hear, great Emperor!
Not that I do steadfastly believe

That thou did'st murder my beloved father,
But in mere pity of thy vanquish'd state
I undertake this execution :
Yet for I fear the sparkling majesty,
Which issues from thy most imperial eyes,
May strike relenting passion to my heart,
And, after wound receiv'd from fainting hand,
Thou fall half-dead among thine enemies,
I crave thy Highness leave to bind thee first.
Alp. Then bind me quickly, use me as thou please.
Emp. O villain, wilt thou kill thy sovereign ?
Alex. Your Highness sees that I am forc'd unto it.
[*Binds* Alphonsus *to his chair*]
Alp. Fair Empress, I shame to ask thee pardon,
Whom I have wrong'd so many thousand ways.
Emp. Dread lord and husband, leave these desperate thoughts,
Doubt not the Princes may be reconcil'd.
Alex. 'T may be the Princes will be reconcil'd,
But what is that to me ? All potentates on earth
Can never reconcile my grieved soul.
Thou slew'st my father, thou didst make this hand
Mad with revenge to murther innocents ;
Now hear how in the height of all thy pride
The rightful gods have pour'd their justful wrath
Upon thy tyrant's head, devil as thou art,
And sav'd by miracles these Princes' lives.
For know, thy side hath got the victory,
Saxon triumphs over his dearest friends ;
Richard and Collen both are prisoners,
And everything hath sorted to thy wish ;
Only hath Heaven put it in my mind
(For He alone directed then my thoughts,
Although my meaning was most mischievous)
To tell thee thou hadst lost, in certain hope
That suddenly thou wouldst have slain them both ;
For if the Princes came to talk about it,
I greatly fear'd their lives might be prolong'd.
Art thou not mad to think on this deceit ?
I'll make thee madder with tormenting thee.
I tell thee, arch-thief, villain, murtherer,
Thy forces have obtain'd the victory,
Victory leads thy foes in captive bands ;

This victory hath crown'd thee Emperor,
Only myself have vanquish'd victory
And triumph in the victor's overthrow.
Alp. O, Alexander, spare thy Prince's life!
Alex. Even now thou didst entreat the contrary.
Alp. Think what I am that beg my life of thee.
Alex. Think what he was whom thou hast doom'd to death.
But lest the Princes do surprise us here,
Before I have perform'd my strange revenge,
I will be sudden in the execution.
Alp. I will accept any condition.
Alex. Then in the presence of the Emperess,
The captive Prince of England, and myself,
Forswear the joys of Heaven, the sight of God,
Thy soul's salvation, and thy Saviour Christ,
Damning thy soul to endless pains of hell:
Do this, or die upon my rapier's point.
Emp. Sweet lord and husband, spit in's face!
Die like a man, and live not like a devil.
Alex. What! Wilt thou save thy life, and damn thy soul?
Alp. O, hold thy hand, Alphonsus doth renounce—
Ed. Aunt, stop your ears, hear not this blasphemy.
Emp. Sweet husband, think that Christ did die for thee.
Alp. Alphonsus doth renounce the joys of Heaven,
The sight of angels and his Saviour's blood,
And gives his soul unto the devil's power.
Alex. Thus will I make delivery of the deed,
Die and be damn'd! Now am I satisfied! [*Kills him*]
Ed. O damned miscreant, what hast thou done?
Alex. When I have leisure I will answer thee;
Meanwhile I'll take my heels and save myself.
If I be ever call'd in question,
I hope your Majesties will save my life,
You have so happily preserved yours;
Did I not think it, both of you should die. *Exit* Alexander

Enter Saxon, Brandenburg, Trier; Richard *and* Collen *as prisoners, and* Soldiers

Sax. Bring forth these daring champions to the block!
Comfort yourselves, you shall have company.
Great Emperor—Where is his Majesty?
What bloody spectacle do I behold?

Emp. Revenge, revenge, O Saxon, Brandenburg!
My lord is slain, Cæsar is doom'd to death.
Ed. Princes, make haste, follow the murtherer!
Sax. Is Cæsar slain?
Ed. Follow the murtherer!
Emp. Why stand you gazing on another thus?
Follow the murtherer!
Sax. What murtherer?
Ed. The villain Alexander hath slain his lord!
Make after him with speed, so shall you hear
Such villany as you have never heard.
Bran. My Lord of Trier, we both with our light horse
Will scour the coasts and quickly bring him in.
Sax. That can your Excellence alone perform;
[*Exit* Brandenburg]
Stay you, my lord, and guard the prisoners,
While I, alas! unhappiest prince alive,
Over his trunk consume myself in tears.
Hath Alexander done this damned deed?
That cannot be, why should he slay his lord?
O cruel fate! O miserable me!
Methinks I now present Mark Antony,
Folding dead Julius Cæsar in mine arms.
No, no, I rather will present Achilles
And on Patroclus' tomb do sacrifice.
Let me be spurn'd and hated as a dog,
But I perform more direful, bloody rites
Than Thetis' son for Menoetiades.
Ed. Leave mourning for thy foes, pity thy friends.
Sax. Friends have I none, and that which grieves my soul
Is want of foes to work my wreak upon;
But were you traitors four, four hundred thousand,
Then might I satisfy myself with blood.

Enter Brandenburg, Alexander, *and* Soldiers

Sax. See, Alexander, where Cæsar lieth slain,
The guilt whereof the traitors cast on thee;
Speak, canst thou tell who slew thy sovereign?
Alex. Why, who but I? How should I curse myself,
If any but myself had done this deed!
This happy hand—bless'd be my hand therefore!—
Reveng'd my father's death upon his soul:
And, Saxon, thou hast cause to curse and ban

That he is dead, before thou didst inflict
Torments on him that so hath torn thy heart.
Sax. What mysteries are these?
Bran. Princes, can you inform us of the truth?
Ed. The deed's so heinous that my faltering tongue
Abhors the utterance. Yet I must tell it.
Alex. Your Highness shall not need to take the pains;
What you abhor to tell, I joy to tell.
Therefore be silent and give audience.
You mighty men and rulers of the earth,
Prepare your ears to hear of stratagems
Whose dire effects have gall'd your princely hearts,
Confounded your conceits, muffled your eyes.
First, to begin, this villanous fiend of hell
Murther'd my father, sleeping in his chair;
The reason why, because he only knew
All plots and complots of his villany;
His death was made the basis and the ground
Of every mischief that hath troubled you.
Sax. If thou, thy father, and thy progeny
Were hang'd and burnt, and broken on the wheel,
How could their deaths heap mischief on our heads?
Alex. And if you will not hear the reason—choose!
I tell thee, I have slain an Emperor,
And thereby think myself as good a man
As thou, or any man in Christendom;
Thou shalt entreat me, ere I tell thee more.
Brand. Proceed!
Alex. Not I!
Sax. I prithee now proceed!
Alex. Since you entreat me, then, I will proceed.
This murtherous devil, having slain my father,
Buzz'd cunningly into my credulous ears,
That by a general council of the States,
And, as it were, by Act of Parliament,
The seven Electors had set down his death,
And made the Empress executioner,
Transferring all the guilt from him to you.
This I believ'd, and first did set upon
The life of princely Richard by the boors
But how my purpose fail'd in that, his Grace best knows;
Next, by a double intricate deceit,
Midst all his mirth, was Bohem poisoned,

And good old Mentz to save Alphonso's life
(Who at that instant was in perfect health),
'Twixt jest and earnest was made a sacrifice;
As for the Palatine, your Graces knew
His Highness' and the Queen's unguiltiness;
But now, my Lord of Saxon, hark to me,
Father of Saxon should I rather call you,
'Twas I that made your Grace a grandfather.
Prince Edward plough'd the ground, I sow'd the seed;
Poor Hedewick bore the most unhappy fruit,
Created in a most unlucky hour,
To a most violent and untimely death.
Sax. O loathsome villain! O detested deeds!
O guiltless Prince! O me most miserable!
Brand. But tell us who reveal'd to thee at last
This shameful guilt and our unguiltiness?
Alex. Why, that's the wonder, lords, and thus it was:
When like a tyrant he had ta'en his seat,
And that the fury of the fight began,
Upon the highest watch-tow'r of the fort
It was my office to behold aloft
The war's event; and having seen the end,
I saw how victory, with equal wings,
Hang hovering 'twixt the battles here and there,
Till at last the English lions fled,
And Saxon's side obtain'd the victory;
Which seen, I posted from the turret's top
More furiously than e'er Laocoon ran,
When Trojan hands drew in Troy's overthrow,
But yet as fatally as he or any.
The tyrant, seeing me, star'd in my face,
And suddenly demanded what's the news;
I, as the Fates would have it, hoping that he
Even in a twinkling would have slain 'em both,
For so he swore before the fight began,
Cried bitterly that he had lost the day;
The sound whereof did kill his dastard heart,
And made the villain desperately confess
The murther of my father, praying me
With dire revenge to rid him of his life.
Short tale to make, I bound him cunningly,
Told him of the deceit, triumphing over him,
And lastly with my rapier slew him dead.

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Sax. O, heavens, justly have you ta'en revenge!
But thou, thou murtherous, adulterous slave,
What bull of Phalaris, what strange device
Shall we invent to take away thy life?
Alex. If Edward and the Empress, whom I sav'd,
Will not requite it now, and save my life,
Then let me die: contentedly I die,
Having at last reveng'd my father's death.
Sax. Villain, not all the world shall save thy life.
Ed. Hadst thou not been author of my Hedewick's death,
I would have certainly sav'd thee from death;
But if my sentence now may take effect,
I would adjudge the villain to be hang'd
As here the Jews are hang'd in Germany.
Sax. Young Prince, it shall be so; go, drag the slave
Unto the place of execution!
There let the Judas, on a Jewish gallows,
Hang by the heels between two English mastiffs;
There feed on dogs, let dogs there feed on thee,
And by all means prolong his misery.
Alex. O, might thyself, and all these English curs,
Instead of mastiff-dogs, hang by my side,
How sweetly would I tug upon your flesh.
Sax. Away with him, suffer him not to speak.
Exit Alexander [*guarded*]
And now, my lords, Collen, Trier, and Brandenburg,
Whose hearts are bruis'd to think upon these woes,
Though no man hath such reason as myself,
We of the seven Electors that remain
After so many bloody massacres,
Kneeling upon our knees, humbly entreat
Your Excellence to be our Emperor.
The royalties of the coronation
Shall be, at Aix, shortly solemnized.
Col. Brave princely Richard, now refuse it not,
Though the election be made in tears,
Joy shall attend thy coronation.
Rich. It stands not with mine honour to deny it,
Yet, by mine honour, fain I would refuse it.
Ed. Uncle, the weight of all these miseries
Maketh my heart as heavy as your own,
But an imperial crown would lighten it;
Let this one reason make you take the crown.

Rich. What's that, sweet nephew ?
Ed. Sweet uncle, this it is ;
Was never Englishman yet Emperor,
Therefore to honour England and yourself,
Let private sorrow yield to public fame,
That once an Englishman bare Cæsar's name.
Rich. Nephew, thou hast prevail'd ; Princes, stand up ;
We humbly do accept your sacred offer.
Col. Then sound the trumpets, and cry, *Vivat Cæsar !*
All. *Vivat Cæsar !*
Col. *Richardus, Dei Gratia Romanorum Imperator, semper Augustus, Comes Cornubiæ.*
Rich. Sweet sister, now let Cæsar comfort you ;
And all the rest that yet are comfortless,
Let them expect from English Cæsar's hands
Peace and abundance of all earthly joy !

FINIS

REVENGE FOR HONOUR

A TRAGEDY

Revenge for Honour

THE PERSONS ACTING

Almanzor, *Caliph of Arabia*
Abilqualit, *his eldest son*
Abrahen *his son by a second wife, brother to Abilqualit*
Tarifa, *an old General, conqueror of Spain, tutor to Abilqualit*
Mura, *a rough lord, a soldier, kinsman by his mother to Abrahen*
Simanthes, *a court lord, allied to Abrahen*
Selinthus, *an honest, merry court lord*
Mesithes, *a court eunuch, attendant on Abilqualit*
Osman, *a captain to Tarifa*
Gaselles, *another captain*
Caropia, *wife to Mura, first beloved of Abrahen, then of Abilqualit*
Perilinda, *her woman*
Soldiers, Mutes, Guard, Attendants

PROLOGUE

Our author thinks 'tis not i' th' power of wit,
Invention, art, nor industry, to fit
The several fantasies which in this age,
With a predominant humour, rule the stage.
Some men cry out for satire, others choose
Merely to story to confine each Muse;
Most like no play but such as gives large birth
To that which they judiciously term mirth,
Nor will the best works with their liking crown,
Except 't be grac'd with part of fool or clown.
Hard and severe the task is then to write,
So as may please each various appetite.
Our author hopes well, though, that in this play,
He has endeavour'd so he justly may
Gain liking from you all, unless those few
Who will dislike, be't ne'er so good, so new;
The rather, gentlemen, he hopes, 'cause I
Am a main actor in this tragedy:
You've grac'd me sometimes in another sphere,
And I do hope you'll not dislike me here.

ACTUS PRIMUS SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Selinthus, Gaselles, *and* Osman.

Sel. No murmurings, noble Captains!
Gas. Murmurings, cousin?
This peace is worse to men of war and action
Than fasting in the face o' th' foe, or lodging
On the cold earth. Give me the camp, say I,
Where in the sutler's palace on pay-day
We may the precious liquor quaff, and kiss
His buxom wife; who though she be not clad

In Persian silks or costly Tyrian purples
Has a clean skin, soft thighs, and wholesome corps,
Fit for the trailer of the puissant pike
To solace in delight with.
Os. Here in your lewd city
The harlots do avoid us sons o' th' sword
Worse than a severe officer. Besides,
Here men o' th' shop can gorge their musty maws
With the delicious capon, and fat limbs
Of mutton large enough to be held shoulders
O' th' Ram [among] the twelve signs; while for pure want
Your soldier oft dines at the charge o' th' dead,
'Mong tombs in the great mosque.
Sel. 'Tis believ'd, coz,
And by the wisest few too, that i' th' camp
You do not feed on pleasant poults; a salad,
And without oil or vinegar, appeases
Sometimes your guts, although they keep more noise
Than a large pool full of engend'ring frogs.
Then for accoutrements you wear the buff,
As you believ'd it heresy to change
For linen: surely most of yours is spent
In lint to make long tents for your green wounds
After an onslaught.
Gas. Coz, these are sad truths,
Incident to frail mortals.
Sel. You yet cry
Out with more eagerness still for new wars
Than women for new fashions.
Os. 'Tis confess'd:
Peace is more opposite to my nature than
The running ache in the rich usurer's feet,
When he roars out as if he were in hell
Before his time. Why, I love mischief, coz,
When one may do't securely; to cut throats
With a licentious pleasure, when good men
And true o' th' jury with their frosty beards
Shall not have power to give the noble weasand,
Which has the steel defied, to th' hanging mercy
Of the ungracious cord.
Sel. Gentlemen both,
And cousins mine, I do believe't much pity
To strive to reconvert you from the faith

You have been bred in : though your large discourse
And praise, wherein you magnify your mistress
War, shall scarce drive me from my quiet sheets,
To sleep upon a turf. But pray say, cousins,
How do you like your general, Prince [Abilqualit],
Is he a right Mars ?
Gas. As if his nurse had lapp'd him
In swaddling clouts of steel, a very Hector
And Alcibiades.
Sel. It seems he does not relish
These boasted sweets of war ; for all his triumphs,
He is reported melancholy.
Os. Want of exercise
Renders all men of actions dull as dormice ;
Your soldier only can dance to the drum,
And sing a hymn of joy to the sweet trumpet :
There's no music like it.
Enter Abrahen, Mura, *and* Simanthes
Abr. I'll know the cause,
He shall deny me hardly else.
Mur. His melancholy
Known whence it rises once, 't may much conduce
To help our purpose.
Gas. Pray, coz, what lords are these ?
They seem as full of plot as generals
Are in siege ; they're very serious.
Sel. That young stripling
Is our great Emperor's son by his last wife ;
That in the rich embroidery's the Court Hermes,
One that has hatch'd more projects than the ovens
In Egypt chickens ; the other, though they call
Friends, his mere opposite planet, Mars,
One that does put on a reserv'd gravity,
Which some call wisdom, the rough soldier Mura,
Governor i' th' Moroccos.
Os. Him we've heard of
Before ; but, cousin, shall that man of trust,
Thy tailor, furnish us with new accoutrements ?
Hast thou ta'en order for them ?
Sel. Yes, yes, you shall
Flourish in fresh habiliments ; but you must
Promise me not to engage your corporal oaths
You will see't satisfied at the next press,

Out of the profits that arise from ransom
Of those rich yeomans' heirs that dare not look
The fierce foe in the face.
Gas. Doubt not our truths ;
Though we be given much to contradictions,
We will not pawn oaths of that nature.
Sel. Well then,
This note does fetch the garments : meet me, cousins,
Anon, at supper.
Os. Honourable coz,
We will come give our thanks. *Exeunt* Gaselles, Osman

Enter Abilqualit

Abr. My gracious brother,
Make us not such a stranger to your thoughts,
To consume all your honours in close retirements ;
Perhaps since you from Spain return'd a victor,
With the world's conqueror, Alexander, you grieve
Nature ordain'd no other earths to vanquish ;
If't be so, princely brother, we'll bear part
In your heroic melancholy.
Abil. Gentle youth,
Press me no farther ; I still hold my temper
Free and unshaken ; only some fond thoughts
Of trivial moment call my faculties
To private meditations.
Sim. Howsoe'er your Highness
Does please to term them, 'tis mere melancholy,
Which next to sin is the greatest malady
That can oppress man's soul.
Sel. They say right :
And that your Grace may see what a mere madness,
A very midsummer frenzy, 'tis to be
Melancholy, for any man that wants no money,
I, with your pardon, will discuss unto you
All sorts, all sizes, persons, and conditions,
That are infected with it, and the reasons
Why it in each arises.
Abr. Learned Selinthus,
Let's taste of thy philosophy.
Mur. Pish, 'tis unwelcome
To any [man] of judgment, this fond prate :
I marvel that our Emperor does permit

Fools to abound i' th' Court!
Sel. What makes your grave lordship
In it, I do beseech you? But, sir, mark me,
The kernel of the text enucleated,
I shall confute, refute, repel, refel,
Explode, exterminate, expunge, extinguish
Like a rush-candle, this same heresy,
That is shot up like a pernicious mushroom
To poison true humanity.
[Abilqualit *going is detained by* Abrahen]
Abr. You shall stay
And hear a lecture read on your disease;
You shall, as I love virtue.
Sel. First, the cause, then,
From whence this *flatus hypochondriacus*,
This glimmering of the gizzard (for in wildfowl
'Tis term'd so by Hippocrates) arises,
Is, as Averroes and Avicen,
With Aben[h]u[a]car, Baruch, and Abo[la]fi,
And all the Arabic writers have affirm'd,
A mere defect, that is, as we interpret,
A want of——
Abil. Of what, Selinthus?
Sel. Of wit, and please your Highness;
That is the cause in gen'ral; for particular
And special causes, they are all deriv'd
From several wants; yet they must be consider'd,
Ponder'd, perpended, or premeditated.
Sim. My lord, y'ad best be brief, your patient
Will be weary else.
Sel. I cannot play
The fool rightly, I mean the physician,
Without I have licence to [expatiate]
On the disease. But, my good lord, more briefly,
I shall declare to you like a man of wisdom
And no physician, who deal all in simples,
Why men are melancholy. First, for your courtier—
Sim. It concerns us all to be attentive, sir.
Sel. Your sage and serious courtier, who does walk
With a state face, as he had dress'd himself
I' th' Emperor's glass, and had his beard turn'd up
By the irons royal, he will be as pensive
As stallion after [coition], when he wants

Suits, begging suits, I mean. [*To* Simanthes] Methinks, my lord,
You are grown something solemn on the sudden,
Since your monopolies and patents, which
Made your purse swell like a wet sponge, have been
Reduc'd to th' last gasp. Troth, it is far better
To confess here than in a worser place.
Is it not so indeed ?
Abil. Whate'er he does
By mine, I'm sure h'as hit the cause from whence
Your grief springs, Lord Simanthes.
Sel. No Egyptian soothsayer
Has truer inspirations than your small courtier's
From causes and wants manifold ; as when
The Emperor's count'nance with propitious noise
Does not cry chink in pocket, no repute is
With mercer, nor with tailor ; nay, sometimes, too,
The humour's pregnant in him when repulse
Is given him by a beauty ; I can speak this,
Though from no Memphian priest or sage Chaldean,
From the best mistress, gentlemen, Experience.
Last night I had a mind t'a comely seamstress,
Who did refuse me, and behold ere since
How like an ass I look.

Enter Tarifa

Tar. What, at your counsels, lords ? The great Almanzor
Requires your presence, Mura ; has decreed
The war for Persia. You, my gracious lord,
Prince Abilqualit, are appointed chief ;
And you, brave spirited Abrahen, an assistant
To your victorious brother ; you, Lord Mura,
Destin'd Lieutenant-General.
Abil. And must
I march against the foe, without thy company ?
I relish not th' employment.
Tar. Alas, my lord !
Tarifa's head's grown white beneath his helmet ;
And your good father thought it charity
To spare mine age from travel : though this ease
Will be more irksome to me than the toil
Of war in a sharp winter.

Abr. [*aside*]. It arrives
Just to our wish.—My gracious brother, I
Anon shall wait on you: meantime, valiant Mura,
Let us attend my father.
Exeunt Abrahen, Mura, Simanthes.
Abil. Good Selinthus,
Vouchsafe awhile your absence, I shall have
Employment shortly for your trust.
Sel. Your Grace
Shall have as much power to command Selinthus
As his best fancied mistress.
I am your creature. *Exit*
Tar. Now, my lord, I hope
Y'are cloth'd with all those resolutions
That usher glorious minds to brave achievements.
The happy Genius on your youth attendant
Declares it built for victories and triumphs;
And the proud Persian monarchy, the sole
Emulous opposer of the Arabic greatness,
Courts, like a fair bride, your imperial arms,
Waiting t'invest you sovereign of her beauties.
Why are you dull, my lord? Your cheerful looks
Should with a prosperous augury presage
A certain victory; when you droop already,
As if the foe had ravish'd from your crest
The noble palm. For shame, sir! Be more sprightly;
Your sad appearance, should they thus behold you,
Would half unsoul your army.
Abil. 'Tis no matter,
Such looks best suit my fortune. Know, Tarifa,
I'm undispos'd to manage this great voyage,
And must not undertake it.
Tar. Must not, sir!
Is't possible a love-sick youth, whose hopes
Are fix'd on marriage, on his bridal night
Should in soft slumbers languish, that your arms
Should rust in ease, now when you hear the charge,
And see before you the triumphant prize
Destin'd t'adorn your valour? You should rather
Be furnish'd with a power above these passions,
And being invok'd by the mighty charm of honour,
Fly to achieve this war, not undertake it.
I'd rather you had said Tarifa lied,

Than utter'd such a sound, harsh and unwelcome.
Abil. I know thou lov'st me truly, and durst I
To any born of woman speak my intentions,
The fatal cause which does withdraw my courage
From this employment, which like health I covet,
Thou shouldst enjoy it fully. But, Tarifa,
The sad discovery of it is not fit
For me to utter, much less for thy virtue
To be acquainted with.
Tar. Why, my lord?
My loyalty can merit no suspicion
From you of falsehood: whatsoe'er the cause be,
Or good or wicked, 't meets a trusty silence,
And my best care and honest counsel shall
Endeavour to reclaim (or to assist you
If it be good), if ill, from your bad purpose.
Abil. Why, that I know, Tarifa. 'Tis the love
Thou bear'st to honour renders thee unapt
To be partaker of those resolutions
That by compulsion keep me from this voyage:
For they with such inevitable sweetness
Invade my sense that, though in their performance
My fame and virtue even to death do languish,
I must attempt, and bring them unto act,
Or perish i' th' pursuance.
Tar. Heaven avert
A mischief so prodigious! Though I would not
With over-saucy boldness press your counsels;
Yet pardon, sir, my loyalty which, timorous
Of your lov'd welfare, must entreat, beseech you
With ardent love and reverence, to disclose
The hidden cause that can estrange your courage
From its own Mars, withhold you from this action
So much allied to honour. Pray reveal it:
By all your hopes of what you hold most precious,
I do implore it; for my faith in breeding
Your youth in war's great rudiments, relieve
Tarifa's fears, that wander into strange
Unwelcome doubts lest some ambitious frenzy
Gainst your imperial father's dignity
Has late seduc'd your goodness.
Abil. No, Tarifa,
I ne'er durst aim at that unholy height

In viperous wickedness ; a sin less, harmless,
(If 't can be truly term'd one) 'tis my soul
Labours even to despair with : 't fain would out,
Did not my blushes interdict my language :
'Tis unchaste love, Tarifa (nay, take't all,
And when thou hast it, pity my misfortunes),
To fair Caropia, the chaste, virtuous wife
To surly Mura.
Tar. What a fool desire is !
With giant strengths it makes us court the knowledge
Of hidden mysteries, which once reveal'd,
Far more inconstant than the air it fleets
Into new wishes that the coveted secret
Had slept still in oblivion.
Abil. I was certain
'Twould fright thy innocence, and look to be
Besieged with strong dissuasions from my purpose ;
But be assur'd that I have tir'd my thoughts
With all the rules that teach men moral goodness,
So to reclaim them from this love-sick looseness ;
But they (like wholesome medicines misapplied)
Fac'd their best operation, fond and fruitless.
Though I as well may hope to kiss the sunbeams
'Cause they shine on me, as from her to gain
One glance of comfort, yet my mind, that pities
Itself with constant tenderness, must needs
Revolve the cause of its calamity,
And melt i' th' pleasure of so sweet a sadness.
Tar. Then y'are undone for ever, sir, undone
Beyond the help of counsel or repentance.
'Tis most ignoble that a mind, unshaken
By fear, should by a vain desire be broken,
Or that those powers no labour e'er could vanquish,
Should be o'ercome and thrall'd by sordid pleasure.
Pray, sir, consider, that in glorious war,
Which makes ambition (by base men termed sin)
A big and gallant virtue, y'ave been nurs'd,
Lull'd, as it were, into your infant sleeps
By th' surly noise o' th' trumpet, which now summons
You to victorious use of your endowments :
And shall a mistress stay you ? Such a one too,
As to attempt than war itself's more dangerous !
Abil. All these persuasions are to as much purpose,

As you should strive to reinvest with peace,
And all the joys of health and life, a soul
Condemn'd to perpetuity of torments.
No, my Tarifa, though through all disgraces,
Loss of my honour, fame, nay, hope for empire,
I should be forc'd to wade to obtain her love,
Those seas of mischief would be pleasing streams
Which I would haste to bathe in, and pass through them
With that delight thou wouldst to victory,
Or slaves long-chain'd to th' oar to sudden freedom.
Tar. Were you not Abilqualit, from this time then
Our friendships (like two rivers from one head
Rising) should wander a dissever'd course,
And never meet again, unless to quarrel.
Nay, old and stiff now as my iron garments,
Were you my son, my sword should teach your wildness
A swift way to repentance. Y'are my Prince,
On whom all hopes depend; think on your father,
That lively image of majestic goodness,
Who never yet wrong'd matron in his lust,
Or man in his displeasure. Pray conjecture
Your father, country, army, by my mouth
Beseech your piety to an early pity
Of your yet unslain innocence. No attention?
Farewell; my prayers shall wait you, though my counsels
Be thus despis'd. Farewell, Prince! *Exit*
Abil. 'Las, good man, he weeps!
Such tears I've seen fall from his manly eyes
Once when [h]e lost a battle. Why should I
Put off my reason, valour, honour, virtue,
In hopes to gain a beauty, whose possession
Renders me more uncapable of peace
Than I am now I want it? Like a sweet,
Much coveted banquet, 'tis no sooner tasted
But its delicious luxury's forgotten;
Besides, it is unlawful. Idle fool,
There is no law but what's prescribed by love,
Nature's first moving organ; nor can aught
What Nature dictates to us be held vicious.
On then, my soul, and destitute of fears,
Like an adventurous mariner that knows
Storms must attend him, yet dares court his peril,
Strive to obtain this happy port. Mesithes,

Love's cunning advocate, does for me besiege
With gifts and vows her chastity. She is
Compass'd with flesh that's not invulnerable,
And may by love's sharp darts be pierc'd. They stand
Firm whom no art can bring to love's command.

Enter Abrahen

Abr. My gracious brother!
Abil. Dearest Abrahen, welcome!
'Tis certainly decreed by our dread father,
We must both march against th' insulting foe.
How does thy youth, yet uninur'd to travel,
Relish the employment?
Abr. War is sweet to those
That never have experienc'd it. My youth
Cannot desire in that big art a nobler
Tutor than you, my brother: like an eaglet
Following her dam, I shall your honour'd steps
Trace through all dangers, and be proud to borrow
A branch, when your head's covered o'er with laurel,
To deck my humbler temples.
Abil. I do know thee
Of valiant, active soul; and though a youth,
Thy forward spirit merits the command
Of chief, rather than second in an army.
Would heaven our royal father had bestow'd
On thee the charge of general.
Abr. On me, sir!
Alas, 'tis fit I first should know those arts
That do distinguish valour from wild rashness
A general, brother, must have abler nerves
Of judgment than in my youth can be hop'd for.
Yourself, already like a flourishing spring
Teeming with early victories, the soldier
Expects should lead them to new triumphs, as
If you had vanquish'd fortune.
Abil. I am not so
Ambitious, Abrahen, of particular glories,
But I would have those whom I love partake them.
This Persian war, the last of the whole East,
Left to be managed, if I can persuade
The great Almanzor, shall be the trophy
Of thy yet maiden valour. I have done

Enough already to inform succession
That Abilqualit durst on fiercest foes
Run to fetch conquest home, and would have thy name
As great as mine in arms, that history
Might register our family abounded
With heroes born for victory.
Abr. 'Tis an honour
Which, though it be above my powers, committed
To my direction, I would seek to manage
With care above my years, and courage equal
To his that dares the horrid'st face of danger:
But 'tis your noble courtesy would thrust
This masc'line honour (far above his merits)
On your regardless brother: for my father,
He has no thought tending to your intentions;
Nor, though your goodness should desire, would hardly
Be won to yield consent to them.
Abil. Why, my Abrahen,
We're both his sons, and should be both alike
Dear to's affections; and though birth hath given me
The larger hopes and titles, 'twere unnatural,
Should he not strive t' endow thee with a portion
Apted to the magnificence of his offspring.
But thou perhaps art timorous lest thy first
Essays of valour should meet fate disastrous.
The bold are Fortune's darlings. If thou hast
Courage to venture on this great employment,
Doubt not I shall prevail upon our father
T' ordain thee chief in this brave, hopeful voyage.
Abr. You imagine me
Beyond all thought of gratitude, and doubt not
That I'll deceive your trust. The glorious ensigns
Waving i' th' air once, like so many comets,
Shall speak the Persians' funerals, on whose ruins
We'll build to Fame and Victory new temples,
Which shall like pyramids preserve our memories
When we are chang'd to ashes.
Abil. Be sure, continue
In this brave mind; I'll instantly solicit
Our father to confirm thee in the charge
Of general. I'll about it. *Exit*
Abr. Farewell, gracious brother!
This haps above my hopes. 'Las, good dull fool,

I see through thy intents, clear as thy soul
Were as transparent as thin air or crystal.
He would have me remov'd, march with the army,
That he meantime might make a sure defeat
On our aged father's life and empire : 't must
Be certain as the light. Why should not his,
With equal heat, be, like my thoughts, ambitious ?
Be they as harmless as the pray'rs of virgins,
I'll work his ruin out of his intentions.
He like a thick cloud stands 'twixt me and greatness,
Greatness, the wise man's true felicity,
Honour's direct inheritance. My youth
Will quit suspicion of my subtle practice ;
Then have I surly Mura and Simanthes,
My allies by my dead mother's blood, my assistants,
His eunuch too, Mesithes, at my service.
Simanthes shall inform the King the people
Desire Prince Abilqualit's stay ; and Mura,
Whose blunt demeanour renders him oraculous,
Make a shrewd inference out of it. He is my half brother
Th' other's my father ; names, mere airy titles !
Sovereignty's only sacred ; greatness goodness ;
True self-affection justice ; everything
Righteous that's helpful to create a King.

Enter Mura, Simanthes

My trusty friends, y'are welcome ;
Our fate's above our wishes ; Abilqualit,
By whatsoe'er pow'r mov'd to his own ruin,
Would fain enforce his charge of general on me,
And stay at home.
Sim. Why, how can this conduce
T'advance our purpose ?
Abr. 'Tis the mainest engine
Could ever move to ruin him. Simanthes,
You shall inform our father 'tis the people
Out of their tender love desires his stay.
You, Mura, shall infer my brother's greatness
With [the] people out of it, how nice it is and dangerous.
The air is open here ; come, we'll discourse
With more secure privacy our purpose.
Nothing's unjust, unsacred, tends to advance
Us to a kingdom ; that's the height of chance.

ACTUS SECUNDUS, SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Almanzor, Mura, *and* Simanthes

Alm. How? Not go, Simanthes?
Sim. My dread Sovereign,
I speak but what the well-affected people
Out of their loyal care and pious duty
Enjoin'd me utter; they do look upon him
As on your eldest son and next successor,
And would be loth the Persian war should rob
Their eyes of light, their souls of joy and comfort,
This flourishing empire leave as it were widow'd
Of its lov'd spouse: they humbly do beseech
Your Majesty would therefore destine some
More fitting general, whose loss (as Heaven
Avert such a misfortune!), should it happen,
Might less concern the state.
Alm. 'Tis not the least
Among the blessings Heaven has shower'd upon us,
That we are happy in such loving subjects,
To govern whom, when we in peace are ashes,
We leave them a successor whom they truly reverence.
A loving people and a loving sovereign
Makes kingdoms truly fortunate and flourishing.
But I believe, Simanthes, their intents,
Though we confirm them, will scarce take effect:
My Abilqualit (like a princely lion,
In view of's prey) will scarcely be o'ercome
To leave the honour of the Persian war,
In's hopes already vanquish'd by his valour,
And rest in lazy quiet, while that triumph
Is ravish'd by another.
Sim. With the pardon
Of your most sacred Majesty, 'tis fit then
Your great commands forbid the Prince's voyage:
Boldness enforces youth to hard achievements
Before their time, makes them run forth like lapwings
From their warm nest, part of the shell yet sticking
Unto their downy heads. Sir, good success

Is oft more fatal far than bad; one winning
Cast from a flatt'ring die tempting a gamester
To hazard his whole fortunes.
Mur. This is dull,
Fruitless philosophy; he that falls nobly
Wins as much honour by his loss as conquest.
Sim. This rule may hold well among common men,
But not 'mong princes. Such a prince as ours is,
Who knows as well to conquer men's affections
As he does enemies, should not be expos'd
To every new cause, honourable danger.
Prince Abilqualit's fair and winning carriage
Has stol'n possession of the people's hearts;
They dote on him since his late Spanish conquest,
As new-made brides on their much-coveted husbands;
And they would pine like melancholy turtles,
Should they so soon lose the unvalued object
Both of their love and reverence: howsoe'er,
Whate'er your awful will, sir, shall determine,
As Heaven, is by their strict obedience
Held sacred and religious.
Alm. Good Simanthes,
Let them receive our thanks for their true care
Of our dear Abilqualit. We'll consider
Of their request, say.
Sim. Your Highness' humblest creature! *Exit*
Mur. I do not like this.
Alm. Like what, valiant Mura?
We know thy counsels so supremely wise,
And thy true heart so excellently faithful,
That whatsoe'er displeases thy sage judgment
Almanzor's wisdom must account distasteful.
What is't dislikes thee?
Mur. Your Majesty knows me
A downright soldier, I affect not words;
But to be brief, I relish not your son
Should (as if you were in your tomb already)
Engross so much the giddy people's favours.
'Tis neither fit for him, nor safe for you
To suffer it.
Alm. Why, how can they, Mura,
Give a more serious testimony of reverence
To me than by conferring their affections,

Their pious wishes, zealous contemplations,
On him that sits the nearest to my heart,
My Abilqualit, in whose hopeful virtues
My age more glor[ies] than in all my conquests?
Mur. May you prove fortunate in your pious care
Of the Prince Abilqualit. But, my lord,
Mura is not so prone to idle language
(The parasite's best ornament) to utter
Aught but what, if you'll please to give him audience,
He'll show you a blunt reason for.
Alm. Come, I see
Into thy thoughts, good Mura; too much care
Of us informs thy loyal soul with fears
The Prince's too much popularity
May breed our danger: banish those suspicions;
Neither dare they who under my long reign
Have been triumphant in so many blessings,
Have the least thought may tend to disobedience;
Or if they had, my Abilqualit's goodness
Would ne'er consent with them to become impious.
Mur. 'Tis too secure a confidence betrays
Minds valiant to irreparable dangers.
Not that I dare invade with a foul thought
The noble Prince's loyalty; but, my lord,
When this same many-headed beast, the people,
Violent, and so not constant in affections,
Subject to love of novelty (the sickness
Proper t'all human, specially light natures),
Do magnify with too immoderate praises
The Prince's actions, dote upon his presence,
Nay, chain their souls to th' shadow of his footsteps;
As all excesses ought to be held dangerous,
Especially when they do aim at sceptres,
Their too much dotage speaks you in their wishes
Are dead already, that their darling hope
The Prince might have the throne once.
Alm. 'Tis confess'd,
All this a serious truth.
Mur. Their mad applauses
O' th' noble Prince, though he be truly virtuous,
May force ambition into him, a mischief
Seizing the soul with too much craft and sweetness,
As pride or lust does minds unstaid and wanton:

'T makes men like poison'd rats, which when they've swallow'd
The pleasing bane, rest not until they drink,
And can rest then much less, until they burst with't.
Alm. Thy words are still oraculous.
Mur. Pray then think
With what an easy toil the haughty Prince,
A demigod by th' popular acclamations,
Nay, the world's sovereign in the vulgar wishes,
Had he a resolution to be wicked,
Might snatch this diadem from your aged temples?
What law so holy, tie of blood so mighty,
Which, for a crown, minds sanctified and religious
Have not presum'd to violate? How much more then
May the soul-dazzling glories of a sceptre
Work in his youth, whose constitution's fiery
As overheated air, and has, to fan it
Into a flame, the breath of love and praises
Blown by strong thought of his own worth and actions.
Alm. No more of this, good Mura.
Mur. They dare already limit your intentions;
Demand, as 'twere, with cunning zeal (which, rightly
Interpreted, is insolence), the Prince's
Abode at home. I will not say it is,
But I guess 't may be their subtle purpose
While we abroad fight for new kingdoms' purchase,
Depriv'd by that means of our faithful succours,
They may deprive you of this crown, enforce
Upon the Prince this diadem; which however
He may be loath t'accept, being once possess'd of 't,
And tasted the delights of supreme greatness,
He'll be more loath to part with. To prevent this,
Not that I think it will, but that may happen,
'Tis fit the Prince march. I've observed in him, too,
Of late a sullen melancholy, whence rising
I'll not conjecture; only I should grieve, sir,
Beyond a moderate sorrow, traitorous practice
Should take that from you, which with loyal blood
Ours and your own victorious arms have purchas'd.
And now I have discharg'd my honest conscience,
Censure on't as you please; henceforth I'm silent.
Alm. Would thou hadst been so now! Thy loyal fears
Have made me see how miserable a king is

Whose rule depends on the vain people's suffrage.
Black now and horrid as the face of storms
Appears all Abilqualit's lovely virtues
Because to me they only make him dangerous,
And with great terror shall behold those actions
Which with delight before we view'd, and dotage;
Like mariners that bless the peaceful seas,
Which, when suspected to grow up tempestuous,
They tremble at. Though he may still be virtuous,
'Tis wisdom in us, to him no injustice,
To keep a vigilant eye o'er his proceedings
And the wild people's purposes.

Enter Abilqualit

Abilqualit!
Come to take your leave, I do conjecture.
Abil. Rather, sir, to beg
Your gracious licence I may still at home
Attend your dread commands, and that you'd please
To nominate my hopeful brother Abrahen
(In lieu of me) chief of your now raised forces
For th' Persian expedition.
Alm. Dare you, sir,
Presume to make this suit to us?
Abil. Why, my royal lord,
I hope this cannot pull your anger on
Your most obedient son; a true affection
To the young Prince, my brother, did beget
This my request; I willingly would have
His youth adorn'd with glory of this conquest.
No tree bears fruit in autumn, 'less it blossom
First in the spring; 'tis fit he were acquainted
In these soft years with military action,
That when grown perfect man, he may grow up too
Perfect in warlike discipline.
Alm. Hereafter
We shall by your appointment guide our counsels.
Why do you not intreat me to resign
My crown, that you, the people's much-lov'd minion,
May with't impale your glorious brow? Sir, henceforth,
Or know your duty better, or your pride
Shall meet our just-wak'd anger. To your charge,
And march with speed, or you shall know what 'tis

To disobey our pleasure. When y'are king,
Learn to command your subjects; I will mine, sir.
You know your charge, perform it.

Exit Almanzor *and* Mura

Abil. I have done.
Our hopes, I see, resemble much the sun,
That rising and declining cast[s] large shadows;
But when his beams are dress'd in's midday brightness,
Yields none at all: when they are farthest from
Success, their gilt reflection does display
The largest shows of events fair and prosp'rous.
With what a settled confidence did I promise
Myself my stay here, Mura's wish'd departure!
When 'stead of these, I find my father's wrath
Destroying mine intentions. Such a fool
Is self-compassion, soothing us to faith
Of what we wish should hap, while vain desire
Of things we have not, makes us quite forget
Those we're possess'd of.

Enter Abrahen

Abr. [*aside*] Alone the engine works
Beyond or hope or credit. How I hug
With vast delight, beyond that of stolen pleasures
Forbidden lovers taste, my darling mistress,
My active brain! If I can be thus subtle
While a young serpent, when grown up a dragon
How glorious shall I be in cunning practice!—
My gracious brother!

Abil. Gentle Abrahen, I
Am griev'd my power cannot comply my promise;
My father's so averse from granting my
Request concerning thee, that with angry frowns
He did express rather a passionate rage
Than a refusal civil, or accustom'd
To his indulgent disposition.

Abr. He's our father,
And so the tyrant custom doth enforce us
To yield him that which fools call natural,
When wise men know 'tis more than servile duty,
A slavish, blind obedience to his pleasure,
Be it nor just, nor honourable.

Abil. O my Abrahen,
These sounds are unharmonious, as unlook'd-for
From thy unblemish'd innocence; though he could
Put off paternal piety, 't gives no privilege
For us to wander from our filial duty;
Though harsh, and to our natures much unwelcome
Be his decrees, like those of Heaven, we must not
Presume to question them.
Abr. Not if they concern
Our lives and fortunes? 'Tis not for myself
I urge these doubts; but 'tis for you, who are
My brother; and, I hope, must be my sovereign,
My fears grow on me almost to distraction;
Our father's age betrays him to a dotage
Which may be dang'rous to your future safety;
He does suspect your loyalty.
Abil. How, Abrahen!
Abr. I knew 'twould start your innocence; but 'tis truth,
A sad and serious truth; nay, his suspicion
Almost arriv'd into a settled faith
That y'are ambitious.
Abil. 'Tis impossible!
Abr. The glorious shine of your illustrious virtues
Are grown too bright and dazzling for his eyes
To look on, as he ought, with admiration;
And he with fear beholds them, as it were,
Through a perspective where each brave action
Of yours survey'd though at remotest distance,
Appears far greater than it is. In brief,
That love which you have purchas'd from the people,
That sing glad hymns to your victorious fortunes,
Betrays you to his hate; and in this voyage,
Which he enforces you to undertake,
He has set spies upon you.
Abil. 'Tis so; afflictions
Do fall like hailstones, one no sooner drops,
But a whole shower does follow. I observ'd
Indeed, my Abrahen, that his looks and language
Was dress'd in unaccustom'd clouds, but did not
Imagine they'd presag'd so fierce a tempest.
Ye gods! why do you give us gifts and graces,
Share your own attributes with men, your virtues,
When they betray them to worse hate than vices?

But, Abrahen, prithee reconfirm my fears
By testimonial how this can be truth;
For yet my innocence with too credulous trust
Soothes up my soul, our father should not thus
Put that off which does make him so, his sweetness,
To feed the irregular flames of false suspicions
And soul-tormenting jealousies.
Abr. Why, to me,
To me, my lord, he did with strong injunctions
Give a solicitous charge to overlook your actions.
'My Abrahen,' quoth he, 'I'm not so unhappy
That like thy brother thou shouldst be ambitious,
Who does affect, 'fore thy ag'd father's ashes,
With greedy lust my Empire. Have a strict
And cautious diligence to observe his carriage;
'Twill be a pious care.' Mov'd with the base
Indignity that he on me should force
The office of a spy,—your spy, my noble
And much-lov'd brother!—my best manhood scarce
Could keep my angry tears in; I resolv'd
I was in duty bound to give you early
Intelligence of his unjust intentions,
That you in wisdom might prevent all dangers
Might fall upon you from them like swift lightning,
Killing 'cause they invade with sudden fierceness.
Abil. In afflicting me misery is grown witty.
Abr. Nay, besides, sir,
The sullen Mura has the self-same charge too
Consign'd and settled on him; which his blind
Duty will execute. O brother, your
Soft passive nature does, like jet on fire
When oil's cast on't, extinguish: otherwise
This base suspicion would inflame your sufferance,
Nay, make the purest loyalty rebellious.
However, though your too religious piety
Forces you 'ndure this foul disgrace with patience,
Look to your safety, brother, that dear safety
Which is not only yours, but your whole Empire's:
For my part, if a faithful brother's service
May aught avail you, though against our father,
Since he can be so unnaturally suspicious,
As your own thoughts command it.

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Enter Selinthus *and* Mesithes

Sel. Come, I know,
Although th'ast lost some implements of manhood
May make thee gracious in the sight of woman,
Yet th'ast a little engine call'd a tongue,
By which thou canst o'ercome the nicest female
In the behalf of friend. In sooth, you eunuchs
May well be styl'd pimps-royal for the skill
You have in quaint procurement.
Mes. Your lordship's merry,
And would enforce on me what has been your office
Far oftener than the cunning'st squire belonging
To the smock transitory. May't please your Highness—
[*Whispers to* Abilqualit]
Abil. Ha, Mesithes!
Abr. [*aside*] His countenance varies strangely, some affair
The eunuch gives him notice of, 't should seem,
Begets much pleasure in him.
Abil. Is this truth?
Mes. Else let me taste your anger.
Abil. My dear Abrahen,
We'll march to-night, prithee give speedy notice
To our lieutenant Mura to collect
The forces from their several quarters and
Draw them into battalia on the plain
Behind the city; lay a strict command
He stir not from the ensigns till ourself
Arrive in person there. Be speedy, brother,
A little hasty business craves our presence,
We will anon be with you, my Mesithes.
Exeunt Abilqualit *and* Mesithes
Sel. Can your Grace imagine
Wh[i]ther his Highness goes now?
Abr. No, Selinthus;
Canst thou conjecture at the eunuch's business?
Whate'er it was, his countenance seem'd much alter'd:
I'd give a talent to have certain knowledge
What was Mesithes' message.
Sel. I'll inform you
At a far easier rate. Mesithes' business
Certes concern'd a limber petticoat,
And the smock soft and slippery; on my honour,
Has been providing for the Prince some female,

That he takes his leave of ladies' flesh
Ere his departure.
Abr. Not improbable,
It may be so.
Sel. Nay, certain, sir, it is so:
And I believe your little body earns
After the same sport. You were once reported
A wag would have had business of engend'ring
With surly Mura's lady: and men may
Conjecture y'are no chaster than a vot'ry:
Yet, though she would not solace your desires,
There are as handsome ladies will be proud
To have your Grace inoculate their stocks
With your graft-royal.
Abr. Thou art Selinthus still,
And wilt not change thy humour. I must go
And find our Mura; so farewell, Selinthus;
Thou art not for these wars, I know. *Exit*
Sel. No, truly,
Nor yet for any other, 'less 't be on
A naked yielding enemy; though there may
Be as hot service upon such a foe
As on those clad in steel: the little squadron
We civil men assault body to body,
Oft carry wild-fire about them privately,
That singes us i' th' service from the crown
Even to the sole, nay, sometimes hair and all off.
But these are transitory perils.

Enter Gaselles, Osman

Cousins,
I thought you had been dancing to the drum;
Your General has given order for a march
This night, I can assure you.
Gas. It is, cousin,
Something of the soonest; but we are prepar'd
At all times for the journey.
Sel. To-morrow morning
May serve the turn though. Hark you, cousins mine;
If in this Persian war you chance to take a
Handsome she-captive, pray you be not unmindful
Of us your friends at home; I will disburse
Her ransom, cousins, for I've a month's mind

To try if strange flesh, or that of our own country,
Has the completer relish.
Os. We will accomplish
Thy pleasure, noble cousin.
Sel. But pray do not
Take the first say of her yourselves. I do not
Love to walk after any of my kindred
I' th' path of copulation.
Gas. The first fruits
Shall be thy own, dear coz. But shall we part
(Never perhaps to meet again) with dry
Lips, my right honour'd coz ?
Sel By no means,
Though by the Alkoran wine be forbidden,
You soldiers, in that case, make't not your faith.
Drink water in the camp, when you can purchase
No other liquor ; here you shall have plenty
Of wine, old and delicious. I'll be your leader,
And bring you on, let who will bring you off.
To the encounter, come, let us march, cousins.
Exeunt omnes

Song

SCENA SECUNDA

[*A Room in the House of* Mura]

Enter Abilqualit, Caropia, *and* Mesithes, Perilinda

Car. No more, my gracious lord, where real love is,
Needless are all expressions ceremonious :
The amorous turtles, that at first acquaintance
Strive to express in murmuring notes their loves,
Do when agreed on their affections change
Their chirps to billing.
Abil. And in feather'd arms
Incompass mutually their gaudy necks.
[*Embracing* Caropia]
Mes. How do you like
These love tricks, Perilinda ?
Per. Very well ;
But one may sooner hope from a dead man
To receive kindness, than from thee, an eunuch.

You are the coldest creatures in the bodies;
No snow-balls like you.
Mes. We must needs, who have not
That which like fire should warm our constitutions,
The instruments of copulation, girl,
Our toys to please the ladies.
Abil. Caropia, in your well-becoming pity
Of my extreme afflictions and stern sufferings
You've shown that excellent mercy as must render
Whatever action you can fix on virtuous.
But, lady, I till now have been your tempter,
One that desir'd, hearing the brave resistance
You made my brother when he woo'd your love,
Only to boast the glory of a conquest
Which seem'd impossible; now I have gain'd it,
By being vanquisher I myself am vanquish'd,
Your everlasting captive.
Car. Then the thraldom
Will be as prosperous as the pleasing bondage
Of palms that flourish most when bow'd down fastest.
Constraint makes sweet and easy things laborious,
When love makes greatest miseries seem pleasures.
Yet 'twas ambition, sir, join'd with affection,
That gave me up a spoil to your temptations.
I was resolv'd if ever I did make
A breach on matrimonial faith, 't should be
With him that was the darling of kind Fortune
As well as liberal Nature, who possess'd
The height of greatness to adorn his beauty;
Which since they both conspire to make you happy,
I thought 'twould be a greater sin to suffer
Your hopeful person, born to sway this Empire,
In love's hot flames to languish by refusal
To a consuming fever than t' infringe
A vow which ne'er proceeded from my heart
When I unwillingly made it.
Abil. And may break it
With confidence, secure from the least guilt,
As if't had only in an idle dream
Been by your fancy plighted. Madam, there
Can be no greater misery in love
Than separation from the object which
We affect; and such is our misfortune, we

Must i' th' infancy of our desires
Breathe at unwelcome distance; i' th' meantime
Let's make good use of the most precious minutes
We have to spend together.
Car. Else we were
Unworthy to be titled lovers; but
I fear loath'd Mura may with swift approach
Disturb our happiness.
Abil. By my command
He's must'ring up our forces. Yet, Mesithes,
Go you to Abrahen, and with intimations
From us, strengthen our charge. Come, my Caropia,
Love's wars are harmless, for whoe'er does yield
Gains as much honour as who wins the field.

ACTUS TERTIUS, SCENA I

[*Another Room in the House of* Mura]

Enter Abilqualit *and* Caropia, *as rising from bed*; Abrahen *without*, Perilinda

Abr. [*without*]. Open the door! I must and will have entrance
Unto the Prince, my brother. As you love
Your life and safety and that lady's honour,
Whom you are lodg'd in amorous twines with, do not
Deny me entrance to you. I am Abrahen,
Your loyal brother Abrahen.
Abil. 'Tis his voice,
And there can be no danger in't, Caropia.
Be not dismay'd, though we're to him discover'd.
Your fame shall taste no blemish by't. [*Enter* Abrahen] Now, brother,
'Tis something rude in you thus violently
To press upon our privacies.
Abr. My affection
Shall be my advocate, and plead my care
Of your lov'd welfare; as you love your honour,
Haste from this place, or you'll betray the lady
To ruin most inevitable. Her husband
Has notice of your being here, and's coming

On wings of jealousy and desperate rage
To intercept you in your close delights.
In brief, I overheard a trusty servant
Of his i' th' camp come and declare your Highness
Was private with Caropia; at which tidings
The sea with greater haste when vex'd with tempests,
Sudden and boisterous, flies not towards the shore,
Than he intended homewards. He by this
Needs must have gain'd the city; for with all my power
I hasted hitherward, that by your absence
You might prevent his view of you.
Abil. Why? The slave
Dare not invade my person, had he found me
In fair Caropia's arms: 'twould be ignoble,
Now I have caus'd her danger, should I not
Defend her from his violence. I'll stay
Though he come arm'd with thunder.
Abr. That will be
A certain means to ruin her: to me
[Commit] that cure, I'll stand between the lady
And Mura's fury, when your very sight,
Giving fresh fire to th' injury, will incense him
Gainst her beyond all patience.
Car. Nay, besides,
His violent wrath, breaking through his allegiance,
May riot on your person. Dear my lord,
Withdraw yourself; there may be some excuse,
When you are absent, thought on to take off
Mura's suspicion: by our loves, depart,
I do beseech you. Hapless I was born
To be most miserable.
Abil. You shall overrule me.
Better it is for him with unhallowed hands
To act a sacrilege on our Prophet's tomb
Than to profane this purity with the least
Offer of injury: be careful, Abrahen,
To thee I leave my heart. Farewell, Caropia,
Your tears enforce my absence. *Exit* Abilqualit
Abr. Pray haste, my lord,
Lest you should meet the enrag'd Mura. Now, madam,
Where are the boasted glories of that virtue,
Which like a faithful fort withstood my batt'ries?
Demolish'd now, and ruin'd they appear,

Like a fair building totter'd from its base
By an unruly whirlwind, and are now
Instead of love the objects of my pity.
Car. I'm bound to thank you, sir ; yet credit me,
My sin's so pleasing 't cannot meet repentance.
Were Mura here, and arm'd with all the horrors
Rage could invest his powers with, not forgiven
Hermits with greater peace shall haste to death,
Than I to be the martyr of this cause,
Which I so love and reverence.
Abr. 'Tis a noble
And well-becoming constancy, and merits
A lover of those supreme eminent graces,
That do like full winds swell the glorious sails
Of Abilqualit's dignity and beauty !
Yet, madam, let me tell you, though I could not
Envy my brother's happiness, if he
Could have enjoy'd your priceless love with safety
Free from discovery, I am afflicted
Beyond a moderate sorrow, that my youth
Which with as true a zeal, courted your love,
Should appear so contemptible to receive
A killing scorn from you : yet I forgive you,
And do so much respect your peace, I wish
You had not sinn'd so carelessly to be
Betray'd i' th' first fruitions of your wishes
To your suspicious husband.
Car. 'Tis a fate, sir,
Which I must stand, though it come dress'd in flames,
Killing as circular fire, and as prodigious
As death-presaging comets : there's that strength
In love, can change the pitchy face of dangers
To pleasing forms, make ghastly fears seem beauteous.
And I'm resolv'd, since the sweet Prince is free
From Mura's anger which might have been fatal
If he should here have found him, unresistless
I dare his utmost fury.
Abr. 'Twill bring death with't,
Sure as stifling damp ; and 'twere much pity
So sweet a beauty should unpitied fall,
Betray'd to endless infamy ; your husband
Knows only that my brother in your chamber
Was entertained ; the servant that betray'd you,

Curse on his diligence! could not affirm
He saw you twin'd together: yet it is
Death by the law, you know, for any lady
At such an hour, and in her husband's absence,
To entertain a stranger.
Car. 'Tis considered, sir;
And since I cannot live to enjoy his love,
I'll meet my death as willingly as I
Met Abilqualit's dear embraces.
Abr. That
Were too severe a cruelty. Live, Caropia,
Till the kind destinies take the loath'd Mura
To their eternal mansions, till he fall
Either in war a sacrifice to Fortune,
Or else by stratagem take his destruction
From angry Abilqualit, whose fair Empress
You were created for: there is a mean yet
To save th' opinion of your honour spotless
As that of virgin innocence, nay, to preserve
(Though he doth know, as certainly he must do,
My brother have enjoy'd thee), thee still precious
In his deluding fancy.
Car. Let me adore you
If you can give effect to your good purpose:
But 'tis impossible.
Abr. With as secure an ease
'T shall be accomplish'd as the blest desires
Of uncross'd lovers; you shall with one breath
Dissolve these mists that with contagious darkness
Threaten the lights both of your life and honour.
Affirm my brother ravish'd you.
Car. How, my lord!
Abr. Obtained by violence entry into your chamber,
Where his big lust, seconded by force,
Despite of yours and your maid's weak resistance
Surpris'd your honour; when't shall come to question,
My brother cannot so put off the truth,
He owes his own affection and your whiteness,
But to acknowledge it a rape.
Car. And so
By saving mine, betray his fame and safety
To the law's danger and your father's justice,
Which with impartial doom will most severely
Sentence the Prince, although his son.

Abr. Your fears
And too affectionate tenderness will ruin
All that my care has builded.—[*Aside*] Sure, Mesithes
Has (as my charge enjoin'd him) made relation
To him of Abilqualit's action.—[*Enter* Mura] See your husband!
Resolve on't, or y'are miserable.
Mur. Furies!
Where is this lustful prince, and this lascivious
Strumpet? Ha, Abrahen here!
Abr. Good cousin Mura,
Be not so passionate, it is your Prince
Has wrought your injury; resolve to bear
Your crosses like a man: the great'st afflictions
Should have the greatest fortitude in their suff'rings
From minds resolv'd and noble. 'Las poor lady!
'Twas not her fault; his too unruly lust
'Tis, has destroy'd her purity.
Mur. Ha, in tears!
Are these the livery of your fears and penitence,
Or of your sorrows, minion, for being robb'd
So soon of your adulterer?
Abr. Fie, your passion
Is too unmannerly; you look upon her
With eyes of rage, when you with grief and pity
Ought to survey her innocence. My brother,
Degenerate as he is from worth, and merely
The beast of lust, what fiends would fear to violate
Has with rude insolence destroyed, her honour,
By him inhuman ravished.
Car. Good sir, be
So merciful as to set free a wretch
From loath'd mortality, whose life's so great
And hateful burden now sh'as lost her honour;
'Twill be a friendly charity to deliver
Her from the torment of it.
Mur. That I could
Contract the soul of universal rage
Into this swelling heart, that it might be
As full of poisonous anger as a dragon's
When in a toil ensnar'd. Caropia ravished!
Methinks the horror of the sound should fright
To everlasting ruin the whole world,

Start Nature's Genius.
Abr. Gentle madam, pray
Withdraw yourself; your sight, till I have wrought
A cure upon his temper, will but add
To his affliction.
Car. You're as my good angel;
I'll follow your directions. *Exit*
Abr. Cousin Mura,
I thought a person of your masculine temper,
In dangers foster'd, where perpetual terrors
Have been your playfellows, would not have resented
With such effeminate passion a disgrace,
Though ne'er so huge and hideous.
Mur. I am tame,
Collected now in all my faculties,
Which are so much oppress'd with injuries,
They've lost the anguish of them; can you think, sir,
When all the winds fight, the enrag'd billows
That use to imprint on the black lips of clouds
A thousand briny kisses, can lie still
As in a lethargy; that when baths of oil
Are pour'd upon the wild, irregular flames
In populous cities, that they'll then extinguish?
Your mitigations add but seas to seas,
Give matter to my fires to increase their burning,
And I ere long enlighten'd by my anger
Shall be my own pile, and consume to ashes.
Abr. Why, then I see indeed your injuries
Have ravished hence your reason and discourse,
And left you the mere prostitute of passion.
Can you repair the ruins you lament so
With these exclaims? Was ever dead man call'd
To life again by fruitful sighs, or can
Your rage re-edify Caropia's honour,
Slain and betray'd by his foul lust? Your manhood,
That heretofore has thrown you on all dangers,
Methinks should prompt you to a noble vengeance,
Which you may safely prosecute with justice;
To which this crime, although he be a Prince,
Renders him liable.
Mur. Yes, I'll have justice;
Or I'll awake the sleepy deities,
Or like the ambitious giants wage new wars

With heaven itself; my wrongs shall steel my courage;
And on this vicious Prince, like a fierce sea-breach,
My just-wak'd rage shall riot till it sink
In the remorseless eddy, sink where Time
Shall never find his name but with disgrace
To taint his hateful memory.
Abr. This wildness
Neither befits your wisdom nor your courage,
Which should with settled and collected thoughts,
Walk on to noble vengeance. He before
Was by our plots proscrib'd to death and ruin
To advance me to the Empire; now with ease
We may accomplish our designs.
Mur. Would heaven
I ne'er had given consent, o'ercome by love
To you, to have made a forfeit on my allegiance;
'Tis a just punishment, I by him am wrong'd,
Whom, for your sake, I fearless sought to ruin.
Abr. Are you repentant grown, Mura? This softness
Ill suits a person of your great resolves,
On whom my fortunes have such firm dependence.
Come, let Caropia's fate invoke thy vengeance
To gain full mast'ry o'er all other passions;
Leave not a corner in thy spacious heart
Unfurnish'd of a noble rage, which now
Will be an attribute of glorious justice:
The law, you know, with loss of sight doth punish
All rapes, though on mean persons; and our father
Is so severe a justicer, not blood
Can make a breach upon his faith to justice.
Besides we have already made him dangerous
In great Almanzor's thoughts, and being delinquent,
He needs must suffer what the meanest offender
Merits for such a trespass.
Mur. I'm awake now;
The lethargy of horror and amaze
That did obscure my reason, like those dull
And lazy vapours that o'ershade the sun,
Vanish, and it resumes its native brightness.
And now I would not but this devil Prince
Had done this act upon Caropia's whiteness,
Since't yields you free access unto the empire;
The deprival of's sight does render him incapable
Of future sovereignty.

Abr. Thou'rt in the right,
And hast put on manly considerations:
Caropia (since she's in her will untainted)
Has not foregone her honour; he dispatch'd once,
As we will have him shortly ('t shall go hard else)
A tenant to his marble, thou again
Wedded in peace may'st be to her pure virtues,
And live their happy owner.
Mur. I'll repair
To great Almanzor instantly, and if
His partial piety do descend to pity,
I will awake the executioner
Of justice, Death, although in sleep more heavy
Than he can borrow from his natural coldness;
On this good sword I'll wear my cause's justice
Till he do fall its sacrifice.
Abr. But be sure
You do't with cunning secrecy; perhaps,
Should he have notice of your just intentions,
He would repair to th' army, from which safeguard
Our best force could not pluck him without danger
To the whole Empire.
Mur. Doubt not but I'll manage
With a discreet severity my vengeance,
Invoke Almanzor's equity with sudden
And private haste.
Abr. Meantime
I will go put a new design in practice
That may be much conducing to our purpose.
Like clocks, one wheel another on must drive,
Affairs by diligent labour only thrive. *Exeunt*

SCENA SECUNDA

[*The Camp, outside the city*]

Enter Selinthus, Gaselles, Osman, *and* Soldiers

Sel. No quarrelling, good cousins, les[s] it be
With the glass, 'cause 'tis not of size sufficient
To give you a magnificent draught. You will
Have fighting work enough when you're i' th' wars;
Do not fall out among yourselves.
Os. Not pledge

My peerless mistress' health ? Soldier, thou'rt mortal,
If thou refuse it.
Gas. Come, come, he shall pledge it,
And 'twere a ton. Why, we're all as dull
As dormice in our liquor. Here's a health
To the Prince Abilqualit.
Soldier. Let go round ! 10
I'd drink't, were it an ocean of warm blood
Flowing from th' enemy. Pray, good my lord,
What news is stirring ?
Sel. It should seem, soldier,
Thou canst not read ; otherwise the learn'd pamphlets
That fly about the streets, would satisfy 15
Thy curiosity with news ; they're true ones,
Full of discreet intelligence.
Os. Cousins, shall's have a song ? Here is a soldier
In's time hath sung a dirge unto the foe
Oft in the field.
Soldier. Captain, I have a new one, 20
The 'Soldier's Joy' 'tis call'd.
Sel. That is an harlot ;
Prithee be musical, and let us taste
The sweetness of thy voice. *A song*
Gas. Whist, give attention !
Soldier. How does your lordship like it ?
Sel. Very well,
And so here's to thee ! There's no drum beats yet, 25
And 'tis clear day ; some hour hence 'twill be
Time to break up the watch. *Enter* Abrahen, Mesithes
Ha, young Lord Abrahen,
And trim Mesithes with him ! What the devil
Does he make up so early ? He has been
A bat-fowling all night after those birds, 30
Those lady-birds term'd wagtails. What strange business
Can he have here, trow ?
Abr. 'Twas well done, Mesithes !
And trust me, I shall find an apt reward,
Both for thy care and cunning. Prithee haste
To Lord Simanthes, and deliver this 35
Note to him with best diligence, my dear eunuch ;
Thou'rt half the soul of Abrahen.
Mes. I was born
To be intituled your most humble vassal ;

I'll haste to the Lord Simanthes. *Exit*
Sel. How he cringes!
These youths that want the instruments of manhood
Are very supple in the hams.
Abr. Good morrow
To noble Lord Selinthus. What companions
Have you got here thus early?
Sel. Blades of metal,
Tall men of war, and't please your Grace, of my
Own blood and family, men who [have] gather'd
A salad on the enemy's ground, and eaten it
In bold defiance of him;
And not a soldier here but's an Achilles,
Valiant as stoutest Myrmidon.
Abr. And they
Never had juster cause to show their valour;
The Prince, my dearest brother, their Lord General's
Become a forfeit to the stern law's rigour;
And 'tis imagin'd our impartial father
Will sentence him to lose his eyes.
Gas. Marry, Heaven
Defend! For what, and't like your Grace?
Abr. For a fact
Which the severe law punishes with loss
Of nature's precious lights, my tears will scarce
Permit me utter't, for a rape committed
On the fair wife of Mura.
Os. Was it for nothing else, and please your Grace?
Ere he shall lose an eye for such a trifle,
Or have a hair diminish'd, we will lose
Our heads; what, hoodwink men like sullen hawks
For doing deeds of nature! I'm asham'd
The law is such an ass.
Sel. Some eunuch judge,
That could not be acquainted with the sweets
Due to concupiscential parts, invented
This law, I'll be hang'd else! 'Slife, a prince,
And such a hopeful one, to lose his eyes,
For satisfying the hunger of the stomach
Beneath the waist, is cruelty prodigious,
Not to be suffer'd in a commonwealth
Of ought but geldings.
Abr. 'Tis vain to soothe

Our hopes with these delusions; he will suffer,
Less he be rescued. I would have you, therefore,
If you owe any service to the Prince,
My much lamented brother, to attend
Without least tumult 'bout the Court, and if
There be necessity of your aid, I'll give you
Notice when to employ it.
Sel. Sweet Prince, we'll swim
In blood to do thee or thy brother service:
Each man provide their weapons.
Abr. You will win
My brother's love for ever; nay, my father,
Though he'll seem angry to behold his justice
Deluded, afterwards when his rage is past,
Will thank you for your loyalties. Pray be there
With all speed possible; by this my brother's
Commanded 'fore my father. I'll go learn
The truth, and give you notice; pray be secret
And firm to your resolves. *Exit*
Sel. For him that flinches
In such a cause, I'll have no more mercy on him.

Enter Tarifa *and* Mura

Here's Tarifa,
The Prince's sometimes tutor, Mura with him,
A-walking towards the Court; let's take no notice
Of them, lest they discover our intentions
By our grim looks. March fair and softly, cousins,
We'll be at Court before them.
[*Exeunt* Selinthus, Gaselles, Osman *and* Soldiers]
Tar. You will not do this, Mura!
Mur. How, Tarifa?
Will you defend him in an act so impious?
Is't fit the drum should cease his surly language
When the bold soldier marches, or that I
Should pass o'er this affront in quiet silence,
Which gods and men invoke to speedy vengeance?
Which I will have, or manhood shall be tame
As cowardice.
Tar. It was a deed so barbarous,
That truth itself blushes as well as justice
To hear it mention'd: but consider, Mura,
He is our Prince, the Empire's hope, and pillar

Of great Almanzor's age. How far a public
Regard should be preferr'd before your private
Desire of vengeance! which if you do purchase
From our impartial Emperor's equity,
His loss of sight, and so of the succession,
Will not restore Caropia to the honour
He ravish'd from her. But so foul the cause is,
I rather should lament the Prince's folly
Than plead in his behalf.
Mur. 'Tis but vain;
There is your warrant, as you are High Marshal,
To summon him to make his speedy appearance
'Fore the tribunal of Almanzor; so pray
You execute your office. *Exit*
Tar. How one vice
Can like a small cloud when 't breaks forth in showers,
Black the whole heaven of virtues!

Enter Abilqualit [*with*] Mutes, *whispering, seem to make protestations. Exeunt* [Mutes]
O my lord,
That face of yours which once with angel brightness
Cheer'd my faint sight, like a grim apparition
Frights it with ghastly terror: you have done
A deed that startles virtue till it shakes
As it got a palsy. I'm commanded
To summon you before your father, and
Hope you'll obey his mandate.
Abil. Willingly!
What's my offence, Tarifa?
Tar. Would you knew not!
I did presage your too unruly passions
Would hurry you to some disastrous act,
But ne'er imagin'd you'd have been so lost
To masculine honour to commit a rape
On that unhappy object of your love,
Whom now y'ave made the spoil of your foul lust,
The much wrong'd wife of Mura.
Abil. Why, does Mura
Charge me with his Caropia's rape?
Tar. This warrant,
Sent by your angry father, testifies
He means to appeach you of it.

Abil. [*aside*] 'Tis my fortune,
All natural motions when they approach their end,
Haste to draw to't with [un]accustom'd swiftness.
Rivers with greedier speed run near their out-falls
Than at their springs. But I'm resolv'd, let what
Happen that will, I'll stand it, and defend
Caropia's honour, though mine own I ruin;
Who dares not die to justify his love,
Deserves not to enjoy her. Come, Tarifa,
Whate'er befall, I'm resolute. He dies
Glorious, that falls Love's innocent sacrifice. *Exeunt*

ACTUS QUARTUS, SCENA I

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Almanzor, Abilqualit, Tarifa, *and* Mura

Alm. No more, Tarifa; you'll provoke our anger
If you appear in this cause so solicitous;
The act is too apparent: nor shall you
Need, injur'd Mura, to implore our justice,
Which with impartial doom shall fall on him
More rigorously than on a strange offender.
O Abilqualit, (for the name of son,
When thou forsook'st thy native virtue, left thee;)
Were all thy blood, thy youth and fortune's glories
Of no more value than to be expos'd
To ruin for one vice; at whose name only
The Furies start, and bashful-fronted Justice
Hides her amaz'd head? But it is now bootless
To show a father's pity in my grief
For thy amiss. As I'm to be thy judge,
Be resolute I'll take as little notice
Thou art my offspring, as the wandering clouds
Do of the showers, which when they've bred to ripeness,
They straight disperse through the vast earth forgotten.
Abil. I'm sorry, sir, that my unhappy chance
Should draw your anger on me; my long silence
Declares I have on that excelling sweetness,
That unexampled pattern of chaste goodness,
Caropia, acted violence. I confess

I lov'd the lady, and when no persuasions
Serv'd to prevail on her too stubborn, incens'd,
By force I sought my purpose and obtain'd it;
Nor do I yet (so much I prize the sweetness
Of that unvalued purchase) find repentance
In any abject thought; whate'er falls on me
From your stern rigour in a cause so precious,
Will be a pleasing punishment.
Alm. You are grown
A glorious malefactor, that dare brave thus
The awful rod of justice! Lost young man,
For thou'rt no child of mine, dost not consider
To what a state of desperate destruction
Thy wild lust has betray'd thee? What rich blessings
(That I may make thee sensible of thy sins
By showing thee thy suffering) hast thou lost
By thy irregular folly! First my love,
Which never more must meet thee, scarce in pity;
The glory flowing from thy former actions
Stopp'd up for ever; and those lustful eyes
(By whose deprival thou'rt depriv'd of being
Capable of this Empire) to the law,
Which will exact them, forfeited. Call in there
A surgeon and our Mutes to execute this act

Enter Surgeon, Mutes

Of justice on the unworthy traitor, upon whom
My just wak'd wrath shall have no more compassion
Than the incens'd flames have on perishing wretches
That wilfully leap into them.
Tar. O my Lord,
That which on others would be fitting justice,
On him your hopeful, though offending, son,
Will be exemplar cruelty; his youth, sir,
That hath abounded with so many virtues,
Is an excuse sufficient for one vice:
He is not yours only, he's your Empire's,
Destin'd by nature and succession's privilege,
When you in peace are shrouded in your marble,
To wield this sceptre after you. O do not,
By putting out his eyes deprive your subjects
Of light, and leave them to dull mournful darkness.
Alm. 'Tis but in vain, I am inexorable.

If those on which his eyes hang were my heart-strings,
I'd cut them out rather than wound my justice:
Nor does't befit thy virtue intercede
For him in this cause horrid and prodigious:
The crime 'gainst me was acted; 'twas a rape
Upon my honour more than on her whiteness;
His was from mine derivative, as each stream
Is from its spring; so that he has polluted
By his foul fact, my fame, my truth, my goodness;
Strucken through my dignity by his violence;
Nay, started in their peaceful urns the ashes
Of all my glorious ancestors; defil'd
The memory of their still descendent virtues;
Nay with a killing frost nipp'd the fair blossoms
That did presage such goodly fruit arising
From his own hopeful youth.
Mur. I ask but justice;
Those eyes that led him to unlawful objects,
'Tis fit should suffer for't a lasting blindness;
The Sun himself, when he darts rays lascivious,
Such as engender by too piercing fervence
Intemperate and infectious heats, straight wears
Obscurity from the clouds his own beams raises.
I have been your soldier, sir, and fought your battles;
For all my services I beg but justice,
Which is the subject's best prerogative,
The prince's greatest attribute; and for a fact,
Than which none can be held more black and hideous,
Which has betray'd to an eclipse the brightest
Star in th' heaven of virtues: the just law
Does for't ordain a punishment, which I hope
You, the law's righteous guider, will according
To equity see executed.
Tar. Why, that law
Was only made for common malefactors,
But has no force to extend unto the Prince,
To whom the law itself must become subject.
This hopeful Prince, look on him, great Almanzor;
And in his eyes (those volumes of all graces,
Which you like erring meteors would extinguish)
Read your own lively figure, the best story
Of your youth's noblest vigour; let not wrath, sir,
O'ercome your piety, nay, your human pity.

'Tis in your breast, my lord, yet to show mercy,
That precious attribute of heaven's true goodness,
Even to yourself, your son! Methinks that name
Should have a power to interdict your justice
In its too rigorous progress.
Abil. Dear Tarifa,
I'm more afflicted at th[y] intercessions
Than at the view of my approaching torments,
Which I will meet with fortitude and boldness;
'Twere base to shake now at one personal danger,
When I've encounter'd thousand perils fearless;
Nor do I blame my gracious father's justice,
Though it precede his nature. I'd not have him
(For my sake) forfeit that for which he's famous,
His uncorrupted equity; nor repine
I at my destiny; my eyes have had
Delights sufficient in Caropia's beauties,
To serve my thoughts for after contemplations;
Nor can I ever covet a new object,
Since they can ne'er hope to encounter any
Of equal worth and sweetness.
[*Aside to* Tarifa] Yet hark, Tarifa, to thy secrecy
I will impart my dearest, inmost counsels:
If I should perish, as 'tis probable
I may, under the hands of these tormentors,
Thou mayst unto succession show my innocence;
Caropia yielded without least constraint,
And I enjoy'd her freely.
Tar. How, my lord!
Abil. No words on't,
As you respect my honour! I'd not lose
The glory I shall gain by these my sufferings;
Come, grim furies,
And execute your office; I will stand you,
Unmov'd as hills at whirlwinds, and amidst
The torments you inflict retain my courage.
Alm. Be speedy, villains!
[*The* Mutes *seize* Abilqualit]
Tar. O stay your cruel hands,
You dumb ministers of injur'd justice,
And let me speak his innocence ere you further
Afflict his precious eye-sight.
Alm. What does this mean, Tarifa?

Tar. O my lord,
The too much bravery of the Prince's spirit
'Tis has undone his fame, and pull'd upon him
This fatal punishment; 'twas but to save
The lady's honour that he has assum'd
Her rape upon him, when with her consent
The deed of shame was acted.
Mur. 'Tis his fears
Makes him traduce her innocence; he who did not
Stick to commit a riot on her person,
Can make no conscience to destroy her fame
By his untrue suggestions.
Alm. 'Tis a baseness
Beyond thy other villany (had she yielded)
Thus to betray, for transitory torture,
Her honour, which thou wert engag'd to safeguard
Even with thy life. A son of mine could never
Show this ignoble cowardice: proceed
To execution, I'll not hear him speak;
He is made up of treacheries and falsehoods.
Tar. Will you then
Be to the Prince so tyrannous? Why, to me
Just now he did confess his only motive
To undergo this torment was to save
Caropia's honour blameless.
Abil. I am more
Troubled, sir, with his untimely frenzy
Than with my punishment; his too much love
To me has spoil'd his temperate reason. I
Confess Caropia yielded! Not the light
Is half so innocent as her spotless virtue.
[*Aside to* Tarifa] 'Twas not well done, Tarifa, to betray
The secret of your friend thus; though she yielded,
The terror of ten thousand deaths shall never
Force me to confess it.
Tar. Again, my lord, even now
He does confess she yielded, and protests
That death shall never make him say she's guilty:
The breath scarce pass'd his lips yet.
Abil. Hapless man,
To run into this lunacy! [*Aside to* Tarifa] Fie, Tarifa,
So treacherous to your friend!
Tar. Again, again!

Will no man give me credit ?

Enter Abrahen

Abr. Where is our royal father ? Where our brother ?
As you respect your life and Empire's safety,
Dismiss these tyrannous instruments of death
And cruelty unexemplified. O brother,
That I should ever live to enjoy my eyesight,
And see one half of your dear lights endanger'd.
My lord, you've done an act which my just fears
Tells me will shake your sceptre ! O for heaven's sake,
Look to your future safety ; the rough soldier
Hearing their much-lov'd General, my good brother,
Was by the law betray'd to some sad danger,
Have in their piety beset the palace.
Think on some means to appease them, ere their fury
Grow to its full unbridled height ; they threaten
Your life, great sir : pray send my brother to them ;
His sight can only pacify them.
Alm. [*To* Abilqualit] Have you your champions ?
We will prevent their insolence ; you shall not
Boast you have got the Empire by our ruin :
Mutes, strangle him immediately !
Abr. Avert
Such a prodigious mischief, heaven ! Hark, hark !
[*Cries without*] Enter, Enter.
[*Abr.*] They're enter'd into th' Court ; [*to the* Mutes] desist, you monsters !
My life shall stand betwixt his and this violence,
Or I with him will perish. [*Calling to those without*]. Faithful soldiers,
Haste to defend your Prince, curse on your slowness !
[Abilqualit *falls.*]
[*Aside*] He's dead ; my father's turn is next.—O horror,
Would I might sink into forgetfulness !
What has your fury urg'd you to ?
Alm. To that
Which whoso murmurs at, is a faithless traitor
To our tranquillity. [*Enter* Simanthes]. Now, sir, your business ?
Sim. My lord, the city
Is up in arms in rescue of the Prince ;
The whole Court throngs with soldiers.

Alm. 'Twas high time
To cut this viper off, that would have eat his passage
Through our very bowels to our Empire.
Nay, we will stand their furies, and with terror
Of majesty strike dead these insurrections.

Enter [Osman *and*] Soldiers

Traitors, what means this violence?
Abr. O, dear soldiers,
Your honest love's in vain; my brother's dead,
Strangled by great Almanzor's dire command
Ere your arrival. [*Aside*] I do hope they'll kill him
In their hot zeal.
Alm. Why do you stare so, traitors?
'Twas I, your Emp'ror, that have done this act,
Which who repines at, treads the self-same steps
Of death that he has done. Withdraw and leave us,
We'd be alone. No motion? Are you statues?
Stay you, Tarifa, here. For your part, Mura,
You cannot now complain but you have justice;
So quit our presence.
Os. Faces about, gentlemen!
Exeunt [Osman *and* Soldiers]
Abr. [*aside to* Simanthes] It has happen'd
Above our wishes, we shall have no need now
To employ your handkercher. Yet give it me.
You're sure 'tis right, Simanthes?
[*Drops the handkerchief on* Abilqualit's *body and exit with* Mutes, Simanthes, *and* Mura]
Alm. Tarifa,
I know the love thou bear'st Prince Abilqualit
Makes thy big heart swell as 't had drunk the foam
Of angry dragons. Speak thy free intentions;
Deserv'd he not this fate?
Tar. No; you're a tyrant,
One that delights to feed on your own bowels,
And were not worthy of a son so virtuous. [*Kneeling*]
Now you have ta'en his, add to your injustice
And take Tarifa's life, who in his death,
Should it come flying on the wings of torments,
Would speak it out as an apparent truth
The Prince to me declar'd his innocence,
And that Caropia yielded.

Alm. Rise, Tarifa;
We do command thee rise. A sudden chillness,
Such as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
Thrills our ag'd heart. I'll not have thee engross
Sorrow alone for Abilqualit's death;
I lov'd the boy well, and though his ambition
And popularity did make him dangerous,
I do repent my fury, and will vie
With thee in sorrow. How he makes death lovely!
Shall we fix here, and weep till we be statues?
Tar. Till we grow stiff as the cold alabasters
Must be erected over us. Your rashness
Has robb'd the Empire of the greatest hope
It ere shall boast again. Would I were ashes!
Alm. He breathes, methinks; the over-hasty soul
Was too discourteous to forsake so fair
A lodging, without taking solemn leave
First of the owner. Ha, his handkercher!
Thou'rt lib'ral to thy father even in death,
Leav'st him a legacy to dry his tears,
Which are too slow; they should create a deluge.
O my dear Abilqualit! [*Falling on the body*]
Tar. You exceed now
As much in grief as you did then in rage:
One drop of this pious paternal softness
Had ransom'd him from ruin. Dear sir, rise;
My grief's divided, and I know not whether
I should lament you living, or him dead.
Good sir, erect your looks. Not stir? His sorrow
Makes him insensible. Ha, there's no motion
Left in his vital spirits; the excess
Of grief has stifled up his pow'rs, and crack'd,
I fear, his ag'd heart's cordage. Help, the Emperor,
The Emperor's dead! Help, help!

[*Enter*] Abrahen, Simanthes, Mesithes, Mutes

Abr. What dismal outcry's this?
Our royal father dead!
[*Aside*] The handkercher has wrought, I see.
Tar. Yes, his big heart
Vanquish'd with sorrow, that in's violent rage
He doom'd his much-lov'd son to timeless death,
Could not endure longer on its weak strings,

But crack'd with weight of sorrow. Their two spirits
By this are met in their delightful passage
To the blest shades; we in our tears are bound
To call you our dread Sovereign.
Omnes. Long live Abrahen,
Great Caliph of Arabia!
Abr. 'Tis a title
We cannot covet, lords; it comes attended
With so great cares and troubles that our youth
Starts at the thought of them, even in our sorrows
Which are so mighty on us; our weak spirits
Are ready to relinquish the possession
They've of mortality, and take swift flight
After our royal friends. Simanthes, be it
Your charge to see all fitting preparation
Provided for the funerals.

Enter Selinthus

Sel. Where's great Almanzor?
Abr. O, Selinthus, this
Day is the hour of funeral's grief; for his
Cruelty to my brother has translated him
To immortality.
Sel. He'll have attendants
To wait on him to our great Prophet's paradise,
Ere he be ready for his grave. The soldiers,
All mad with rage for the Prince's slaughter,
Have vow'd by all oaths soldiers can invent
(And that's no small store) with death and destruction
To pursue sullen Mura.
Abr. Tarifa,
Use your authority to keep their violence
In due obedience. We're so fraught with grief,
We have no room for any other passion
In our distracted bosom. Take these royal bodies
And place them on that couch; here where they fell,
They shall be embalm'd. Yet put them out of our sight,
Their views draw fresh drops from our heart. Anon
We'll show ourselves to cheer the afflicted subject.

A shout

Omnes. Long live Abrahen, great Caliph of Arabia!

Exeunt [*all but* Abrahen]

Abr. And who can say now Abrahen is a villain?

I am saluted King with acclamations
That deaf the heavens to hear, with as much joy
As if I had achiev'd this sceptre by
Means fair and virtuous. 'Twas this handkercher
That did to death Almanzor, so infected
Its least, insensible, vapour has full power,
Applied to th' eye or any other organ
Can drink its poison in, to vanquish nature,
Though ne'er so strong and youthful. 'Twas Simanthes
Devis'd it for my brother, and my cunning
Transferr'd it to Almanzor; 'tis no matter,
My worst impiety is held now religious.
'Twixt kings and their inferiors there's this odds,
These are mere men; we men, yet earthly gods. *Exit*
Abil. [*rising*]. 'Twas well the Mutes prov'd faithful, otherwise
I'd lost my breath with as much speed and silence
As those who do expire in dreams, their health
Seeming no whit abated. But 'twas wisely
Consider'd of me, to prepare those sure
Instruments of destruction: the suspicion
I had by Abrahen of my father's fears
Of my unthought ambition, did instruct me
By making them mine to secure my safety.
Would the inhuman surgeon had ta'en these
Blessed lights from me; that I had liv'd for ever
Doom'd to perpetual darkness, rather than
Tarifa's fears had so appeach'd her honour.
Well, villain brother, I have found that, by
My seeming death, which by my life's best arts
I ne'er should have had knowledge of. Dear father,
Though thou to me wert pitiless, my heart
Weeps tears of blood, to see thy age thus like
A lofty pine fall, eaten through by th' gin,
From its own stock descending. He has agents
In his ungracious wickedness; Simanthes
He has discover'd. Were they multitudes
As numerous as collected sands, and mighty
In force as mischief, they should from my justice
Meet their due punishment. Abrahen by this
Is proclaim'd Caliph, yet my undoubted right
When't shall appear I'm living, will reduce
The people to my part; the army's mine,

Whither I must withdraw unseen; the night
Will best secure me. What a strange chimera
Of thought possesses my dull brain! Caropia,
Thou hast a share in them; Fate, to thy mercy
I do commit myself; who scapes the snare
Once, has a certain caution to beware. *Exit*

SCENA II

[*A Room in the House of* Mura]

Enter Caropia *and* Perilinda

Car. Your lord is not return'd yet?
Per. No, good madam.
Pray do not thus torment yourself, the Prince
(I warrant you) will have no injury
By saving of your honour; do you think
His father will be so extreme outrageous
For such a trifle as to force a woman
With her good liking?
Car. My ill-boding soul
Beats with presages ominous. Would heaven
I'd stood the hazard of my incens'd lord's fury
Rather than he had run this imminent danger.
Could you ne'er learn, which of the slaves it was
Betray'd our close loves to loath'd Mura's notice?
Per. No, indeed could I not; but here's my lord;
Pray, madam, do not grieve so!

Enter Mura [*exit* Perilinda]

Mur. My Caropia,
Dress up thy looks in their accustom'd beauties;
Call back the constant spring into thy cheeks,
That droop like lovely violets o'ercharg'd
With too much morning's dew; shoot from thy eyes
A thousand flames of joy. The lustful Prince,
That like a foul thief robb'd thee of thy honour
By his ungracious violence, has met
His royal father's justice.
Car. Now my fears
Carry too sure an augury! You would fain.
Soothe me, my lord, out of my flood of sorrows;

What reparation can that make my honour,
Though he have tasted punishment ?
Mur. His life
Is fall'n the [off'ring] of thy chastity,
Which his hot lust polluted : nay, Caropia,
To save himself when he but felt the torment
Applied to his lascivious eyes, although
At first he did with impudence acknowledge
Thy rape, he did invade thy spotless virtue ;
Protested only 'twas to save thy honour
He took on him thy rape, when with consent
And not constrain'd, thou yielded'st to the looseness
Of his wild, vicious flames.
Car. Could he be so
Unjust, my lord ?
Mur. He was, and he has paid for't :
The malicious soldier, while he was a-losing
His eyes, made violent head to bring him rescue,
Which pull'd his ruín on him. But no more
Of such a prodigy ; may his black memory
Perish even with his ashes ! My Caropia,
The flourishing trees, widow'd by winter's violence
Of their fair ornaments, when 'tis expir'd once,
Put forth again with new and virgin freshness,
Their bushy beauties ; it should be thy emblem.
Display again those chaste, immaculate glories,
Which the harsh winter of his lust had wither'd ;
And I'll again be wedded to thy virtues,
With as much joy, as when thou first enrich'd me
With their pure maiden beauties. Thou art dull,
And dost not gratulate with happy welcomes
The triumphs of thy vengeance.
Car. Are you sure, my lord,
The Prince is dead ?
Mur. Pish, I beheld him breathless !
Take comfort, best Caropia, thy disgrace
Did with his loath'd breath vanish.
Car. I could wish though,
That he had fall'n by your particular vengeance,
Rather than by th' law's rigour : you're a soldier
Of glory, great in war for brave performance ;
Methinks 't had been far nobler had you call'd him
To personal satisfaction : had I been

Your husband, you my wife, and ravish'd by him,
My resolution would have arm'd my courage
To 've stroke him thus. The dead Prince sends you that!
Stabs him

Mur. O, I am slain!
Car. Would it were possible
To kill even thy eternity! Sweet Prince,
How shall I satisfy thy unhappy ruins!
Ha, not yet breathless? To increase thy anguish
Even to despair, know Abilqualit was
More dear to me than thy foul self was odious,
And did enjoy me freely.
Mur. That I had
But breath enough to blast thee.
Car. 'Twas his brother
(Curse on his art!) seduc'd me to accuse
Him of my rape. Do you groan, prodigy?
Take this as my last bounty. *Stabs again*

Enter Perilinda

Per. O madam, madam,
What shall we do? the house is round beset
With soldiers; madam, they do swear they'll tear
My lord, for the sweet Prince's death, in pieces.
Car. This hand has sav'd
Their fury that just labour: yet I'll make
Use of their malice. Help to convey him
Into's chamber. [*They put* Mura's *body behind the arras*]

Enter Osman, Gaselles, Soldiers

Gas. Where is this villain, this traitor Mura?
Car. Heaven knows what violence
Their fury may assault me with; be't death,
'T shall be as welcome as sound healthful sleeps
To men oppress'd with sickness. What's the matter?
What means this outrage?
Os. Marry, lady gay,
We're come to cut your little throat; pox on you,
And all your sex; you've caus'd the noble Prince's
Death; wildfire take you for't! We'll talk with you
At better leisure: you must needs be ravished
And could not, like an honest woman, take
The courtesy in friendly sort!

Gas. We trifle:
Her husband may escape us. Say, where is he?
Or you shall die, ere you can pray.
Soldiers. [*discovering* Mura's *body*] Here, here!
I have found the villain! What, do you sleep so soundly?
Ne'er wake more. This for the Prince, you rogue!
Let's tear him piecemeal! Do you take your death
In silence, dog!
Car. You appear endow'd with some humanity;
You have ta'en his life; let not your hate last after death:
Let me embalm his body with my tears,
Or kill me with him.
Os. Now you've said the word,
We care not if we do. [*Seizing* Caropia]

Enter Tarifa

Tar. Slaves, unhand
The lady; who dares offer her least violence,
From this hand meets his punishment. Gaselles,
Osman, I thought you had been better temper'd
Than thus to raise up mutinies. In the name
Of Abrahen, our now Caliph, I command you
Desist from these rebellious practices,
And quietly retire into the camp,
And there expect his pleasure.
Gas. Abrahen Caliph!
There is some hopes, then, we shall gain our pardons.
Long live great Abrahen! Soldiers, slink away;
Our vow is consummate.
Car. [*Throws herself on the body*] O my dear Lord!
Tar. Be gone!
Os. Yes, as quietly
As if we were in flight before the foe;
The general pardon at the coronation
Will bring us off, I'm sure.
Tar. Alas, good madam!
I'm sorry that these miseries have fall'n
With so much rigour on you; pray take comfort:
Your husband prosecuted with too much violence
Prince Abilqualit's ruin.
Car. It appear'd so!
What worlds of woe have hapless I given life to,
And yet survive them!

Tar. Do not with such fury
Torment your innocent self. I'm sure the Emperor
Abrahen will number 't 'mongst his greatest sorrows
That he has lost your husband. I must give him
Notice of these proceedings. Best peace keep you,
And settle your distractions. [*Exit* Tarifa]
Car. Not until
I'm settled in my peaceful urn. This is yet
Some comfort to me, 'midst the floods of woes,
That do overwhelm me for the Prince's death,
That I reveng'd it safely; though I prize
My life at no more value than a foolish
Ignorant Indian does a diamond,
Which for a bead of jet or glass he changes:
Nor would I keep it, were it not with fuller,
More noble bravery, to take revenge
For my Lord Abilqualit's timeless slaughter.
I must use craft and mystery. Dissembling
Is held the natural quality of our sex,
Nor will't be hard to practise. This same Abrahen,
That by his brother's ruin wields the sceptre,
Whether out of his innocence or malice,
'Twas that persuaded me to accuse him of
My rape. The die is cast, I am resolv'd:
To thee, my Abilqualit, I will come;
A death for love's no death, but martyrdom. *Exit*

ACTUS QUINTUS SCENA I

[*The Camp, outside the city*]

Enter Abilqualit, Selinthus, Gaselles, Osman, Soldiers, *and* Mutes

Abil. No more, good faithful soldiers: thank the powers
Divine, has brought me back to you in safety.
The traitorous practices against our life,
And our dear father's, poison'd by our brother,
We have discover'd, and shall take just vengeance
On the unnatural parricide. Retire
Into your tents, and peacefully expect
The event of things; you, Osman and Gaselles,
Shall into th' city with me.
Os. We will march

Through the world with thee, dear Sovereign,
Great Abilqualit.
Abil. Selinthus,
Give you our dear Tarifa speedy notice
We are again among the living; pray him
To let our loyal subjects in the city
Have sure intelligence of our escape;
And, dearest friends and fellows, let not your
Too loud expressions of your joy for our
Unlook'd-for welfare subject to discovery
Our unexpected safety.
Sel. Never fear:
They're trusty Myrmidons, and will stick close
To you, their dear Achilles; but, my lord,
The wisest may imagine it were safer
For you to rest here 'mong your armed legions
Than to intrust your person in the city,
Where, as it seems by the past story, you'll
Not know friends from enemies.
Abil. Selinthus,
Thy honest care declares the zealous duty
Thou ow'st thy Sovereign: but what danger can
Assault us there, where there is none suspects
We are alive? We'll go survey the state
Of things; i' th' morning we will seize the palace,
And then proclaim our right. Come, valiant captains,
You shall be our companions.
Gas. And we'll guard you
Safe, as you were encompass'd with an army.
Sel. You guard your own fools' heads! Is't fit his safety,
On which our lives and fortunes have dependence,
Should be expos'd unto your single valour? [*To* Abilqualit]
Pray once let your friends rule you, that you may
Rule them hereafter. Your good brother Abrahen
Has a strong faction, it should seem, i' th' Court:
And though these bloodhounds follow'd the scent hotly
Till they had worried Mura, he has other
Allies of no mean consequence, your eunuch,
Mesithes, his chief favourite, and Simanthes.
Abil. It was that villain that betray'd my love
To him and slaughter'd Mura.
Sel. Very likely.
An arranter, falser parasite never was

Cut like a colt. Pray, sir, be wise this once
At my entreaties; and for ever after
Use your discretion as you please: these night-works
I do not like; yet ere the morning I
Will bring Tarifa to you.
Abil. You shall o'errule us. Poor Caropia, these
Thoughts are thy vot'ries; Love, thy active fire,
Flames out when present, absent in desire. *Exeunt*

SCENA II

[*A Room in the Court*]

Enter Abrahen *and* Simanthes

Abr. What state and dignity's like that of sceptres?
With what an awful majesty resembles it
The powers above? The inhabitants of that
Superior world are not more subject
To them than these to us; they can but tremble
When they do speak in thunder; at our frowns
These shake like lambs at lightning. Can it be
Impiety by any means to purchase
This earthly deity, Sovereignty? I did sleep
This night with as secure and calm a peace
As in my former innocence. Conscience,
Thou'rt but a terror, first devis'd by th' fears
Of cowardice, a sad and fond remembrance,
Which men should shun, as elephants clear springs,
Lest they behold their own deformities,
And start at their grim shadows.
Enter Mesithes
Ha, Mesithes!
Mes. My royal lord!
Abr. Call me thy friend, Mesithes;
Thou equally dost share our heart, best eunuch.
There is not in the stock of earthly blessings
Another I could wish to make my state
Completely fortunate, but one; and to
Achieve possession of that bliss, thy diligence
Must be the fortunate instrument.
Mes. Be it dangerous
As the affrights seamen do feign in tempests,
I'll undertake it for my gracious Sovereign,
And perish, but effect it.

Abr. No, there is
Not the least show of peril in't; 'tis the want
Of fair Caropia's long-coveted beauties,
That doth afflict thy Abrahen. Love, Mesithes,
Is a most stubborn malady, not cur'd
With that felicity that are other passions,
And creeps upon us by those ambushes
That we perceive ourselves sooner in love
Than we can think upon the way of loving.
The old flames break more brightly from th' ashes
Where they have long lain hid, like the young phœnix
That from her spicy pile revives more glorious.
Nor can I now extinguish't; it has pass'd
The limits of my reason, and intend[s]
My will, where like a fix'd star 't settles,
Never to be removed thence.
Mes. Cease your fears;
I that could win her for your brother, who
Could not boast half your masculine perfections,
For you will vanquish her.

Enter Simanthes

Sim. My lord, the widow
Of slaughter'd Mura, fair Caropia, does
Humbly entreat access to your dread presence;
Shall we permit her entrance?
Abr. With all freedom
And best regard! Mesithes, this arrives
Beyond our wish. I'll try my eloquence
In my own cause; and if I fail, thou then
Shalt be my advocate.
Mes. Your humblest vassal!
Abr. Withdraw and leave us,
And give strict order none approach our presence
Till we do call. It is not fit her sorrows
Should be survey'd by common eye.
Enter Caropia.
Caropia, welcome;
And would we could as easily give thee comfort
As we allow thee more than mod'rate pity.
In tears those eyes cast forth a greater lustre
Than sparkling rocks of diamonds enclos'd
In swelling seas of pearl.

Car. Your Majesty
Is pleased to wanton with my miseries,
Which truly you, if you have nature in you,
Ought to bear equal part in: your dear brother's
Untimely loss, occasion'd by my falsehood
And your improvident counsel, 'tis that calls
These hearty sorrows up; I am his murd'ress.
Abr. 'Twas his own destiny, not our bad intentions
Took him away from earth; he was too heavenly,
Fit only for th' society of angels,
'Mongst whom he sings glad hymns to thy perfections,
Celebrating with such eloquence thy beauties
That those immortal essences forget
To love each other by intelligence,
And dote on the idea of thy sweetness.
Car. [*aside*] These gentle blandishments, and his innocent carriage
Had I as much of malice as a tigress
Robb'd of her young, would melt me into meekness;
But I'll not be a woman.
Abr. Sing out, angel,
And charm the world, were it at mortal difference,
To peace with thine enchantments. What soft murmurs
Are those that steal through those pure rosy organs,
Like aromatic west-winds, when they fly
Through fruitful mists of fragrant morning's dew,
To get the Spring with child of flowers and spices?
Disperse these clouds that like the veil of night
With unbecoming darkness shade thy beauties;
And strike a new day from those orient eyes,
To gild the world with brightness.
Car. Sir, these flatteries
Neither befit the ears of my true sorrows,
Nor yet the utt'rance of that real sadness
Should dwell in you. Are these the fun'ral rites
You pay the memory of your royal father,
And much lamented brother?
Abr. They were mortal;
And to lament them, were to show I envied
Th' immortal joys of that true happiness
Their glorious souls (disfranchis'd from their flesh)
Possess to perpetuity and fulness.
Besides, Caropia, I have other griefs

More near my heart, that circle't with a sickness
Will shortly number me among their fellowship,
If speedier remedy be not applied
To my most desp'rate malady.
Car. [*aside*] I shall
(If my hand fail not my determin'd courage)
Send you to their society far sooner
Than you expect or covet.—Why, great sir,
What grief, unless your sorrow for their loss,
Is't can afflict you, that command all blessings
Men witty in ambition of excess
Can wish to please their fancies?
Abr. The want only
Of that which I've so long desir'd, thy love;
Thy love, Caropia, without which my Empire,
And all the pleasures flowing from its greatness,
Will be but burdens, soul-tormenting troubles.
There's not a beam shot from those grief-drown'd comets
But (like the sun's, when they break forth of showers)
Dart flames more hot and piercing. Had I never
Doted before on thy divine perfections,
Viewing thy beauty thus adorn'd by sadness,
My heart, though marble, actuated to softness,
Would burn like sacred incense, itself being
The altar, priest, and sacrifice.
Car. This is
As unexpected as unwelcome, sir.
Howe'er you're pleased to mock me and my griefs
With these impertinent, unmeant discourses,
I cannot have so prodigal a faith,
To give them the least credit; and it is
Unkindly done, thus to deride my sorrows.
The virgin turtles hate to join their pureness
With widow'd mates: my lord, you are a prince,
And such as much detest to utter falsehoods,
As saints do perjuries; why should you strive then
To lay a bait to captivate my affections
When your greatness conjoin'd with your youth's masculine beauties,
Are to a woman's frailty strong temptations?
You know the story too of my misfortunes,
That your dead brother did with vicious looseness
Corrupt the chaste streams of my spotless virtues,

And left me soiled like a long-pluck'd rose,
Whose leaves dissever'd have foregone their sweetness.
Abr. Thou hast not, my Caropia; thou to me
Art for thy scent still fragrant, and as precious
As the prime virgins of the spring, the violets,
When they do first display their early beauties,
Till all the winds in love do grow contentious
Which from their lips should ravish the first kisses.
Caropia, think'st thou I should fear the nuptials
Of this great Empire, 'cause it was my brother's?
As I succeeded him in all his glories,
'Tis fit I do succeed him in his love.
'Tis true, I know thy fame fell by his practice,
Which had he liv'd, he'd have restored by marriage,
By it repair'd thy injur'd honour's ruins.
I'm bound to do it in religious conscience;
It is a debt his incens'd ghost would quarrel
Me living for, should I not pay't with fulness.
Car. Of what frail temper is a woman's weakness!
Words writ in waters have more lasting essence
Than our determinations.
Abr. Come, I know,
Thou must be gentle; I perceive a combat
In thy soft heart by th' intervening blushes
That strive to adorn thy cheek with purple beauties,
And drive the lovely livery of thy sorrows,
The ivory paleness, out of them. Think, Caropia,
With what a settled, unrevolting truth
I have affected thee, with what heat, what pureness;
And when, upon mature considerations,
I found I was unworthy to enjoy
A treasure of such excellent grace and goodness,
I did desist, smothering my love in anguish,
Anguish, to which the soul of human torments
Compar'd, were pains, not easy, but delicious;
Yet still the secret flames of my affections,
Like hidden virtues in some bashful man,
Grew great and ferventer by those suppressions.
Thou wert created only for an Empress;
Despise not then thy destiny, now greatness,
Love, empire, and whate'er may be held glorious,
Court thy acceptance, like obedient vassals.
Car. [*aside*] I have consider'd, and my serious thoughts

Tell me, 'tis folly to refuse these proffers,
To put off my mortality, the pleasures
Of life, which like full streams, do flow from greatness,
To wander i' th' unpeopled air, to keep
Society with ghastly apparitions,
Where's neither voice of friends, nor visiting suitors'
Breaths to delight our ears ; and all this for
The fame of a fell murderess. I have blood
Enough already on my soul, more than
My tears can e'er wash off.—My royal lord,
If you can be so merciful and gracious,
To take a woman laden with afflictions,
Big with true sorrow, and religious penitence
For her amiss, her life and after actions
Shall study to deserve your love. But surely
This is not serious.

Abr. Not the vows which vot'ries
Make to the powers above, can be more fraught
With binding sanctity. This holy kiss
Confirms our mutual vows ; never till now
Was I true Caliph of Arabia.

[*Cries within*] Enter, Enter, Enter

Ha, what tumult's that ?

[*Enter* Abilqualit, Tarifa, Selinthus, *and* Soldiers]

Be you all furies, and thou the great'st of devils,
Abrahen will stand you all, unmov'd as mountains.
This good sword,
If you be air, shall disenchant you from
Your borrow'd figures.

Abil. No, ill-natur'd monster,
We're all corporeal, and survive to take
Revenge on thy inhuman acts, at name
Of which the bashful elements do shake
As if they teem'd with prodigies. Dost not tremble
At thy inhuman villanies ? Dear Caropia,
Quit the infectious viper, lest his touch
Poison thee past recovery.

Abr. No, she shall not ; [*Seizing* Caropia]
Nor you, until this body be one wound,
Lay a rude hand upon me ! Abilqualit,

Howe'er thou scap[ed]st my practices with life
I am not now to question; we were both
Sons to one father, whom, for love of empire,
When I believ'd thee strangled by those Mutes,
I sent to his eternal rest: nor do I
Repent the fact yet; I have been titled Caliph
A day, which is to my ambitious thoughts
Honour enough to eternize my big name
To all posterity. I know thou art
Of valiant, noble soul; let not thy brother
Fall by ignoble hands, oppress'd by number;
Draw thy bright weapon; as thou art in empire,
Thou art my rival in this lady's love,
Whom I esteem above all joys of life:
For her and for this monarchy let's try
Our strengths and [fortunes]: the impartial Fates
To him who has the better cause, in justice
Must needs design the victory.
Abil. In this offer,
Though it proceed from desperateness, not valour,
Thou show'st a masculine courage, and we will not
Render our cause so abject as to doubt
But our just arm has strength to punish thy
Most unheard-of treacheries.
Tar. But you shall not
Be so unjust to us and to your right
To try your cause's most undoubted justice
Gainst the despairing ruffian; soldiers, pull
The lady from him, and disarm him!
Abil. Stay!
Though he doth merit multitudes of death,
We would not murder his eternity
By sudden execution; yield yourself,
And we'll allow you liberty of life,
Till by repentance you have purg'd your sin,
And so, if possible, redeem your soul
From future punishment.
Abr. Pish, tell fools of souls,
And those effeminate cowards that do dream
Of those fantastic other worlds! There is
Not such a thing in nature; all the soul
Of men is resolution, which expires
Never from valiant men till their last breath,

And then with it, like to a flame extinguish'd
For want of matter, 't does not die, but rather
Ceases to live. Enjoy in peace your Empire,
And as a legacy of Abrahen's love,
Take this fair lady to your bride! *Stabs her*
Abil. Inhuman butcher!
Has slain the lady. Look up, best Caropia.
Run for our surgeons! I'll give half my Empire
To save her precious life.
Abr. She has enough,
Or mine aim fail'd me, to procure her passage
To the eternal dwellings: nor is this
Cruelty in me; I alone was worthy
To have enjoy'd her beauties. Make good haste,
Caropia, or my soul, if I have any,
Will hover for thee in the clouds. [*Showing the handkerchief*]
This was
The fatal engine which betray'd our father
To his untimely death, made by Simanthes
For your use, Abilqualit; and who has this
About him, and would be a slave to your base mercy,
Deserved death more than by daily tortures;
And thus I kiss'd my last breath. Blast you all! *Dies*
Tar. Damn'd desperate villain!
Abil. O my dear Caropia,
My Empire now will be unpleasant to me
Since I must lose thy company. This surgeon;
Where's this surgeon?
Sel. Drunk, perhaps!
Car. 'Tis but needless,
No human help can save me: yet methinks
I feel a kind of pleasing ease in your
Embraces. I should utter something,
And I have strength enough, I hope, left yet
To effect my purpose. In revenge for your
Suppos'd death, my lov'd lord, I slew my husband—
Abil. I'm sorry thou hast that sin to charge thy soul with;
'Twas rumour'd by the soldiers.
Sel. Cousins mine,
Your necks are safe again now.
Car. And came hither
With an intent to have for your sake slain your brother
Abrahen;

Had not his courtesy and winning carriage
Alter'd my resolution, with this poniard
I'd struck him here about the heart. *Stabs* Abilqualit
Abil. O I am slain, Caropia,
And by thy hand. Heavens, you are just; this is
Revenge for thy dear honour, which I murder'd,
Though thou wert consenting to it.
Car. True, I was so,
And not repent it yet; my sole ambition
Was to have liv'd an Empress; which since Fate
Would not allow, I was resolv'd no woman
After myself should e'er enjoy that glory
[With] you, dear Abilqualit; which since my
Weak strength has serv'd me to perform, I die
Willingly as an infant. Oh now I faint!
Life's death to those that keep it by constraint. *Dies*
Tar. My dear lord,
Is there no hopes of life? Must we be wretched?
Abil. Happier, my Tarifa, by my death:
But yesterday I play'd the part in jest
Which I now act in earnest. My Tarifa,
The Empire's thine, I'm sure thou'lt rule't with justice,
And make the subject happy. Thou hast a son
Of hopeful growing virtues to succeed thee;
Commend me to him, and from me entreat him
To shun the temptings of lascivious glances.
Sel. 'Las, good Prince!
He'll die indeed, I fear, he is so full
Of serious thoughts and counsels.
Abil. For this slaughter'd body,
Let it have decent burial with slain Mura's;
But let not Abrahen's corpse have so much honour
To come i' th' royal monument; lay mine
By my dear father's: for that treacherous eunuch,
And Lord Simanthes, use them as thy justice
Tells thee they have merited; for Lord Selinthus,
Advance him, my Tarifa, he's of faithful
And well-deserving virtues.
Sel. So I am,
I thought 'twould come to me anon. Poor Prince,
I e'en could die with him.
Abil. And for those soldiers, and those our most faithful
Mutes, that my life once sav'd, let them be well

Rewarded ; Death and I are almost now
At unity. Farewell ! *Dies*
Tar. Sure I shall not
Survive these sorrows long. Mutes, take those traitors
To prison ; we will shortly pass their sentence,
Which shall be death inevitable. Take up
That fatal instrument of poisonous mischief,
And see it burn'd, Gaselles. Gentlemen,
Fate has made us your king against our wishes.
Sel. Long live Tarifa, Caliph of Arabia !
Tar. We have no time now for your acclamations ;
These are black Sorrow's festivals. Bear off
In state that royal body ; for the other,
Since 'twas his will, let them have burial,
But in obscurity. By this it may,
As by an ev'dent rule, be understood,
They're only truly great wh' are truly good.
Recorders. Flourish. Exeunt omnes

FINIS

EPILOGUE

I'm much displeas'd the poet has made me
The Epilogue to his sad tragedy.
Would I had died honestly amongst the rest,
Rather than live to th' last, now to be press'd
To death by your hard censures. Pray you say
What is it you dislike so in this play,
That none applauds? Believe it, I should faint,
Did not some smile, and keep me by constraint
From the sad qualm. What pow'r is in your breath,
That you can save alive, and doom to death,
Even whom you please? Thus are your judgments free;
Most of the rest are slain, you may save me.
But if death be the word, I pray bestow it
Where it best fits: hang up the poet.

NOTES

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

INTRODUCTION

Bussy D'Ambois, Chapman's most famous play, is the first in date of his surviving tragedies. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers, June 3, 1607, and was published in the same year with the following title-page: *Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie:* As it hath been often presented at Paules, London. Printed for William Aspley, 1607. A reissue in 1608 differs, so far as I have noted, only in the date upon the title-page. The second quarto, published in 1641, with the following title-page: *Bussy D'Ambois: A Tragedie:* As it hath been often Acted with great Applause. *Being much corrected and emended by the Author before his death.* London. Printed by A. N. for Robert Lunne, 1641, presents, however, a thorough revision of the play.

The date of composition of *Bussy* has been a matter of considerable dispute. For a detailed statement of my view on this matter and an exhibition of the evidence on which it is based I must refer the reader to an article in *The Modern Language Review* for January, 1908. Here I may be permitted merely to restate my conclusions. *Bussy* was, I take it, composed for the Children of the Chapel shortly after the death of Elizabeth, and in 1603 or 1604 was carried over in MS.—perhaps before it had been acted—to the rival company of boy actors, the Children of Paul's, by whom it was, as the title-page of the first edition tells us, 'often presented'. It was revised, probably for a new production at Whitefriars by Nat. Field, about 1610, and this revised form was transferred by him in MS. to the King's Men, Shakespeare's old Company, by whom it was performed at Court so late as 1634, about a month before Chapman's death. As the Prologue to the second quarto shows, another company had also performed the play, but the King's Men were by no means disposed to relinquish their claim, and revived it with Ilyard Swanston in the title-rôle. It remained in their possession till just before the closing of the theatres in 1642, when they allowed it to be printed.

The career of *Bussy* upon the stage did not come to an end with the closing of the theatres. It was brought upon the boards again after the Restoration. Mrs. Pepys saw it on December 30, 1661; but her report does not seem to have inspired the diarist with curiosity enough to attend a performance, although on November 15 of the following year he bought a copy, read part of it, and pronounced it a good play. Severer critics like Dryden [1] condemned it as a 'hideous mingle of false poetry and true nonsense'; but the performance of the part of Bussy by 'that eternally renowned and best of actors', Charles Hart, 'so attracted the town in general that they were obliged to pass by and excuse the gross errors in writing, and allow it amongst the rank of the Topping Tragedies of that time'. [2]

[1] See the *Dedication* of *The Spanish Friar*, 1681.

[2] See D'Urfey, *Dedication* of *Bussy D'Ambois or The Husband's Revenge*

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Amb. Me ?
Sol. Not too loud ; I was troubled with Sir Marmaduke.
Mar. [*aside*] This is good news.
Bos. [*aside*] I do not like this whispering.
Sol. Forget not the time, and to come alone.
Amb. This is excellent.
Bos. Solomon, dost not know me ?
Sol. [*aside to Bostock*] My business is to you, sir ;
These kept me off ; my Lady Lucina
Has a great mind to speak with you ;
Little do these imagine how she honours [you]
Bos. If I fail, may the surgeon, when he opens
The next vein, let out all my honourable blood !
There's for thy pains—what thou shalt be hereafter
Time shall declare ; but this must be conceal'd.
Exit [Solomon]
Amb. You look pleasant.
Mar. No, no ; I have no cause ; you smile, Sir Ambrose.
Amb. Who, I ?—The Colonel !

Enter the Colonel [Winfield]

Mar. But of our file, another of her suitors.
Amb. Noble Colonel !
Win. My honour'd knights, and men of lusty kindred !
Bos. Good morrow !
Win. Morrow to all ! Gentlemen, I'll tell you
Who is returned.
Amb. From whence ?
Win. A friend of ours,
That went to travel.
Mar. Who, who ?
Win. I saw him within these three minutes, and know not how I lost him again ; he's not far off : d'ye keep a catalogue of your debts ?
Bos. What debts ?
Win. Such dulness in your memory ! There was,
About six months ago, a gentleman
That was persuaded to sell all his land,
And to put the money out most wisely,
To have [five] for one, at his return from Venice.
The shotten herring is hard by.
Amb. Jack Freshwater !
I'll not see him yet.
Bos. Must we pay him ?

himself at Court, particularly by his ungovernable temper and his quarrels with the King's minions, and even became involved in a dispute with the great Duke of Guise. Monsieur appointed him Governor of his province of Anjou in 1575, and it was here, apparently, that he first met the lady who was to be the cause of his tragic death.

Françoise de Maridort, widow of the Baron de Lucé, married as her second husband Charles de Chambes, Comte de Monsoreau, Chapman's Montsurry. Monsoreau held at this time the post of Grand Huntsman to Monsieur, to which he seems to have been appointed by Bussy's influence. Bussy pursued his passion for the Countess with all the ardour of a Frenchman of the Renaissance, but, if the account of Rosset[1] may be trusted, without success. He finally, however, prevailed upon the lady to promise him an assignation, whereupon he wrote in high glee to Monsieur that he had trapped 'la biche du grand veneur'. Monsieur, either carelessly or weary of Bussy's wayward insolence, showed the letter to the King, who heartily detested his brother's favourite. Henry retained the letter, showed it at the first opportunity to Monsoreau, and advised him to have a care to his honour. Monsoreau returned at once to his chateau, La Coutancière, held a pistol to his wife's head, and forced her to invite Bussy to the chateau on the night of August 15, 1579. When Bussy came, unarmed and with but one companion, he was set upon by Monsoreau and a band of bravoes. He made a desperate defence, but was finally overpowered and slain while attempting to leap from the window. According to Rosset's account which Dumas has followed in his famous novel, *La Dame de Monsoreau*, Bussy sprang from the window, but was impaled on an iron railing and despatched by the murderers. The news of his death was carried to Monsieur in London where he was courting Queen Elizabeth, but affected him so little that he was gravely suspected of having been privy to the murder. At Court, however, Bussy was mourned, according to the letter of Saracini, to the Grand Duke of Florence, even by his enemies, who attributed to him, besides his excellence in arms, a singular degree of culture, grace, and courtesy.

Chapman, the reader of the play will have noticed, has departed in one material incident from the historic account of Bussy's death. Curiously enough Dumas makes the same alteration of facts. Both the English poet and the French novelist make Monsieur, not the King, the direct informant of Monsoreau, and both attribute Monsieur's wrath against his old favourite to his discovery of the fact that Bussy had outstripped him in the race for the favours of Monsoreau's wife. It is most unlikely that this common departure from history should be a mere coincidence, and it is quite incredible that Dumas, or the collaborator who supplied him with the materials for *La Dame de Monsoreau*, should have been acquainted with Chapman's play. It seems probable, therefore, that there should have been some common source as yet unknown. If any account of Bussy should be hereafter discovered which attributes his death to Monsieur's jealousy and thwarted passion for Monsoreau's wife, we may at once accept it as the direct source of the romance of Dumas and as representing, at least, a tradition familiar to Chapman.

[1] *Les Histoires Tragiques de Nostre Temps: De la mort pitoyable du valeureux Lysis*, 1615.

In the matter of construction *Bussy D'Ambois* is Chapman's masterpiece in tragedy. Mr. Boas rightly calls attention to 'the ingenuity and skill with which he has woven into the texture of his drama a number of varied threads'. The numerous incidents of Bussy's adventurous career are brought into one focus, and so arranged as to lead on step by step from his first appearance as a poor soldier to his rise to the position of the King's prime favourite, and again to his fall and death at the hands of Monsieur, Guise, and Montsurry. There is in the arrangement and combination of these incidents a complete departure from the old-fashioned epic method of dramatizing a hero's life. Chapman here reveals himself for what he was, a careful student of classical, especially of Senecan, tragedy, the worthy peer in this field of Ben Jonson in the realm of comedy. And the influence of Seneca is shown not alone in the condensation and interlinking of the incidents, but in various devices, familiar to all students of Elizabethan drama as signs of Senecan dominance, in the sententious prologue, in the substitution of the stately rhetoric of the Nuntius for the actual representation of such an incident as the duel, in the introduction of ghostly and supernatural agencies to add awe and dignity to the action. Yet Chapman is no blind follower of Seneca; his long experience as a hack-writer for Henslowe's company, his intimacy with such an actor as Field, had taught him something of the popular requirements in a tragedy. In *Bussy* he submits more readily than elsewhere to the popular demand, and by this very submission imparts to this play a realism and sense of vigorous life, which is noticeably absent in much of his graver work. The vivid realism of the Court scenes, especially of Bussy's quarrel with the minions and with Guise, the satiric humour of such dialogues as those between Bussy and the vain and greedy steward, Maffé, and between Maffé and his terrified master, the invocation of the Devil, couched in the manner of Marlowe, and, above all, the scenes of torture, of combat, and of murder in the last act, bear convincing witness to the fact that Chapman, in this play at least, was no closet dramatist.

The special glory of the Elizabethan drama is its power of characterization. Not only Shakespeare, but some even of the least distinguished of his fellows, possessed the Promethean heat that kindles into life the creations of the mind. Chapman, however, had less of this genuine creative power than many a meaner poet. With one or two exceptions the figures in Bussy, as in most of his tragedies, are stock figures, types, rather than strongly realized individuals. In the figure of the King, for example, there is not only no effort to realize the strange compound of sensualism, superstition, cowardice, and ferocity which characterized the last of the Valois, but there is apparently no effort to present any personality whatsoever. Henry is simply the King *qua* King, a mouthpiece for grave and lofty sentiments such as befit the mouth of a monarch. In the same way the Guise and Monsieur are only types, the first of the great noble offended by the upstart favourite, the second of the ambitious and villainous intriguer. And there is one scene, at least, the second of the fifth act, where even this pretence at characterization disappears, and Monsieur and the Guise become mere figures of a chorus to moralize and philosophize over the impending fate of Bussy. Yet there are touches even in these minor figures, such as the blending in Monsieur of fear and hatred of Bussy, or the revulsion of outraged love to savage cruelty

in Montsurry, which show plainly enough that Chapman did not wholly lack the Elizabethan gift of character divination and the power of character portrayal, obscured and interrupted as these were in him by other and, in his judgment, higher qualities.

The full-length portraits of the play are those of Bussy himself and his mistress Tamyra. In the latter Chapman has set himself one of the most difficult of tasks, the portrayal of a woman, not naturally vicious, but overcome by a sudden and irresistible passion, striving to the last to keep up appearances, and yet torn inwardly by the struggle between her passion and the sense of guilt. Such a character is by no means inconceivable, but to realize it within the limits of the drama would tax the powers of Shakespeare himself, and not the most enthusiastic of Chapman's admirers would claim that he has wholly succeeded in his task. A close study of the play will reveal touch after touch by which Chapman has striven to give reality to his conception, and it is, perhaps, impossible to point out a single flaw or inconsistency in the character; but it is laboriously composed rather than created. In the slang phrase of criticism it is not 'convincing'. Nor is it sympathetic, for the reader, who is attracted by the romantic passion of Tamyra, is repelled by her hypocritical insistence upon the proprieties and the cool effrontery of her denial of guilt. The truth seems to be that such a character as Chapman had conceived is wholly out of place in romantic tragedy.

It is otherwise with the figure of Bussy. The long and successful career of this play upon the stage is convincing proof of the sympathetic and dramatically effective character of the hero, for, from the point of view of the acting drama, Bussy is the whole play. His long tirades in Chapman's finest style of impassioned rhetoric must have furnished a splendid opportunity to an actor of the old declamatory school; and even after the Elizabethan delight in passionate and ornate speech had died out, the character of Bussy, as D'Urfey's testimony proves, continued to fascinate the house, mainly, we may believe, by its fiery energy of action.

This, indeed, is the first and most striking characteristic of Bussy. He is primarily a figure of the school of Marlowe: one of the Titan brood of Elizabethan drama, 'a spirit beyond the reach of fear', a character of unrestrained will and boundless ambition. There is, to be sure, no definite goal indicated for his ambition as in *Tamburlaine* or *Dr. Faustus*. The passion that dominates him is a desire for self-fulfilment, a lust to realize himself in and work his will upon the world in which he lives. And this passionate desire is attended by a self-confidence which, in the hero's mind, is the surest guarantee of success. Bussy is no man of doubts and scruples. Obstacles confront him only to be surmounted. If he meets an enemy, he must slay him; if he loves a woman, he must seize upon her. Conventions and moral laws alike go down before him.

It is this self-confidence which enables Bussy to run his brief but splendid career so triumphantly, to brave the Guise, to browbeat the heir to the throne, to confront the spirit of evil himself, and at the last, when trapped by treachery, to die like a Roman emperor, consenting rather than yielding to death.

If we look below the surface for the ground of Bussy's self-confidence, we come at once upon an element in his character which sharply distinguishes him from the Titanic, but simple, heroes of Marlowe. Bussy

is not a mere bustling man of action, much less a braggart or *miles gloriosus*. Rather he is the embodiment of an idea which Chapman derived from the Stoics, that of the self-sufficiency, the all-sufficiency, of the virtuous man. Bussy, it is true, is far from virtuous in our modern sense of the word, but he is the very incarnation of *virtus*, as the Romans understood it, 'the sum of all the bodily and mental excellences of man'. His bitterest enemy pronounces him 'young, learned, valiant, virtuous, and full-mann'd'. It is his firm reliance upon virtue so understood, that gives Bussy his unquenchable self-confidence. He knows that

> *Who to himself is law, no law doth need,*
> *Offends no law, and is a king indeed.*

It is not by chance, nor as a mere literary ornament, that Chapman, as Mr. Boas [1] has shown, puts into the mouth of the dying Bussy lines borrowed from the death-scene of the Senecan Hercules. Like Hercules, Chapman's Bussy has been the self-reliant hero who pitted his own strength and 'virtue' against a hostile world, and like Hercules he falls at last a victim to inevitable, because unsuspected, fate. It is this philosophic conception of the 'noblesse' of man—to use a favourite term of Chapman's—that has transformed the splendid swashbuckler of the French court into a type of man at war with the world. That is the true theme of the tragedy of *Bussy D'Ambois*, not the hero's passion for Tamyra and its fatal consequences, for the amour is plainly enough only an incident in Bussy's career, but the struggle of such a character with his environment, the combat of the individualist against the world, and his fall—not so much at the hands of Guise and Monsieur, as of Death and Destiny. And the tragic lesson of the play is summed up in the last words of Bussy:

> *O frail condition of strength, valour, virtue,*
> *In me (like warning fire upon the top*
> *Of some steep beacon on a steeper hill)*
> *Made to express it: like a falling star*
> *Silently glanc'd, that like a thunderbolt*
> *Look'd to have stuck and shook the firmament.*

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[1] Boas, pp. xviii–xix.

BUSSY D'AMBOIS

NOTES

Prologue. The Prologue does not appear in the Qq. of 1607 or 1608, and was in all probability composed not by Chapman at the time of his revision of the play, but by another writer for a late revival of the play by the King's Men.[1]

The occasion of this revival seems to have been the performance of *Bussy* by another company than the King's Men. The latter, unwilling to quit their claim upon the play, brought it once more upon the stage, although, as is evident from the closing lines of the Prologue, they were uncertain whether the present impersonator of the hero would be able to maintain the traditions set by Field, and by 'one who came the nearest to him'. This latter actor, now too old to take the part of Bussy (ll. 16–9), has not been identified; but the 'third man' (l. 21), i.e. the present actor of the part, has been plausibly identified by Fleay (*Biog. Chron*, vol. i, p. 60), with Ilyard, or Elliard, Swanston, a member of the King's Men from 1625–42 (Fleay, *Biog. Chron.* vol. i. p. 60), whose performance of Bussy is alluded to by Edmund Gayton in 1654 (*Pleasant Notes on Don Quixote*, p. 25). Swanston's 'Richard' (l. 23), may have been the part of Ricardo in Massinger's *The Picture* (which he is known to have played in 1629, licensed by Herbert, June 8, 1629; see Malone-Boswell, *Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 230), or possibly that of Shakespeare's Richard III.

Bussy D'Ambois was performed at Court, in the cockpit at Whitehall, by the King's Men on Easter Monday night, i.e., April 7, 1634 (Herbert's *Accounts*, in the Malone-Boswell, *Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 227). It may have been for this performance that the Prologue was written; the phrase 'gracious and noble friends' (l. 8) would be particularly appropriate to an audience at Whitehall.

Dramatis Personæ

Monsieur, the familiar title of the next younger brother of the King of France. This was François, Duke of Alençon, and later of Anjou, the youngest son of Catherine de Medici, best known to English readers as the suitor of Queen Elizabeth.

The **Duke of Guise,** Henri le Balafré, the great leader of the Catholics in the Civil Wars, the assassin of Coligny, himself murdered by order of Henri III at Blois in 1588.

Montsurry. This is Chapman's curt English form for Charles de Chambes, Comte de Monsoreau, Grand Huntsman to Monsieur; the Monsorellus of De Thou's *Historiae Sui Temporis*.

Comolet. Chapman may have taken this name, which he uses throughout in the first edition of the play (Qq. 1607, 1608) instead of 'Friar', from the historical Father Commolet, an accomplice before the fact in the murder of Henry III of France.[2]

Tamyra. Chapman's name for Françoise de Maridort, wife of the Comte de Monsoreau.

[1] The allusion to Field in l. 15 shows that it was composed after his departure from the King's Men some time before 1625.

[2] See Grimeston, *General Inventory*, edition of 1611, p. 879.

I, i, Enter Bussy . . . poor. This description may have been suggested to Chapman by a well-known anecdote of Bussy's appearance at Court in a simple dress, followed by six pages in cloth of gold. See Pierre de L'Estoile, *Memoires-Journaux*, edition 1875–96, vol. i, p. 229. If so, Chapman can only have had a confused remembrance of it ; his presentation of Bussy as a poor gentleman brought to Court by the favour of Monsieur is quite unhistorical.

I, i, 2. *Honour on his head :* upside down. The same phrase occurs in Chapman's poem, *A Coronet for his Mistress Philosophy*, 1595 :

Th' inverted world that goes upon her head.

i, 7. *Unskilful statuaries.* Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, iv, i, 179 *ssq.*

i, 18. *A torch . . . a shadow.* The first of these phrases has a parallel in Chapman's *Hymn to Christ upon the Cross*, 1612 : *before the wind a fume* (*Poems*, p. 147); the second is the famous phrase of Pindar, σκιᾶς ὄναρ ἄνθρωπος. *Pythia* viii, 96–7.

I, i, 23. *To put a girdle round about the world.* Cf. *Midsummer Night's Dream*, II, i, 175–6 :

I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes.

This well-known phrase was probably suggested to Shakespeare by a device in Whitney's *A Choice of Emblems* (Leyden, 1586, p. 203), celebrating Drake's navigation of the world in the years 1577–80. It depicts the hand of Providence issuing from a cloud and holding a girdle which encompasses a globe. The other end of the girdle is attached to the bow of a ship which rests upon the globe, and the superimposed motto is *Auxilio divino*. The device was doubtless well known, and the phrase became a common one in Shakespeare's time. It is found not only in Shakespeare and Chapman, but in Massinger, *The Maid of Honour*, I, i, and in Shirley, *The Humorous Courtier*, I, i. Whitney's device is reproduced by H. Green, *Shakespeare and the Emblem Writers*, p. 413.

I, i, 33. The simile of a shipwreck in the haven seems to have been a favourite with Chapman. It occurs in *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 175, in *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 123), and in *A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda*.

I, i, 40. 'Impressions to serve as a precedent for the actions of inferior persons'.

I, i, 50. *To bear state :* to bear himself proudly.

I, i, 57–81. This speech affords a striking example of one of Chapman's methods of composition with which a careful student of his work becomes increasingly familiar. It is a mere mosaic of ideas, examples, figures even, taken directly from one of Chapman's favourite classic authors, Plutarch. The theme of this speech is the duty of public life and service, and the source is Plutarch's essay on this theme known as *De Latenter Vivendo*. Here we may find (I, i), the 'gourmandist' Gnatho, and the references to Themistocles, Camillus, and Epaminondas—the statement as to the dictatorships and triumphs of Camillus comes from the first lines of Plutarch's life of that hero. The simile of the burnish'd steel, ll. 75–6, is adapted from a quotation from Sophocles which appears in IV, 5, of Plutarch's essay, and ll. 76–81 are an expansion of a sentiment more briefly expressed by Plutarch in IV, 4.

Numerous instances of this method will occur hereafter, and in each case the passage in Chapman is so close to its original as to suggest that he composed it with the classic author open before him, or—more probably—that, like his friend Jonson, he kept a commonplace book into which he translated favourite bits and on which he drew at will when composing his plays and poems.

I, i, 86–7. *Set my looks . . . brake.* A brake is a vice. The phrase means to keep a steady, unmoved face. A parallel occurs in *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, i, 84 :

See in how grave a brake he sets his vizard.

I, i, 89–90. There seems to be some reference in these lines to an old riddle such as schoolmistresses might ask their pupils, but I have not succeeded in identifying it.

I, i, 102–3. Bussy insinuates that a courtier draws evil out of good. When he hears a sermon preached against certain vices, all that he learns from it is to practise those vices in such a way as to show their characteristic qualities, *t' unfold their art.*

I, i, 113–4. I have not been able to trace any reference to such a representation of Fortune.

I, i, 124. *Unsweating thrift:* cold-blooded economy, or calculation.

I, i, 139. *When it cries clink:* when the hour strikes; cf. ll, 134–5.

I, i, 178. There is a play on the word *commanded.* Maffé uses it in the sense of 'to hold command', as of a body of troops; Bussy in the sense of 'to order', as, for example, a dinner.

I, i, 187. *I am a poet.* Joubert, *Bussy D'Amboise,* pp. 205–9, prints a poem of Bussy's.

I, i, 193. *Fair great noses.* This is no chance allusion. Monsieur's nose was a mark for the satirists of the time. Pierre de L'Estoile (*Journal de Henri III*, p. 250, edition Petitot) cites a quatrain composed at the time of Monsieur's attempt on Antwerp, 1583:

Flamands ne soyez étonnez
Si a François voyez deux nèz:
Car par droit, raison, et usage,
Faut deux nèz à double visage.

To this quatrain Petitot adds a note: 'La petite vérole avoit extrêment maltraité le visage de ce prince, qui paroissait avoir deux nez.' Elsewhere L'Estoile remarks that Monsieur was afflicted with a double nose, 'the sign of a traitor', in this case a most appropriate sign.

I, i, 194–5. *Your chain and velvet jacket:* the symbols of his office as steward; cf. Sir Toby's advice to Malvolio: *Go rub your chain with crumbs, Twelfth Night,* II, iii, 128–9. The velvet jacket seems also to have been part of the costume of the steward, or gentleman usher; cf. *A Mad World, My Masters,* III, iii, 60–62 (Middleton, Bullen's edition).

I, i, 207. *His wooden dagger.* This stock property of the Vice in the old Moralities was sometimes carried by the Elizabethan fool or jester. Maffé who mistakes Bussy for a new jester engaged by Monsieur, consequently speaks of him as possessing this tool of his trade.

I, ii. Pyra. This character appears here and in two other scenes, II, ii, and IV, i, but has not a single speech assigned her. This is one of several instances of Chapman's fondness for crowding the stage with insignificant figures.

I, ii, 2. *That English virgin:* 'apparently Annable, who is the Duchess of Guise's lady in waiting (cf. III, ii, 234–40)'.—Boas.

I, ii, 44. Chapman plays in this line on the two meanings, 'travail' and 'journey'.

I, ii, 82. The allusion to leap-year in this line serves to fix the date of the play. It cannot refer to the actual year of Bussy's presentation at Court, 1569, which was not a leap-year and which, in all probability, was quite unknown to Chapman. The passage is a 'gag', not of the cleanest, and is one of the anachronisms with which all students of Elizabethan drama are familiar. Since the allusion to a *knight of the new edition* in ll. 140–1 is evidently to James I's wholesale creation of knights immediately after his accession in 1603, the play must have been written after that date. And since it was printed in 1607 the only leap year that suits the dates is 1604. See further the article already cited in *Modern Language Review,* January, 1908.

I, ii, 97. *Turn the ladder:* probably 'turn off the ladder', 'be hanged to you.'

I, ii, 101. *Groom-porters.* The Groom-porter was an officer of the English Royal Household, whose chief function was to regulate all matters connected with gaming within the Court, to decide disputes at play, etc. The office is mentioned as early as 1502 in the *Privy Purse Expenses* of Elizabeth of York, and was not abolished till the time of George III.

I, ii, 112. *The Guisard.* This word has troubled the editors. Dilke suggests that it may be ' a jingling allusion to goose herd or gozzard ' ; Boas thinks it may be a variant of ' gizzard ' ' in which case it would mean the Duke's throat'. It seems to me plain that the word means nothing more or less than a partisan of Guise, and is here applied contemptuously to the great Duke himself. Bussy addresses him in the same way in III, ii, 80.

I, ii, 118–9. *Accius Nævius :* or Attus Navius, the legendary Roman augur who at the command of Tarquin cut through a whetstone with a razor. See Livy, i, 36.

I, ii, 124. Dramatic literature of the first decade of the seventeenth century is full of satirical allusions to the ' knights of the new edition ', i.e. the knights so lavishly created by James I in the early years of his reign. A notable instance of this occurs in *Eastward Ho,* IV, i, 213–4, where the rascally Sir Petronel Flash is spoken of as one of the King's ' thirty-pound knights '.

I, ii, 135. *The knight's ward* was a part of the Counter, a London prison where debtors were confined ; cf. *Eastward Ho,* V, 2, 54. There is here a contemptuous allusion to Bussy's former poverty.

I, ii, 146. *Out o' th' presence :* beyond the limits of the Court, within which specially severe penalties were inflicted for brawling. Readers of Scott will remember the punishment that threatened Nigel Olifaunt for striking Lord Dalgarno within the limits of St. James's Park.

I, ii, 151. In Elizabethan and Jacobean times the floors even of palaces were strewn with rushes. There are countless allusions to this practice in Elizabethan drama. Perhaps the best known is Shakespeare's

> *Let wantons light of heart*
> *Tickle the senseless rushes with their heels.*
> *Romeo and Juliet,* I, iv, 35–6.

Compare also the comic scene in *The Gentleman Usher,* II, i, where Bassiolo teaches Vincentio how to strew the floor.

I, ii, 160–1. *Of the place the divers frames :* I take *frames* to denote the conformation of the ocean bed, *the place,* which contributes to making the sea *bristled with surges.*

I, ii, 173. *New denizened :* newly naturalized. The allusion is, of course, to the Scotch lords and gentlemen who flocked to London upon the accession of James I, and were not unnaturally regarded by the English as intruders. The question of the union of the kingdoms and, in particular, of the naturalization of the Scotch in England excited much attention in the first years of James's reign, and was stubbornly opposed by the popular party in Parliament.

I, ii, 180–2. A reference to Aesop's fable of the ass in the lion's skin ; *no.* 333, Teubner edition.

I, ii, 187. *Carry it off :* get the better of the quarrel.

I, ii, 209–10. *Descants . . . ground.* Bussy plays on the technical and the ordinary senses of these words. A ' descant ' in music was the ' melodious accompaniment to a simple theme ', i.e., *'the ground'* ; but it also means a comment, or observation on some topic. Cf. *Richard III,* III, vii, 49 : *On that ground I'll make a holy descant. Ground,* of course, means ' basis ' or ' subject ' as well as ' a musical theme '.

I, ii, 228. *Musk cats :* the perfumed courtiers with whom Bussy has been quarrelling. Cf. *As You Like It,* III, ii, 65–6, where Corin speaks of *the courtier's hands perfumed with civet.*

I, ii, 229. *This priviledge :* the Court limits. See note on I, ii, 146 above.

II, i, 5–10. With this comparison of Envy to the kite feeding on carrion compare a passage in *Chabot,* IV, i, 14–6, and the note thereon. In *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems,* p. 117) Chapman compares idle men to kites who *stoop at scraps and garbage.*

II, i, 12–3. *Bruits it. . . . Being sound and healthful.* Boas paraphrases this passage ; ' proclaims it through the world to be sound and wholesome '. But I think it is better to take the participial clause as modifying *she,*

i.e., Envy, in l. 11, who feasts soundly and healthfully on the evil that she finds in men, but sickens (*surfeits*, l. 15) at the taste of good.

II, i, 15–7. There is an almost verbal parallel to these lines in Chapman's *Invective against Jonson*(*Poems*, p. 433).

II, i, 35 *ssq.* The account of the duel between Bussy and his two friends on the one side and the three courtiers on the other was probably suggested to Chapman by some report of the famous duel fought by three of Henry III's minions, Quelus, Maugiron, and Livarot, with three partisans of the Duke of Guise, D'Entragues, Ribérac, and Schomberg, on April 27, 1578. Maugiron and Schomberg were slain on the spot; Ribérac was mortally wounded and died the next day; Quelus, who had received nineteen wounds, lingered for a month and then died; and Livarot was confined to his bed for six weeks. D'Entragues alone survived unhurt (as Bussy does here), escaping with a mere scratch. Dumas, whose romance, *La Dame de Monsoreau*, touches Chapman's play at many points, also gives in the last chapter of that work a narrative founded upon this famous duel. According to Dumas Bussy was to have taken part in the duel, but was assassinated on the evening before by Monsoreau. See Brantome (*Sur les Duels*, p. 312, edition of Société de L'Histoire de France) and Pierre de L'Estoile (*Journal de Henri III*, p. 167, edition Petitot).

II, i, 51. *Pyrrho:* or rather Pyrrhon, a Greek philosopher of the time of Alexander the Great. He was one of the early sceptics and taught that since we can know nothing of the realities of things we should be indifferent to all things. See Cicero. *Fin.* ii, 13, 43. An anecdote in Montaigne gives a characteristic view of his attitude toward death.

> 'Pirro, the Philosopher, finding himselfe upon a very tempestuous day in a boat, shewed them whom he perceived to be most affrighted through feare, and encouraged them by the example of an hog that was amongst them, and seemed to take no care at all for the storme.'
>
> Montaigne I, 40 (Florio's translation).

II, i, 54–8. The reference is to the *Iliad*, not, as Mr. Boas says, to the seventh book, but to the third, ll. 76–83.

> *'His amendsful words did Hector highly please,*
> *Who rush'd between the fighting hosts and made the Trojans cease*
> *By holding up in midst his lance.*
>
> Chapman's *Iliad*.

II, i, 60. *Ripp'd up the quarrel:* discussed the cause of the quarrel. Or, continuing the simile of Hector in ll. 54–8, it may mean, separated the combatants.

II, i, 78–80. Lamb, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*, says: 'One can hardly believe but that these lines were written after Milton had described his *warring angels*.' Cf. *Paradise Lost*, VI, ll. 330–1 and ll. 344–9. Milton and Chapman, of course, go back to a common origin, the mediaeval conception of spiritual bodies.

II, i, 84–90. The confusion of personal pronouns makes this passage somewhat difficult; *he* in l. 84 is Bussy; *him* and *himself* in l. 85 refer to Barrisor; *he* in ll. 86 and 87 refers again to Bussy; *his*, l. 90, to Barrisor.

II, i, 92. *Redoubled in his danger:* 'thrusting himself a second time into danger'.—Boas. Cf. the use of *redoubled* in l. 190 below.

II, i, 94. *Arden:* the forest of romance par excellence in Elizabethan literature. It is mentioned by Spenser, *Astrophel*, and Lodge, *Rosalynde*, as well as by Shakespeare and Chapman.

II, i, 94–101. With the simile in these lines compare the well known passage in the *Æneid*, ii, 626–63:

> *Ac veluti summis antiquam in montibus ornum*
> *Cum ferro accisam crebrisque bipennibus instant*
> *Eruere agricolae certatim, illa usque minatur*
> *Et tremefacta comam concusso vertice nutat,*
> *Volneribus donec paulatim evicta supremum*
> *Congemuit traxitque jugis avolsa ruinam.*

'Even as when on the height of the mountains, labourers press on with rival zeal to cut down from the roots an ancient ash, hewn around with the steel and with repeated blows of the hatchet; it ever threatens to fall, and quivering nods the foliage on its tossing top, until by degrees quite vanquished by blows, it heaves aloud its last groan, and torn away from the crag, brings down a ruinous mass.'

Translation of Lonsdale and Lee.

We have here an instance where Chapman is not so much paraphrasing a passage from a classical author as writing under the inspiration of a reminiscence. One or two of his phrases in these lines seem directly suggested by Virgil.

II, i, 104. *Navarre*; Henry of Navarre, at the height of his fame as a victorious king when Chapman composed this play. He had, however, done little to justify Chapman's praise as *the sole soldier of the world*, before the death of the historical Bussy in 1579.

II, i, 108. *Thy felt report calls on:* thy report heard with interest provokes a desire to hear the conclusion of the fray.

II, i, 119–23. The unicorn's horn, *the treasure of his brow*, was long supposed to be a most valuable remedy. Aelian (*De Nat. Animal.*, III, 41) says that bowls of this substance nullified the force of any poison that might be cast therein. David de Pomis (Pomerarius), the Jewish physician, declares that it is good against deadly poisons and pestilent fevers, and gives an interesting experiment whereby the true horn may be distinguished from a counterfeit. Sir Thomas Browne (*Vulgar Errors* Book III, ch. 23) records that Julius III gave many thousand crowns for a unicorn's horn, and he himself believed it to be efficacious against 'venoms proper'.

The usual method of capturing the unicorn was by inducing him to charge the hunter who then slipped behind a tree. The furious animal would charge the tree and bury his horn in it beyond all possibility of extrication, and thus became an easy prey. That this method was not without danger is shown by the anecdote in the text. A safer method in which a virgin was employed is related by Samuel Bochart in a delightful chapter on the Unicorn in *Hierozoicon* (book III, chap. 26, *Quid veteres et recentiores scripserint de animalibus unicornibus*). The well-known reference in *Julius Caesar*, II, i, 203–4, alludes to the first method. See also *The Faerie Queene*, II, v, 10, where the lion is said to catch the 'prowd rebellious unicorn' by means of a tree.

Sylvester (*Little Bartas*, ll. 505–6), also alludes to the medicinal qualities of the unicorn's horn—

The fell monocerote
Bears in his brow a soveraine antidote.

II, i, 130. *Hunt honour at the view:* press hard after honour, like hounds that have caught sight of the chase. Chapman uses the phrase 'hunt at view' again in *The Gentleman Usher*, IV, iv, 53.

II, i, 141–8. A difficult passage. *Nature*, I take it, means the natural tie of blood, as between brothers; the clause, *when the trial . . . springing*, may be rendered 'when a contest occurred between a king and a subject, both children of one parent'; *virtue* means the power, the effective quality, of the tie of blood, and *greatness* its closeness. Monsieur pleads that Henry will let the *virtue* of this tie prevail over his natural scruples and grant Bussy, for Monsieur's sake, that which he could not grant were he not a king, i.e., a free pardon.

II, i, 190. *On my knees redoubed:* kneeling a second time.

II, i, 203–4. Chapman is never weary of repeating that a virtuous man is above the law. A striking expression of this idea occurs in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, iv, 56–60:

And what's a prince? Had all been virtuous men,
There never had been prince upon the earth,
And so no subject; all men had been princes;

A virtuous man is subject to no prince,
But to his soul and honour.

Compare also *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, iii, 140–5 and *Caesar and Pompey*, V. ii, 8–10.

II, i, 213. *In hand for shew I held:* 'to hold, or bear, in hand' is to deceive with false hopes. Bussy means that his courtship of the Duchess of Guise was a mere mask for his passion for Tamyra.

II, ii, 45. *As good cheap as it:* literally, 'at as good a bargain', hence as well as it, i.e. the necklace of pearls which Monsieur offers her.

II, ii, 58. *You are at your books.* It seems to have been customary for a worldly-wise waiting woman to pretend to busy herself with a book when a lover was courting her mistress. In *All Fools*, II, i, 282–5, Chapman speaks of

A well-taught waiting woman
Turning her eyes upon some work or picture,
Read in a book, or take a feigned nap,
While her kind lady takes one to her lap.

A similar allusion, with reference to Petrarch as a useful book on such occasions, appears in *Monsieur D'Olive*, V, i, 190–200.

II, ii, 103–4. The book which Pero had been reading was probably a book of devotions. Tamyra takes it from her with the remark that she (Tamyra) would use it to better purpose than the maid.

II, ii, 115. *The centre:* 'the unmoved central point of the earth according to the Ptolemaic system'.—Boas.

II, ii, 132. *Cast myself off, as I ne'er had been.* Mr. Boas interprets, 'undress, as if I had never been watching here'. It seems to me that the context demands something in a higher key than this. Dr. Bradley suggests 'renounce my former self'. If this be taken to mean that she renounces her intention of meeting Bussy, it may perhaps be correct, for her exit here, taken in connexion with her words on her next entrance (ll. 192–7), seems to indicate a temporary intention on her part of renouncing the rendezvous with her lover.

II, ii, 148. *The first orb move.* The construction is rather awkward, but I think *move* is dependent on *must*, l. 147. We have here 'an allusion to the *Primum Mobile*, which, in the Ptolemaic system, was the tenth sphere . . . which revolved in twenty-four hours, and carried round in its course all the inner spheres'.—Boas. So Bussy is to move first and set Tamyra's latent passion for him in action.

III, i, 21. *In his truest valour:* 'if his valour be rightly estimated'.—Boas. Perhaps we might interpret the phrase, 'at his best', 'at his highest point of valour'. *Valour* in this line and *value*, l. 40, seem to be used almost interchangeably.

III, i, 23–5. These lines recall the well-known scene where Hamlet points out to Polonius a cloud *that's almost in shape of a camel*, yet is *backed like a weasel*, and *very like a whale*. A passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* of later date than *Bussy* seems to show that Shakespeare in turn may not have disdained to take a hint from Chapman:

Sometimes we see a cloud that's dragonish;
A vapour sometimes like a bear or lion.
Antony and Cleopatra, IV, xiv, 2–3.

There is another parallel in *Monsieur D'Olive*, II, ii, 92–4.

III, i, 26. *When they hold no proportion:* when there is not the least resemblance.

III, i, 27–30. Compare

We'll have thee, as our rarer monsters are,
Painted upon a pole.
Macbeth, V, viii, 25–6.

The reference in both cases is, of course, to the painted picture hung outside a tent or booth where a 'monster' was on exhibition.

III, i, 33. *Our three powers:* 'the vegetative, sensitive, and reasoning faculties'.—Boas.

III, i, 69–71. Mr. Boas gives the following interpretation of this passage, derived from Dr. J. A. H. Murray: That (Nature) brings our powers into accordance with its own will, or working, just as the stone (laid by the builder) should be apposed, or brought into accord with the line, not the line (which is straight and not to be shifted) made to lie along the stone'.

III, i, 81. 'Must defer his shining until such time as the vapours he has raised up from the earth have passed away.'

III, i, 119. We have in this line the first intimation of Monsieur's envy of Bussy's sudden rise to favour, which contributes so largely to bringing about the catastrophe.

III, ii, 3–4. *Kites that check at sparrows:* worthless or badly-trained falcons that forsake their proper game to follow sparrows. Cf. *Twelfth Night*, III, i, 71–2.

III, ii, 4–5. An allusion to Jove's eagle. Cf. Chapman's note on *Eugenia* (*Poems*, p. 336).

III, ii, 13. Bands of hay were sometimes rolled round the legs to protect the hose of a rider. Boas quotes Jonson's *Every man in his Humour*, I, iii. Stephen: *But I have no boots. . . .* Brainworm: *Why, a fine wisp of hay rolled hard, Master Stephen.*

There is a modern allusion to this custom of protecting the legs with wisps of hay in Hardy's *Woodlanders*, chapter xx.

III, ii, 18. *The poison of a red-hair'd man:* red hair, or Judas-coloured hair, was greatly disliked at this time. It was thought to denote deceitfulness. A passage in Middleton's *The Witch*, V, ii, 55, shows that the fat of a dead red-haired person was considered a poison, or at least an ingredient of a poison.

III, ii, 28. 'That affects the manner of a king although born a beggar.'

III, ii, 29. *By his suffering king:* by his king's sufferance, or permission.

III, ii, 35. *His own counsel keeping:* keeping his own private lawyer, like Sir Giles Overreach in *A New Way to Pay Old Debts*, to assist him in his extortions and trespasses on the rights of others.

III, ii, 44. *His superfluous cures:* his too numerous spiritual charges. Bussy is thinking of a pluralist clergyman.

III, ii, 46. Hebrew is read backwards. For a curious parallel to these lines, see Teufelsdröckh's epitaph on Count Zähdarm, *Sartor Resartus*, II, 4: '*quinquies mille perdices plumbo confecit: varii cibi centum pondia millies . . . in stercus palam convertit*'.

III, ii, 69. *That popular purple:* an allusion to Guise's popularity with the Parisians, who showed him more honour than they did the King.

III, ii, 79. Georges D'Amboise, Cardinal and Archbishop of Rouen, died in 1510, thirty nine years before Bussy was born. As a matter of fact he was Bussy's great-uncle, through whose gift the estate of Bussy came into the possession of the Clermont family.

III, ii, 86–7. *Be a duke, and lead me:* a pun on the original meaning of *Dux*.

III, ii, 105. *The world of Saturn:* the Saturnian or Golden Age, when men were equal, and fraud and violence were unknown.

III, ii, 108–10. *The Hermean rod:* the caduceus. Hyginus (*Poeticon Astronomicon*, II, vii) tells the legend of Mercury's having parted two fighting serpents with his rod, whereupon he called his rod a peacemaker. The caduceus was often represented with two serpents wreathed about it, and was borne by heralds as a symbol of their office.

III, ii, 138. *Has she met you?*: Is she even with you?

III, ii, 145–7. *This giant.* The reference is to Typhon, the hundred-headed monster who challenged Jove. According to one account he was the child of Tartarus and Earth; in another he was the child of Juno alone. Jove overcame him by means of the thunderbolt and buried him under Mount Aetna (see Hyginus, *Fabulae*, clii).

III, ii, 146. *Jove's ordinance:* the thunderbolt, elsewhere styled 'Jove's artillery', see IV, ii, 37.

III, ii, 155–6. *Cf.* 'Who that worst may shall hold the candle', Heywood's *Proverbs*, edited by Sharman, 1874, p. 97. Camden (*Remains*, p. 324)

gives this as: 'He that worst may *must* hold the candle.' Candle-bearers looked on at gaming, dancing, etc. (cf. *Romeo and Juliet*, I, iv, 38), hence the proverb, 'A good candle-holder proves a good gamester' (Ray, edited by Bohn, p. 3), and the modern, 'a looker-on sees most of the game'. It seems to be in this last sense that Chapman uses the phrase. Women, who hold the candles because of their inferiority to men, none the less know well how the game is going.

III, ii, 176. *Your chaste lady:* Tamyra.

III, ii, 179. *Take say:* or 'take the say', a hunting phrase meaning to make a cut in the belly of a dead deer to see how fat it was; hence, to make trial of, to assay.

III, ii, 186. *An uncle:* Guise is the uncle of Charlotte's mistress, Beaupré.

III, ii, 219. *This conveyance:* this contrivance to secure a meeting with Bussy.

III, ii, 236. *Dry palm:* a sign of a cold temperament, as a moist palm was of an amorous or liberal disposition. Cf. *Chabot*, II, iii, 172–3, and *Othello*, III, iv, 36–9.

III, ii, 237. *Liver:* the seat, according to Elizabethan physiology, of various emotions. Here, of course, the reference is to love.

III, ii, 257. With this riddle compare that of Cupid in *Byron's Tragedy*, II, i, 88–95.

III, ii, 272. *Comes most near you:* touches you, or afflicts you most.

III, ii, 299. *Creaming in their faces:* Cf. *The Merchant of Venice*, I, i, 88–9:

> *There are a sort of men whose visages*
> *Do cream and mantle like a standing pool.*

III, ii, 314. *Train D'Ambois to his wreak:* lure Bussy within reach of his, Montsurry's, revenge.

III, ii, 321. Monsieur's call, the entrance of Maffé in answer to it, and Monsieur's order to close the doors, l. 323, all show that this scene, which had begun at Court, has been imperceptibly shifted to Monsieur's private rooms. An interesting article by R. Koppell, *Englische Studien*, vol. xxxiv, p. 1 *ssq.*, points out that similar changes of place within the limits of a scene are not infrequent in Elizabethan drama. I know of few so striking as this present case.

III, ii, 359. *Angel of my life:* guardian angel, or rather tutelary genius. Cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, II, iii, 38 and IV, iii, 3.

III, ii, 367. *Without a circle:* without describing the magic circle used in the evocation of spirits. Unless this were done and the performer remained within the circle, he was exposed to the fury of the spirits. Cf. a parallel passage in *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 120).

III, ii, 373. *The man of blood.* Grimeston (*General Inventory*, p. 818, edition of 1611) calls Bussy, 'a bloody, wicked, and a furious man'. As this line does not occur in the first edition of *Bussy*, the phrase may have been suggested to Chapman by his reading of Grimeston for the Byron plays.

III, ii, 378. *Titan:* the Sun god.

III, ii, 382. *Sole discourses:* solitary communings.

III, ii, 397–8. Bussy is said to play the cuckoo since he harps for ever on one note, the *killing of the King*. The cuckoo, however, sings in the spring, Bussy in his *fall of friendship*; hence the word, *unseasonable*.

III, ii, 411–12. 'Do not think themselves wise, unless they hear their praises sung by others, who, in reality, are but making fools of them.'

III, ii, 432–3. Ajax went mad with rage when the arms of Achilles were voted to Ulysses rather than to himself, and in his madness attacked and slaughtered a flock of sheep, taking it for the Grecian army.

III, ii, 437. *To make them of a piece:* to harmonize, and so make them useful.

III, ii, 445. *Hath reference:* is carried.

III, ii, 449. 'Probably an allusion to the adoration of Alexander the Great as the son of Jupiter Hammon'.—Boas.

III, ii, 469. *A murthering piece:* cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 95. Chapman uses

the expression ' make a lane ', elsewhere to describe the effects of a cannon shot. See *Poems*, p. 154, and *Sir Giles Goosecap*, I, iii, 16–7.

III, ii, 483. *The purest crystal :* used here for the diamond, the conventional type of hardness.

III, ii, 484. *To that wall :* ' at the distance of that wall.'—Boas.

III, ii, 486. This line re-appears with slight change in *The Revenge of Bussy*, I, ii, 32.

III, ii, 487. *Lernean fen :* the swamp near Argos, where dwelt the Hydra slain by Hercules.

III, ii, 491. *Clotho :* the first of the three Fates. She is said to spin the thread of man's life from her *breathing rock*, i.e., her distaff.

III, ii, 492. *Lachesis :* the second of the Fates, who draws out the thread she receives from Clotho.

III, ii, 493–4. The passage is somewhat obscure, but I think it may be understood as follows : As Lachesis draws out the thread of your life, she dips her fingers in a bowl, *crown'd*, i.e. brimming (cf. *All Fools*, IV, ii, 34) with the foul liquor wrung out of tortured virtue (i.e. with all the vice of mankind) with which liquor the thread of your life is, therefore, stained.

IV, i, 28. *Which :* i.e. times. Grief now *proves*, i.e. claims, these times as his own.

IV, i, 52. *In high forms :* ' on stools of disgrace.'—Boas.

IV, i, 55. Monsieur here uses sneeringly the epithet of *eagle* which the King had bestowed on Bussy. See III, ii, 4.

IV, i, 57. See note on III, ii, 237. The double reference to the *eagle's beak*, l. 55, and *the liver*, l. 57, implies an allusion to the story of Prometheus.

IV, i, 60–4. There is a bit of by-play in this passage that is not evident on first reading. When the King says that Tamyra's appearance and reputation deter *all men else* from attempting to court her, he means all other men as well as Bussy. Monsieur, who knows of the love of Tamyra for Bussy, pretends to agree, but really implies that these qualities deter all men *but* Bussy. His sneer is so evident that Tamyra at once challenges him to speak out. He declines, whereupon the King, who perceives that some aspersion is cast on the lady, remarks that in his mind her behaviour, *courtship*, is more *pure*, i.e. sincere, unaffected, than before, probably with reference to the snub she had given Bussy on their first meeting.

IV, i, 75. See note on I, ii, 209–10.

IV, i, 87. ' The flame of Monsieur's glories, i.e., his overweening vanity, is fed with the uncovered heads and bending knees of courtiers.'

IV, i, 91. *A box-tree :* emblematic of lowness. *Cf. Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 13–14, where box-trees are contrasted with the cedar of Lebanon. Gerard in his *Herball*, 1597, speaks of the root of the box-tree as harder than the timber and more fit for dagger hafts, etc.

IV, i, 98. *Armenian dragons :* Chapman may be thinking here of the gold-guarding griffins of Scythia mentioned by Herodotus, IV, 27.

IV, i, 115–6. This passage seems to have been suggested by Virgil's *Georgics* II, 325–6.

IV, i, 120. An insult similar to this of Monsieur was offered by the King of Denmark to the Lord High Admiral during the former's visit to King James in 1606. See Von Raumer, *Letters from Paris, etc.*, vol. ii, p. 215.

IV, i, 126. *Cynthia :* a title of Diana, who was not only the goddess of chastity, but also the moon goddess. It is in this latter character that she *fashions horns*.

IV, i, 131. Monsieur here offers Montsurry a letter which contains the proof of Tamyra's guilt. Presumably it was a love-letter of Bussy's which Pero had stolen from her mistress and conveyed to Monsieur. It corresponds in the play to the letter which the historical Bussy wrote to Monsieur boasting of his conquest of Montsurry's wife. See *Introduction to Bussy*, p. 543.

IV, i, 138. *Herod :* see Acts xii, 23.

IV, i, 144. *Some proud string : proud* here means ' wanton ', ' lascivious ' (cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 147–8). *String* refers to the *discords* of l. 143.

IV, i, 153–4. *Irish wars.* This phrase does not appear in the first edition.

If the allusion is specific, the only wars to which it can allude are the conspiracy of Tyrone and Tyrconnel in 1607, and the revolt of Sir Cahir O'Doherty in 1608, both of which were *more full of sound than hurt*. After these Ireland was at peace till the Great Rebellion of 1641, by which time Chapman had been dead for seven years. This helps us to date the revision of *Bussy*, shortly after these events.

IV, i, 166. *Being best inform'd:* when I am at peace with myself, not reduced to *chaos* (l. 163) by suspicion.

IV, i, 181–3. 'Is it from him, Monsieur, that this stain upon my good fame comes? Then it is no stain (since abuse by the wicked is an honour) but a beauty, and proves to be the same innocence that, etc.'

IV, i, 183. *Chimæra:* the fire-breathing monster slain by Bellerophon. He had been sent out against the monster by the machinations of a lustful queen whose advances he had repelled. According to Chapman it was his innocence that gave him the victory.

IV, i, 183. *Peleus:* according to an obscure Greek myth Peleus, falsely accused by the wife of Acastus, whose proferred love he had rejected, was robbed of his weapons by the angry husband and exposed to the wild beasts on Mount Pelion. Chiron, the centaur, who knew his innocence, rescued him.

IV, i, 185. *The chaste Athenian prince:* Hippolytus, the son of Theseus. His step-mother, Phædra, sought his love, and when he repelled her, denounced him to his father, who prayed Neptune to destroy him. Hippolytus was in consequence killed by his own horses who were frightened by a bull sent by Neptune. He was raised from the dead by Æsculapius after his innocence was discovered.

IV, i, 187. The cleansing of the Augean stable from its accumulated filth was one of the labours of Hercules. The phrase may have been suggested to Chapman by a line in Marston's *Scourge of Villany* (1599), book iii, Proem, l. 21:

To purge this Augean oxstall from foul sin.

IV, i, 190. *Where thou fear'st, art dreadful:* 'inspirest terror even in those of whom thou art afraid.'—Boas.

IV, i, 192. *The serpent:* Monsieur. Tamyra goes on to compare his slanders to the dragon's teeth sown by Jason and Cadmus from which there sprang a host of armed men.

IV, i, 203–4. Tamyra insinuates, I think, that the paper which Monsieur had offered her husband was a forgery in Monsieur's own hand.

IV, i, 211. *Cerberus:* the guardian of the gate of Hades is here contrasted with the sun as being a representative of darkness and night.

IV, i, 217. *This touch:* this blow, i.e. Monsieur's accusation.

IV, i, 227. *Cut a Gordian:* a knot tied by Gordius in a Phrygian city. An oracle declared that whoever unloosed it should rule Asia. Alexander the Great being unable to untie it cut it with his sword. See Plutarch's *Lives—Alexander*, chap. xviii.

IV, ii, 6. 'He (Monsieur) is hot upon the scent of him (Mischief).'

IV, ii, 24. 'By which all things capable of terror are frightened.'—Boas.

IV, ii, 31–2. The reference is to Epimetheus, the foolish brother of Prometheus, who opened Pandora's box and let loose its plagues upon mankind.

IV, ii, 36. *To wreak the sky:* to avenge Uranus, deposed from his throne by Saturn and the Titans. In the war of Jove against the Titans the Cyclops aided the former by forging thunderbolts for him. Chapman seems to have been rather pleased with l. 37. He repeats it in *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 4. Cf. also *Hymnus in Noctem* (*Poems*, p. 4).

IV, ii, 46–7. 'I will obtain an answer from a spirit which I shall invoke.'

IV, ii, 52–9. 'Emperor of the legions of the spirits of the West, mighty Behemoth, appear, appear, attended by Ashtaroth, thy unvanquished lieutenant! I adjure thee by the inscrutable secrets of the Styx, by the irretraceable windings of Hell, be present, O Behemoth, thou for whom the cabinets of the mighty lie open. By the secret depths of Night and Darkness, by the wandering stars, by the stealthy march of the hours

and Hecate's deep silence, come! Appear in spiritual form, gleaming, resplendent, lovely.'

IV, i, 53. The name, Behemoth, as that of an evil spirit, occurs in the pronouncement of the University of Paris on the visions of Joan of Arc, and in the trial of Urbain Grandier, burnt in 1634. There is a note on Astaroth in Reginald Scott's *Discourse of Devils*, appended to his *Discovery of Witchcraft*, chapter xx.

IV, ii, 82. *Cartophylax:* guardian of papers.

IV, ii, 85. The old stage direction in this line shows that when the play was first presented the demons attendant on Behemoth stood about him like torch-bearers. As Cartophylax spoke, one of these spirits departed with his torch.

IV, ii, 93. *Great in our command:* Mr. Boas interprets this: 'powerful in exercising command over us;' but I should prefer to attach the phrase to *spirit*, l. 92, and interpret, 'great in our host.' See for this use of *command* l. 52 above, and *The Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 243.

IV, ii, 98. The characters named in the stage direction that follows this line enter on the balcony. Although they speak and act in the following lines, they are not supposed to be really present, but only made visible and audible to Bussy and Tamyra by the Friar's art. Two similar situations occur in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, II, iii, and IV, iii.

IV, ii, 108. *Beyond reflection:* beyond all possibility of his being turned back.

IV, ii, 109. *A glass of ink:* a letter which, like a mirror, reflects Tamyra's unfaithfulness.

IV, ii, 112. *Fame's sepulchres:* the tomb of her good name.

IV, ii, 125. 'Whom all our efforts have been unable to discover.'

IV, ii, 165–6. 'Lest your rage, rising from your premature knowledge of the evil plotted against us.'

IV, ii, 181. 'Monsieur's plot shall be outflanked by my own against him.'

IV, ii, 182. *The feeling centre:* the conscious earth, which was then thought of as the centre of the universe.

IV, ii, 184–5. Possibly Chapman is thinking here of the famous passage in the *Odyssey*, XX, 351–4, where the walls of Ulysses' house sweat blood before his approaching vengeance on the suitors.

V, i. The *one bearing light, etc.*, is supposed to be a servant of Montsurry. His appearance here is caused by the fact that there was no curtain for the front stage where this scene was played, and the properties were required for the letter which Tamyra was to write, ll. 176–7.

V, i, 6. *Your revengeful blood:* the gratification of your lust for revenge.

V, i, 17. *The stony birth of clouds:* the thunderbolt. Pliny (*Hist. Nat.* xv, 40) says that the laurel alone of domestic trees is never struck by lightning, and records a tradition that Tiberius crowned himself with laurel during thunderstorms for fear of the lightning. Whitney's *Choice of Emblems*, p. 67, shows a man clinging to a laurel tree for protection against the bolts of Jove. Pierre Matthieu, *Histoire de France* (1605) vol. ii, p. 145 verso, has the marginal comment on a speech of the Duke de Biron: *Les hommes en dormant ne sont jamais frappez du foudre.* Chapman may have seen this.

V, i, 20. *The wild seed of vapour:* the lightning.

V, i, 55–6. 'Anticipating the last blast that is to kill those who live, and to give life anew to the dead.'—Boas.

V, i, 64. Cf. the *Aeneid*, iv, 173–5: *Fama . . . viresque acquirit eundo.*

V, i, 67–8. *My rocks:* my revenge, or, perhaps, the ambush I am preparing. *Thy ruffian galley:* Bussy, thy swaggering gallant, spoken of in l. 71 as *the spawn of Venus.*

V, i, 71. 'To dance in a net' was a proverbial phrase meaning 'to delude oneself into the belief that one's actions were concealed when in fact they were known.' It may perhaps go back to the story of Mars and Venus caught in a net by Vulcan. Similar phrases occur in the *Spanish Tragedy*, IV, iv, 118, and in *King Henry V*, I, ii, 93. Compare also *All Fools*, II, i, 252, and *Chabot*, IV, i, 136.

V, i, 84. *For all the comets:* 'in spite of all the comets.'—Boas. Comets were thought to portend disasters.

V, i, 91. *Nor in human consort:* nor do men lost in the wilderness of a woman's beauty find human fellowship.

V, i, 93. *Pelion and Cythæron:* Pelion, or Pelium, a mountain in Thessaly, the haunt of many wild beasts.

Cythæron, or Cithæron, a range of mountains in Greece, abounding in game. Lions and wolves are said to have been found there in prehistoric times. See Chapman's note on Cytheron in the *Gloss* to *The Shadow of Night* (*Poems*, p. 17).

V, i, 128–30. 'Where all these bounds of manhood, noblesse, and religion have been broken, they are *kept*, i.e. preserved, or restored, by the infliction of the penalties that their violation duly demands, even if these penalties are comparable in cruelty to the original violation.' The point, somewhat obscured by Chapman's diction, is that Montsurry's sullied honour can only be washed clean in blood.

V, i, 142. *Thus I express thee yet:* 'thus I give a further stroke to my delineation of thee.'—Boas. This does not seem satisfactory. Dr. Bradley suggests that, as 'express' is used, as an adjective, of one person who is 'the portrait' of another—'the express image of his person', *Hebrews* i, 3—it may have here a similar meaning as a verb, and we may render the passage 'I will make the likeness between us perfect, make myself the image of cruelty, *as thou art of adultery*, l. 140.

V, i, 143. 'The image of thy unnatural depravity is not yet fully completed.'—Boas.

V, i, 145. *This other engine:* the rack.

V, i, 151. 'Tamyra thinks that some evil spirit has taken her husband's shape.'—Boas.

V, i, 156. The sudden and apparently uncaused death of the Friar is a curious anticipation of Browning's method of killing off the characters in his early dramas by the violence of their own emotions. The use which Chapman makes of it, however, to break down the resolution of Tamyra which all her husband's tortures had not been able to overcome, seems to me a stroke of true dramatic genius.

V, i, 163–72. This passage at once grotesque and grandiose is eminently characteristic of Chapman. The sudden appearance of the Friar through the secret vault has revealed to Montsurry with the suddenness of a flash of lightning that it was this trusted man of God that had been the *close and most inennerable pander* to Tamyra's sin. In his amazement at this discovery, the very frame of things seems to him turned upside down. The bias toward sin has caused the world to turn over; now her back part braves that part of the heavens, *this hemisphere*, which her hypocritical face had so long mocked. And this revolution has exposed to view all her long-concealed illusions, so that men may see how she is held together and maintained in being by hypocrisy.

V, i, 181. *His:* i.e. man's, anticipating *man* in l. 182.

V, i, 191. *In, I'll after:* Montsurry is addressing the corpse of the Friar, which he here drags to the secret vault.

V, ii, 12–15. A difficult passage, rendered almost hopeless by the corruption of the usually standard text of the second quarto. I follow the first quarto here and interpret as follows: usually when Nature gives a man the qualities which we call meritorious and believe should lead him (*arrive him*) to riches, etc., those very qualities prove to be his ruin.

V, ii, 20. *With terror:* 'inspiring terror in their enemies.'—Boas.

V, ii, 36. 'Her treasury of noble qualities so largely expanded in the endowment of a single man,' i.e. Bussy.

V, ii, 46–53. This passage is borrowed, as Boas notes, direct from Seneca, *Agamemnon*, ll. 64–72.

Non sic Libycis Syrtibus aequor
Furit alternos volvere fluctus, etc.

The old translation (*Seneca—His Tenne Tragedies*, 1581) renders the passage as follows:

> *Not so the raging sea doth boyle upon the sand,*
> *Where as the southern winde that blowes in Africk lande,*
> *One wave upon another doth heape with sturdy blast:*
> *Not so doth Euxine Sea his swelling waves upcast:*
> *Nor so his belching stream from shallow bottom roll,*
> *That borders hard upon the ysy frozen poall:*
> *Where as Boötes bright doth twyne his wayne about*
> *And of the marble seas doth nothing stande in doubte.*
> *O how doth Fortune toss and tumble in her wheele*
> *The staggring states of kynges, that readdy bee to reele.*

V, ii, 57. 'Will try the strength of your hidden armour.' Cf. note on V, iv, 41–6.

V, iii, 17. *His upper weed:* his outer garment, i.e. the Friar's gown which Montsurry had taken from the corpse, V, i, 191.

V, iii, 23. *This embodied shadow:* this ghost when it was still a mortal body.

V, iii, 28. *My set brain:* my mind *set*, or determined, on knowing how things stand.

V, iii, 41–7. As Lamb (*Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets*) pointed out, Bussy in this passage calls upon Light [or rather on the Sun god, the *King of flames*, cf. Chapman's *Homer* p. 118], and on Darkness [or rather on Behemoth, the *Prince of shades*] to solve the mystery that troubles him. It is characteristic of the metaphysical mind of Chapman that the final appeal is to the prince of shades who sees best *where men are blindest.*

V, iii, 71. 'If my death fulfils his prediction.'

V, iii, 103. *The signs:* the signs of the heavens, with particular reference to the stars which govern man's life.

V, iv, 9. 'Before he be overtaken by your husband's vengeance.' This is a peculiar use of the verb *revenge*; but a similar use occurs in *The Trial of Chivalry* (Bullen, *Old Plays*, vol. iii, p. 326);

> *I know the villayne Burbon did the deed*
> *Whom my incensed brother will revenge.*

The context shows that the meaning here is: my brother will take revenge upon Burbon for this deed.

V, iv, 23. The stage direction after this line shows that Monsieur and Guise enter upon the balcony, which is here supposed to be a gallery overlooking the room in Montsurry's house to which the vault gives entrance.

V, iv, 27–8. 'What bugbear such as this threat of murder does not shrink in fear from the very sleep of Bussy.'

V, iv, 41–6. As the murderers enter at one door, the ghost of the Friar appears at the other and warns them back. All flee except the first, whom Bussy attacks. Bussy's sword fails to pierce his privy coat of mail, so Bussy strikes him in the face and slays him.

V, iv, 52. *A speeding sleight and well resembled:* a successful trick which gave him (Montsurry) the very resemblance of the Friar. Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, V, iv, 20.

V, iv, 65. *Enforce the spot:* 'emphasize the stain on your honour.'—Boas.

V, iv, 82. 'Then the preachers who tell us of the supreme importance of the soul deal only with forms, not with facts.'

V, iv, 83–4. 'Man is composed of two devoted friends (body and soul), who stand in the same relation to each other as lover and mistress.'

V, iv, 90–3. The anecdote comes originally from Suetonius, *Vespasian*, 24.

V, iv, 100–8. Adapted, as Boas notes, from Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, ll. 1522–30:

> *O decus mundi, radiate Titan,*
> *Cujus ad primos Hecate vapores, etc.*

which the old translation renders as follows:

' O Titan crownd with blazing bush whose morning moystures make
The Moone her foamy bridell from her tyred teame to take,
Declare to th' Easterlinges whereas the ruddy morne doth rise,
Declare unto the Irishmen aloofe at western skies,
Make knowne unto the Moores annoyed by flaming axentree,
Those that with the ysy Wayne of Archas pestred bee,
Display to these that Hercules to th' eternal ghosts is gone
And to the bauling mastiffes den from whence returneth none.

V, iv, 119–21. We may, perhaps, paraphrase this passage as follows : May my tragic death when laid in the scales of your temper (or judgment), no longer partial, outweigh whatever fault there was in the love I worthily bore your lady.

V, iv, 134–140. This is a passage to which it seems almost impossible to attach any definite meaning. *This killing spectacle* is, of course, the wounds inflicted on Tamyra. She is the *sun* of Bussy's life, and the sun is now turned to blood. But we may well ask with Mr. Boas what Pelion and Ossa symbolize, and what their melting means. I think in a general way the sense of the passage is that under the beams of this bloody sun Bussy feels his life departing and pouring like a stream into the ocean where all human life flows, to add more bitterness to that sea of Death. But the grandiose imagery quite obscures the meaning.

V, iv, 149. D'Ambois like Hercules is to become a star in the heavens. See Seneca, *Hercules Oetaeus*, ll. 1568–79 :

Sed locum virtus habet inter astra, etc.

V, iv, 151. *The vast crystal :* the highest, or crystalline, sphere in which the star of Bussy will be set.

V, iv, 203. *Arriv'd :* i.e. at my goal of death.

V, iv, 211–14. The figure of the wax taper, started in l. 209, is still continued. The sweet taste of the honey, from which the wax came, has passed into the perfume, *savour*, of the candle, and so retains a *spice of his first parents*, the bees, until, like departing life, the light of the candle flashes up and then goes quite out, *it sees and dies*.

V, iv, 218. *His own stuff puts it out :* the melted wax of the inverted candle extinguishes the flame. Cf. Grimeston, p. 969 : 'These two noblemen [Biron and D'Auvergne] were like two torches which being held downward are quenched with the wax which did nourish them and give them light.' The original of this is in Pierre Matthieu, vol. ii, p. 129, where it is applied to the sudden extinction of Biron and the Count D'Auvergne.

Epilogue. This first appeared in the 1641 edition. It has evident reference to the performance and the actor alluded to in the *Prologue*, and must have been written at the same time.

TEXT NOTES

In the preparation of this text I have made use of the following editions, denoted in these pages by the symbols which here accompany them : the first quarto, 1607 (A) ; the quarto of 1641 (B) ; Dilke's edition, *Old Plays*, 1815, vol. iii. (D) ; the edition contained in the *Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, Pearson, 1873 (P) ; that contained in *The Works of George Chapman*, edited by R. H. Shepherd, 1874–5 (S.) ; and the edition of Mr. Boas in *The Belles-Lettres* Series, 1905 (Bo.). Essentially I have followed B, modernizing the spelling and punctuation, and introducing a few readings from A, and modern emendations. For an elaborate study of the text see *Englische Studien*, v. 38, p. 359, ssq. In the Q, the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes.

Prologue. Wanting in A.

Dramatis Personae. No such list appears in the Qq. That given here is based, with a few differences, on that of Boas.

I, i, 5. A, *incessant ;* B, *continual.*
8. A, *forging ;* B, *forming.*
10. A, *our tympanouse statists ;* B, *men meerely great.*
20. A, *powers ;* B, *wealth.*
25. A, *glad ;* B, *faine.*
31. A, *world ;* B, *earth.*
36. AB, *words ;* P, misprints *worde.*
40. A, *poore ;* B, *meane.*
43. A, *likely ;* B, *possible.*
44. A, *fit I ;* B, *good to.*
57. A, *Think'st ;* B, *Callest.*
80. A, *doth ;* B, *doe.*
82. A, *wish me doe ;* B, *wish me.*
83. A, *as ;* B, *where.*
92. A, *portly ;* B, *humorous.*
110. A, *eies ;* B, *loves.*
113. A, *rude ;* B, *old.*
117. A, *rul'd ;* B, *wise.*
122–5. Wanting in A.
126. A, *But hee's no husband heere ;* B, *To fit his seed-land soyl.*
130. A, *with ;* B, *for.*
153. In the margin to the right of this line B has the direction *Table, Chesbord, & Tapers behind the Arras.* This is a direction to the stage manager to place the properties required for the next scene (cf. I, ii, 167) behind the curtain which concealed the rear, or alcove, stage. This is one of numerous indications that B was printed from a stage-copy of the play.
153. A and B, *the ;* P, misprints *tha.*
156. A, *A passe ;* B, *His passe.*
157. A, *good fashion ;* B, *respect.*
167. A, *his wise excellencie ;* B, *your great masters goodnesse.*
170. A, *bad ;* B, *rude.*
180. A, *highnes ;* B, *Graces.*
187. A, *scholar ;* B, *poet.*
192. A, *excellence ;* B, *bounteous Grace.*
193. A, *to your deserts The reverend vertues of a faithful Steward ;* B, *to you of long ones.*
196. A, *merrie ;* B, *pleasant.*
197. A, *beleeve it ;* B, *berlady.*
199. A, *my Lord ;* B, *his Grace.*
208–10. A omits these lines.
212. A, *Serve God ;* B, *If you be thriftie and.* I have preferred the reading of A, as more likely, the true text. The weak and unmetrical version of B represents an alteration to avoid the penalty fixed by the law of 1606 for the abuse of the name of God in stage-plays.
222. A, *sown ;* B, *set.*
their fruit. The copy of B in the Bodleian reads *the fruit.* Two copies in the British Museum *their fruit.*

I, ii. I have added to the original stage direction at the beginning of this scene, which consists only of the names of the characters, two phrases based upon a previous stage direction. See above note on I, i, 153.

I, ii, 2. A, *this ;* B, *that.*
4. A, *under hand ;* B, *under the hand.*
10. A, *Court forme ;* B, *Court-fashion.*
11. A, *semi-gods ;* B, *demi-gods.*
14–5 A omits.
18. A, *boast ;* B, *vaunt.*
20. A, *rudenesse ;* B, *clowneries.*
32. A, *deformitie ;* B, *confusion.*
47. A, *first borne ;* B, *sole heire.*
53. A, *and we ;* B, *and we more.*
54. A, *to be the pictures of our vanitie.*
56. A omits.
58. A, *this Gentleman t' attend you.* B, *a Gentleman to court.*
60–61. Printed as prose in Qq.
62. A, *I like ;* B, *we like.*
63. A, *I have ;* B, *we have.*
67. In this line I follow B. A has *He that will winne, must wooe her ; shee's not shamelesse,* which Bo. prefers.
68–75. Printed as prose in Qq.
71. A, *my love ;* B, *sweet heart.*
72. A, *Beaupres ;* B, *Beaupre.*
76. A omits.
84–6. A omits.
93. The stage-direction after this line comes after the words, *another riddle* (l. 133) in A. B has the misprint *Pyrlot* in this direction.
94–105. A omits.
114. A, *Sir ;* B, *Duke.*
114–5. A, *madam ;* B, *princely mistresse.*
115. A omits *another riddle.*
118. A, *good ;* B, *young.*
121–6. These lines, plus a speech by Guise, *So, sir, so,* cancelled in B, appear after the words, *Another riddle* (l. 133) in A.

128–33. B prints this speech as verse, the lines ending *many*, *of*, *owne*, *talk*. Bo. prints it as prose; I think the arrangement in the text justifies itself.
133. A, *more courtship, as you love it;* B, *Another riddle.*
160. A, *Ardor;* B, *Their heat.*
181. A, *roaring;* B, *braying.*
187. A omits the stage direction after this line.
192. Qq, *how;* the *who* in Bo. is a misprint.
201, 204, 206. A gives the speeches beginning with these lines to Pyrhot, Barrisor, and L'Anou respectively. I follow the arrangement of B.
201–3. Qq. print this speech as verse, the lines ending *selfe, into, you*. I think the passage is prose, though with an echoing rhythm of the preceding verse.
201. A, *strange credulitie;* B, *miraculous jealousie.*
202–3. A omits *the matter of.*
207. A, *with;* B, *in.*
212. A omits *else.*

II, i. In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene A has *Beaumond, Nuncius;* B, *Montsurry and Attendants.* I have retained *Beaumond* as the speech beginning *Such a life*, ll. 105–6, is assigned to him in B. Bo., who follows the stage directions of B, assigns this speech to Montsurry. Brereton in a review of Boas's edition published in the *Sydney Bulletin* (Australia) suggests that *Beaumond* is the name of the Nuntius who enters after l. 24; but I think that Chapman in this Senecan passage would be more like to introduce a nameless Nuntius.

II, i, 11. A, *When;* B, *Where.*
27. A, *his;* B, *their.*
70. A, *sparkl'd;* B misprints *spakl'd.*
120. A, *quicke an eie;* B, *swift a foot.*
128. I follow A, *the tw' other*, in preference to the unpronounceable *th' tw' other* of B.
129. I follow A, *spirits*, in preference to B, *spirit.*
133. A omits the words *but he* in the King's speech. It is possible that they may have crept into B by mistake, but I incline to think that they were added deliberately.
135. A, *feebled;* B, *freckled.*
136. A, *cheekes;* B, *lips.*
166. A, *full;* B, *true.*
185. A, *violent;* B, *daring.*
193. I prefer the A reading, *God*, to the B, *Law*, which I take to be an alteration of the original to comply with the law of 1606.
204. A, *King;* B, *Law.*
207. B omits the words *Mort Dieu*, probably for fear of the censor. I restore them from A.
210–18. These lines appear for the first time in B. They were evidently added to motivate the following scene. In their stead A has two lines:

Buss. *How shall I quite your love?*
Mons. *Be true to the end:*
I have obtained a kingdom with my friend.

II, ii. In A this scene opens with fifty lines (not forty-nine, as Bo. states) which are omitted in B. Most editors restore them to the text, but as they seem to have been deliberately omitted, I have preferred to follow B in the text and reprint them here. The scene opens in A with the direction, *Montsur, Tamyra, Beaupre, Pero, Charlotte, Pyrha.*

Mont. *He will have pardon sure.*
Tam. *Twere pittie else:*
For though his great spirit something overflow,
All faults are still borne, that from greatnesse grow:
But such a sudden courtier saw I never.
Beau. *He was too sudden, which indeede was rudenesse.*
Tam. *True, for it argued his no due conceit.*
Both of the place, and greatnesse of the persons:
Nor of our sex: all which (we all being strangers
To his encounter) should have made more maners
Deserve more welcome.
Mont. *All this fault is found*
Because he lov'd the Dutchesse and left you.
Tam. *Ahlas, love give her joy; I am so farre*
From Envie of her honour, that I sweare,

Had he encounterd me such proud sleight :
I would have put that project face of his
To a more test, than did her Dutchesship.
Be. *Why (by your leave my Lord) Ile speake it heere,*
(Although she be my ante) she scarce was modest,
When she perceived the Duke her husband take
Those late exceptions to her servants Courtship
To entertaine him.
Tam. *I, and stand him still.*
Letting her husband give her servant place :
Though he did manly, she should be a woman.
Enter Guise.
D'Ambois is pardon'd : wher's a king ? where law ?
See how it runnes, much like a turbulent sea ;
Heere high, and glorious, as it did contend
To wash the heavens, and make the stars more pure :
And heere so low, it leaves the mud of hell
To every common view ; come count Monsurry
We must consult of this.
Tam. *Stay not, sweet Lord.*
Mont. *Be pleased, Ile strait returne.*
Exit cum Guise.
Tamy. *Would that would please me.*
Beau. *Ile leave you Madam to your passions.*
I see, ther's change of weather in your lookes. Exit cum suis.
Tamy. *I cannot cloake it ; but ; as when a fume,*
Hot, drie and grosse : within the wombe of earth
Or in her superficies begot :
When extreame cold hath stroke it to her heart,
The more it is comprest, the more it rageth ;
Exceeds his prisons strength tha should containe it,
And then it tosseth Temples in the aire ;
All barres made engines, to his insolent fury :
So, of a sudden, my licentious fancy
Riots within me : not my name and house
Nor my religion to this houre observ'd
Can stand above it : I must utter that
That will in parting breake more strings in me,
Than death when life parts : and that holy man
That, from my cradle, counseld for my soule :
I now must make an agent for my bloud.
Enter Monsieur.
Mons. *Yet, is my mistresse gratious ?*
Tamy. *Yet unanswered ?*

This passage does not, I think, contain anything of dramatic importance, and was advisedly cancelled.

21. A, *weighing a dissolute ;* B, *joyning a lose.*
26. A, *solemne ;* B, *common.*
61. A gives Tamyra's speech in this line to Mont[surry].
85. A, *profit ;* B, *honour.*
86. A and B, *no ;* P, *not,* a misprint.
96. A omits.
97. Qq. *wave.* This palpable misprint was corrected by D.
108. A, *the ;* B misprints *yee.*
122. A, *that that ;* B, *that which.*
123. A, *For love is hatefull without love againe.*
126. A omits the stage direction ; B places it after l. 123.
127–31. For these lines A has :
See, see the gulfe is opening that will swallow
Me and my fame forever ; I will in.
132. A omits the stage direction *Ascendit, etc.,* after this line.
133. For *Friar* A has *Comolet,* and so throughout the play.
191. A omits the words *with a book* in the stage direction after this line.
216. A, *sits ;* B, *wakes.*
224. A, *Was something troubled.* B, *Made some deep scruple.*
225. A, *hand ;* B, *honour.*
228–30. A omits the words from *his long* to *pe'fections* inclusive, also *ready* in l. 230.
236. A, *comfort ;* B, *good.*
245–6. A omits the stage directions after these lines.
III, i. The stage direction at the beginning of this scene in A is simply *Bucy, Tamyra.*
III, i, 1–2. A omits.

28. A, *Goddesse ;* B, *servile.*
34. A, *our one soul ;* B, omits *our.*
35. A, *truth ;* B, *selfe.*
37. A, *men ;* B, *one.*
45–61. These lines, with the stage directions after l. 50 and l. 61, are wanting in A, which has after l. 44 *Exit D'Amb. manet Tamy.*
92. A, *thy beauties ;* B, *thine eyes.*
118. A, *underneath the King.* B, *under our King's arme.*
III, ii. Stage direction. The text follows B. A has after *Guise, Mont. Elenor* [i.e., the Duchess] *Tam. Pero.*
III, ii, 1. A, *Speake home my Bussy* ; B omits *my,* thus giving the line a syncopated first foot. As this is a variation of which Chapman was rather fond, I think the change may have been made by the poet for the sake of the emphasis secured thereby.
4. A, *nothing ;* B, *sparrowes.*
16. A, *truth ;* B, *man.*
29. A, *than ;* B, *by.*
53. A, *oppressed ;* B, *besieged.*
58. A, *the tother ;* B, *the rest.*
67. A, *charge ;* B, *bout.*
76. Qq. *nobly* ; I accept Bo.'s emendation *noblier.*
89. A, *equall ;* B, *honour'd.*
96. A, *eminence ;* B, *empire.*
104. A, *out one sticke ;* B, *one stick out.*
105. A, *was compris'd ;* B, *bound our lifes.*
107. A, *ingenuous ;* B, *ingenious* These two are mere variants of the same word in Elizabethan English. I prefer the sense of A, and therefore print *ingenuous.*
117. A, *proove ;* B, *hold.*
A, *rodde ;* B, *vertue.*
121. A, *Engender not ;* B, *Decline not to.*
131–8. These lines are wanting in A, as is the stage-direction following. For this A has after l. 130 *Exeunt Henry, D'Amb., Ely., Ta.*
140. A, *proper ;* B, *worthy.*
149. A, *gadding ;* B, *ranging.*
152. A, *and indeed ;* B, *for, you know.*
154. Qq. *advantage.* I restore the *s* which I think has dropped out. Sense and metre seem to me to demand this.
160–1. A, *being old, And cunning in his choice of layres ;* B, *the hart Being old and cunning in his layres.*
163–4. A, *where his custome is To beat his vault, and he ruts* ; B. *where (behind some Queich) He breaks his gall and rutteth.*
168. A, *greatest ;* B, *chiefest.*
172. A, *an excellent ;* B, *cunningst.*
174–80. For these lines A has :
Mons. *I have already broke the ice, my Lord,*
With the most trusted woman of your Countesse,
And hope I shall wade through to our discovery.
Mont. *Take say of her, my Lord, she comes most fitly*
And we will to the other.
181. A omits *indeed.*
185. Bo. prints *Nay, pardon me, etc.*, recording *Pray* as an A reading. But the copies of B at the Bodleian and the British Museum both have *Pray.*
187–90. Printed as verse in Qq., but it seems plainly prose.
189. A, *concerning thy ;* B, *of thy.*
190. A, *promised ;* B, *sworne to thee.*
191. A, *that you have sworne ;* B, *your assurance.*
195. A, *so it be not to one that will betray thee ;* B, *so wee reach our objects.*
199. A omits the exclamation mark after *Excellent.*
200. A, *into earth heere ;* B, *to perdition.*
202. A, *wondring ;* B, *watching.* A omits *up* after *stole.*
206. A, *she set close at a banquet* ; B, *her selfe reading a letter.*
209. A, *No, my Lord* ; B, *I sweare.*
211–2. A omits the words from *Why, this* to *Oh the* inclusive.
216. A omits the words *never dreaming of D'Amboys.*
219. A, *his conveyance ;* B, *this conveyance.*
220. A, *could ;* B, *should.*
A, *performed ;* B, *made.*
226. A lacks the stage direction after this line.
227. Before this line A has two speeches cut out in B.
Char. *I sweare to your Grace, all that I can conjecture touching my Lady your Neece, is a strong affection she beares to the English Mylor.*
Gui. *All quod you ? tis enough I assure you, but tell me.*

234. Between *life* and *especially* A has the words *if she marks it.*
235. A, *put off ;* B, *disguise.*
238. A, *at ;* B, *from.*
244. A, *We be ;* B, *We are.*
259. Qq. *in it ;* Bo. reads *thin it.*
263. A omits *great.*
268. A, *end of you ;* B, *end of it.*
273. A, *I leave ;* B, *we leave.*
274. A, *my mercies ;* B, *our mercies.*
281. A omits *thought.*
288. A, *horrible ;* B, *miraculous.*
293. A, *My Lord, tis true, and ;* B, *Well, my Lord.*
295–6. A omits this speech.
301. A, *monster-formed cloudes ;* B, *dark and standing foggs.*
304. Qq. in Bodleian and British Museum have *Not Cerberus.* P. and Bo. print *Nor.*
306–75. Instead of this long passage A has only the following lines ;

I will conceale all yet, and give more time
To D'Ambois triall, now upon my hooke ;
He awes my throat ; else like Sybillas cave
It should breath oracles ; I feare him strangely,
And may resemble his advanced valour
Unto a spirit rais'd without a circle,
Endangering him that ignorantly rais'd him,
And for whose furie he hath learn'd no limit.

375. B, puts the stage direction *Enter Bussy* in the margin after *leap'st thou at* l. 376.
378. A, *head ;* B, *browes.*
381. A, *Sir ;* B, *Prince.*
384–92. A omits.
393. A, *This still hath made me doubt thou do'st not love me.*
394. A, *for me then ;* B, *therefore now.*
397–400. For these lines A has only D'Amb. *Come, doe not doubt me, and command mee all things.*
401. A, *and now by all ;* B, *to prove which by.*
403. A, *affection ;* B, *still flourishing tree.*
404. A omits.
409. A omits.
422. A, *begin, and speake me simply ;* B, *pay me home, ile bide it bravely.*
425. A, *to feed ;* B, misprints *so feed.*
431. A, *wife ;* B, *strumpet.*
444. A, *that valour ;* B, *thy valour.* A, *my dunghill ;* B, *the dunghill.*
445. A, *I carrie ;* B, *hath reference.*
483. A, *A perfect ;* B, *The purest.*
485–6. Qq. have no point after *tender* and a semi-colon after *lust.* I think the present punctuation brings out the true sense of the passage.

IV, i. In the stage direction at the beginning of the scene A omits *with a letter.*
IV, i, 5. A, *fare ;* B, *foule.*
16. A, *images ;* B, *idols.*
21. A omits.
24. A, *motions ;* B, *faculty.*
26–9. In A these lines belong to Bussy.
28. A, *predominance ;* B, *divided empires.*
29. A, *claime ;* B, *prove.*
38. A, *tyrannous ;* B, *priviledge.*
65. A, *but ;* B, *and.*
70–8. For these lines A has :

Buc. *No, I thinke not,*
Mons. *Not if I nam'd the man*
With whom I would make him suspicious
His wife hath armd his forehead ?
Buc. *So you might*
Have your great nose made lesse indeed : and slit.

92. A, *toughness ;* B, *roughnesse.* Possibly B is a misprint. The root of the box-tree was famous for its hardness.
96. A omits *the.*
103. A, *spirit ;* B, *minde.*
104. A, *effect ;* B, *desert.*
112. A, *is comming to afflict ;* B, *steales on to ravish.*
117. A omits *and Ladies* in the stage direction.
132. A puts this stage direction after *under* in l. 134, and omits *Exeunt Guise and Monsieur.*
147. A omits this stage direction.
151–4. A, *Sweete Lord, cleere up those eies for shame of noblesse : Mercilesse creature ; but it is enough.*
B, *Sweet Lord, cleare up those eyes, unbend that masking forehead,*
Whence is it you rush upon her with these Irish warres
More full of sound then hurt ? But it is enough.

1 restore the words *for shame of noblesse*, which I believe to have been accidentally dropped, and rearrange so as to bring out the metre.

180. A, *hand ;* B, *fingers.*

190. A, *art ;* B misprints *are.*

193. A, *Even to his teeth* (*whence, in mine honors soile.*

205–9. *papers hold . . . for it.* For these lines A has :

Be not nice
For any trifle, jeweld with your honour,
To pawne your honor.

212. A, *much ;* B, *well.*

217. A, *my Lord ;* B, *this touch.*

232. A, *Ile attend your lordship.* B, *but I will to him.*

234. A, *Speake ;* B, *Meet.*

236. A omits.

IV, ii. A omits lines 1–18 inclusive, opening with the stage direction *She enters, her maid,* for which B has *Musick : Tamyra enters with Pero and her maid, etc.*

21. A omits *curs'd.*

24. After this line A has *Father,* followed by the stage direction *Ascendit Bussy with Comolet.*

27–30. *Our love . . . fool but he.* A omits this passage, reading instead :

D'Amb. *What insensate stocke,*
Or rude inanimate vapour without fashion.

50. A, *ye see ;* B, *you see.*

51. A omits the stage direction after this line.

66. A, *calledst ;* B, *call'dst.*

77. A, *one ;* B, *on.*

99. The Qq. wrongly give. the speech, *No . . . see,* to Monsieur. Dilke gives it to Behemoth. Boas correctly to the Friar.

107–8. Both A and B give *Pre* as the speaker of these lines, probably a mere misprint for *Beh*[*emoth*].

109. A, *wherein you see ;* B, *where you may see.*

132. A omits the stage direction after this line.

135. I have followed Bo.'s arrangement of the stage direction in this line. A has only *Exit Mont.* after *i' faith,* l. 136, and B, *Exit Mont. and stabs Pero.*

136. A, *ill ;* B, *cruelly.*

139. A, *be, at least, if not a ;* B, *rather be a bitter.*

141. A omits the words *To you . . . To me.*

144. A omits the stage direction.

151. A, *stay* (perhaps a misprint for *stayne*) ; B, *die.*

152. A, *with ;* B, *in.*

his forc'd. Qq. Dilke and Boas read *her.* This gives a plainer sense, but I think *his* may stand.

158. A, *and let him curb his rage with policy.*

189. A, *print ;* B, *taint.*

193. A, *from ;* B, *by.*

V, i. In the stage direction A omits the words *by the haire.*

1–4. These lines are wanting in A.

21. A, *than it ;* B, *than that.*

24. Qq. *no more ;* P, *to more,* a misprint.

28. A, *hateful ;* B, *secret.*

32. A, *touch ;* B, *tread.*

35. The words *your terrors* are wanting in A. When added in B, the full stop after them was forgotten, which gave rise to S.'s reading, *your terrors Tempt not a man distracted.* I follow Bo.'s punctuation.

40. A, *God ;* B, *Heaven.* I follow A.

A, *ye ;* B, *you.*

42–4. A omits.

45. A, *heart ;* B, *breast.*

46. A, *ope the seven-times heat furnace.* I follow B, which has been needlessly emended to *Or stand,* (D.) and *stand in the* (Bo.).

48. A, *cares ;* B, *woes.*

51. A, *enraged ;* B, *devouring.*

60. A, *God ;* B, *Heaven.* As in l. 40, I follow A, taking B to be a change to avoid the law of 1606.

68. A, *laden for thy ;* B, *rig'd with quench for.* On the significance of this new reading see *Modern Language Review,* January, 1908, p. 138.

91. A, *distract :* B, *devoure.*

A, *state ;* B, *consort.*

95. A, *sins ;* B, *faults.*

129–30. A omits the words from *with* to *cruelty.* L. 130 reads in B

Of the like cruel cruelty : thine arms have lost.

I omit *cruel* which I take to be a printer's error, harmful to sense and metre.

140. A, *still ;* B, *ever.*

141. A, *like in ill ;* B, *parallel.*

146. A omits the stage direction ; B places it after l. 144.

154. A omits *with a sword drawne*

in the stage direction, also the direction *Falls and dies* after l. 155.

174. A, *innocent ;* B, *worthy.*

193. A omits stage direction at the close of this scene except the word *Exeunt.*

V, ii. This whole scene, except ll. 54–9, which are wanting in A, was originally placed at the beginning of V, iv.

V, ii, 3. A, *who makes ;* B, *that makes.*

7. *Not knowing what they say.* Instead of these words A has the following lines :

In whose hot zeale a man would thinke they knew
What they ranne so away with, and were sure
To have rewards proportion'd to their labours ;
Yet may implore their owne confusions
For anything they know, which oftentimes
It fals out they incurre.

8. A, *masse ;* B, *deale.*

13–7. This passage is so badly printed in B as to make nonsense which has puzzled most editors. I have followed the perfectly clear reading of A for these lines. The variants in B are : l. 13 for *wee call, she calls ;* l. 14 for *believe, beliefe ;* for *should, must ;* l. 16 for *Right, Even ;* for *men thinke, me thinks ;* for *gard them, guard.* Any one who tries to reconstruct the passage in the text along these lines will, I think, feel as I do, that Chapman had made certain corrections, which the printer misunderstood, and to which the printer added changes of his own with a result of reducing the passage to hopeless unintelligibility.

25. A, *decorum ;* B, *proportion.*

28. A, *an absolute ;* B, *a perfect.*

29. A, *whole ;* B, *full.*

32. A, *Why you shall ;* B, *Yet shall you.*

38. A, *let it ;* B misprints *let's it.*

40. A, *rages ;* B, *rage.*

41–3. For these lines A has only : *So this full creature now shall reele and fall.*

44. A, *purblinde ;* B, *blind borne.*

48. A, *euxine ;* B, *Euxian.*

53. A omits the stage direction after this line and l. 54–9.

V, iii. A omits *with tapers* in the stage direction at the beginning of this scene, also *Thunder* after l. 6, and *Thunders* after ll. 53 and 69.

8. A, *Crackes ;* B, *Nods.*

9. A, *my ;* B, *deare.*

15–6. A omits.

17. A, *utmost ;* B, *upper.*

49. A, *see ;* B, *shine.*

50. A, *sense is ;* B, *men are.*

54. Qq. give *Sp.* (i.e. *Spirit*) as the speaker. I keep the abbreviation *Beh.* i.e. *Behemoth,* from IV, ii.

76. A, *and force ;* B, *or force.*

82. A omits stage direction *knocks.*

84. A omits *with a letter written in blood* in the stage direction.

85–98. *O lying spirit . . . calls him* : for this passage in B, A has :

Bussy. *O lying Spirit : welcome, loved father,*
How fares my dearest mistresse ?
Mont. *Well as ever,*
Being well as ever thought on by her lord :
Wherof she sends this witnesse in her hands
And praies, for urgent cause, your speediest presence.

V, iv. For the stage direction at the beginning of this scene A has *Intrat umbra Comolet to the Countesse, wrapt in a canapie.*

V, iv, 1–6. These lines are not in A, which has instead :

Com. *Revive those stupid thoughts, and sit not thus,*
Gathering the horrors of your servants slaughter
(*So urg'd by your hand, and so imminent*)
Into an idle fancie ; but devise.

9. A, *engaged ;* B, *revenged.*

14. A, *t'have ;* B, *have.*

15–22. Instead of these lines A has ;

Tis the just curse of our abus'd creation,
Which wee must suffer heere, and scape heereafter :
He hath the great mind that submits to all
He sees inevitable ; he the small
That carps at earth, and her foundation shaker,
And rather than himselfe, will mend his maker.

22. The stage direction following this line is wanting in A, in which

Monsieur and Guise are on the stage, presumably in a gallery, from the beginning.

33–6. These lines are wanting in A.

41. Wanting in A.

42. The stage direction is wanting in A.

43. The words *all but the first* are wanting in A in the stage direction.

53. The Qq. put the question mark after *lord*.

66. In the stage direction A has *others* for B *all the murtherers*.

71. A omits the stage direction after this line.

73. The stage direction is wanting in A; B puts it before l. 72.

90–3. These lines are wanting in A.

91. The stage direction, wanting in A, occurs before l. 94 in B.

105. *The burning axletree.* P. misprints *curning*; which S. further distorted to *cunning*. The Century Dictionary not aware that *curning* was a misprint, takes the word as a variant spelling from 'quern', 'a handmill', and glosses it as grinding. *Burning* is a translation of the Latin *ferventi*; see note on this passage, p. 561.

119. Before this line A repeats the name of the speaker, *Bus*[*sy*], and for *Now* has *And*.

135. A, *gainst*; B, *in*.

136. A, *endless*; B, *drifts of*.

146. For Qq. *stuck*, Bo. emends *struck*. This does not seem necessary; cf. the use of *stick* in the sense of 'pierce' in V, iii, 48.

147–53. These lines, preceded by three others, cancelled in B, constitute the closing speech of the play in A. The cancelled lines are:

My terrors are strook inward, and no more
My pennance will allow they shall enforce
Earthly afflictions but upon my selfe.

147. A, *relicts*; B, *reliques*.

149. A, *Joine flames with Hercules*; B misprints *Jove flames with her rules*.

151. A, *continent*; B, *chrystall*.

154. Before this line B repeats the name of the speaker, *Frier*.

155. After this line A has the following cancelled in B:

Since thy revengefull spirit hath rejected
The charitie it commands, and the remission
To serve and worship the blind rage of bloud.

163. A, *sitting*; B, *kneeling*.

167. The exit of the *Umbra* is not noted in the Qq.

173. After this line A has the following, cancelled in B:

My soule more scruple breeds than my bloud sinne,
Vertue imposeth more than any stepdame.

186–7. These lines with the following stage direction are wanting in A.

192. The word *are*, wanting in the Qq., was added by D. It was probably omitted by mistake after *here*, or joined with that word in pronunciation, i.e. *here* pronounced as a dissyllable was understood as equivalent to *here are*.

201. A omits *a* before *hunted*. The Epilogue is wanting in A.

THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS

INTRODUCTION

THE *Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois* was entered in the Stationers' Registers on April 17, 1612, and published in 1613, with the following title-page: The Revenge of Bussy D'Ambois. A Tragedie. *As it hath beene often presented at the private Play-house in the White-Fryers.* Written by George Chapman, Gentleman, London. Printed by T.S. and are to be solde by John Helme, at his shop in S. Dunstones Church-yard, in Fleetstreet, 1613. The statement of the title-page, together with what is known of one of the sources, enables us to fix the date of composition for this play within tolerably narrow limits. The Whitefriars' Theatre was opened by the Queens' Revels Company,[1] under the management of Rossiter, with Nat. Field as leading actor, early in the year 1610.[2] Chapman seems to have written for this company almost exclusively since his break with Henslowe in 1599,[3] and for them he composed, probably after a revival of his tragedy of *Bussy* at their new theatre, this sequel, *The Revenge of Bussy.*[4] We may, therefore, safely place the composition of this play late in 1610, or in 1611, which would leave time for the frequent performances mentioned on the title-page before the entry in the Stationers' Registers.

The sources of the main plot of *The Revenge* are as uncertain as those of *Bussy*. De Thou [5] states that the murder of Bussy led to a nine years' feud between his friends and the partisans of his slayer, in which Bussy's sister, Renée, took a principal part. But this statement first appeared in print seven years after the publication of Chapman's play, and cannot have served as its source. As a matter of fact, when we consider the unhistorical character of the main plot of this play, we may reasonably conclude that no direct source for it ever existed. I take it that Chapman, perhaps as a result of the successful revival of *Bussy*, decided to compose a second part, or sequel, to that play. This naturally assumed the form of a revenge tragedy, a type notably popular in the first decade of the seventeenth century. How little connexion the main plot of this play has with the truth of history is shown by the fact that in reality there was neither revenger nor revenge for the murder of Bussy. Chapman's figure of Clermont D'Ambois cannot be identified with any historical character; his very name, indeed, is composed of names and titles belonging to Bussy himself: Louis de Clermont,

[1] The old Children of the Chapel, who had taken the name of the Children of the Queen's Revels in January, 1604. Fleay and Maas distinguish this company after their reorganization and migration to Whitefriars as the Second Queen's Revels Company.

[2] Maas *Aüssere Geschichte der Englischen Theater-truppen*, pp. 60, 167.

[3] The apparent exception is *Bussy*, which was at one time performed by Paul's Boys; but see my article, *The Date of Bussy*, in *Modern Language Review*, January, 1908.

[4] For the probable revival of *Bussy* at Whitefriars see my article quoted in the preceding note.

[5] *Historiæ sui temporis*, vol. iii, lib. lxvii, and vol. v, lib. cxiii.

Sieur de Bussy D'Amboise.[1] And the revenge taken by this imaginary hero upon his brother's murderer is as imaginary as the hero himself, for the feud was composed by order of Henry III shortly before his death,[2] and the historical Montsurry, whom Chapman represents as dying under Clermont's sword, was actually alive at the time his death was being represented on the stage of Whitefriars, and survived to receive Marie de Medici at Angers as late as 1616.[3]

If the main plot of *The Revenge* may, therefore, be considered as Chapman's invention, the source of two striking episodes of the play has been definitely ascertained. Professor Koeppel showed long since[4] that the ultimate source of Chapman's account of the arrest of Clermont was to be found in Pierre Matthieu's *Histoire de France*, 1605, and that of the murder of Guise in Jean de Serres' *Inventaire Général*, and Mr. Boas has since pointed out[5] that the immediate source drawn on by Chapman for both of these was Grimeston's *General Inventory of the History of France*, 1607. The death of Guise was taken over with little change from Grimeston's narrative, but the account of Clermont's arrest was adapted in all its details, but with a complete change of characters, from the seizure of the Count D'Auvergne, the bastard son of Charles IX, as told by Grimeston under the date 1604. It is not unlikely that this extraordinary wresting of the facts of history moved certain critics, the ' poor envious souls' of Chapman's dedicatory epistle, to cavil at the want of truth in his play.

Mr. Boas[6] makes the ingenious suggestion that the story of D'Auvergne's arrest in Grimeston was the ' inspiring source ' of Chapman's play. This, I must confess, seems to me a misuse of terms. In *The Revenge of Bussy* the arrest of Clermont is purely episodic, and has so little vital connexion with the main plot of the play that I cannot imagine how Chapman's perusal of the story in Grimeston could in any way have suggested to him the composition of a tragedy of revenge for Bussy's murder. I should conceive Chapman's method of composition to have been something as follows. Having determined to write a sequel to his successful play of *Bussy*, and to give it the form of a revenge tragedy, he began to construct a scenario and at once found himself confronted with a very practical difficulty. A tragedy of revenge must be built up along fairly fixed lines. The charge of revenge, the inciting motive, must be laid upon the revenger as early as possible, so as to get the action promptly under way. On the other hand, the accomplishment of this charge, which constitutes the proper catastrophe, must be deferred until the last act, so as to wind up the play properly. This leaves a yawning chasm of three acts which must somehow be filled, and in such a way as to maintain the interest of the audience. Kyd, in the play which served as the first model for the Elizabethan tragedy of revenge, evaded this diffi-

[1] Mr. Boas' notion that Chapman took the name Clermont from a mention of the town Clermont in Grimeston seems to me most unlikely. Boas' *Bussy*, p. xxxv.
[2] De Thou, vol. iii, lib. lxvii.
[3] Joubert, *op. cit.*, pp. 198–9.
[4] Koeppel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897, p. 43.
[5] Boas, *Bussy*, p. xxxii, *ssq.*
[6] Boas, *Bussy*, p. xxxiv.

culty by deferring the incitement to revenge until the third act [1]; and as a consequence *The Spanish Tragedy* drags woefully through the first two acts. Shakespeare in *Hamlet* found a real solution of the problem by filling the interval between the Ghost's demand for vengeance and Hamlet's final accomplishment of his purpose, with a series of scenes which reveal the character of the revenger and show how it is to the peculiar constitution of this character that the long postponement of the revenge is due. Chapman was in 1610 too experienced a playwright to fall into the mistake of Kyd, but he was by no means a subtle enough psychologist to repeat the splendid success of Shakespeare. Searching for some matter to fill up the space between the first and last acts of his projected play, which should serve as an objective obstacle to hinder the performance of the revenge, he hit upon the story of the arrest of D'Auvergne, fresh in his mind from his work on the Byron plays, in which this character had already appeared, and to which this story, as told by Grimeston, was in some sort an epilogue. This incident seemed to Chapman to possess a double value. It would, in the first place, interest his hearers, since it presented under the thin disguise of fictitious names a recent exciting episode in French politics. Such an interest was assured to the poet by the marked success of the Byron plays, due, we may well believe, rather to the interest of the audience in contemporary French politics and court gossip than to their appreciation of Chapman's poetry and philosophy. And secondly, while explaining the long delay of the revenge, it would illustrate the character of the hero, and reveal his qualities of unworldliness, courage, and patience in adversity.

The connexion between *Hamlet* and *The Revenge of Bussy* is a commonplace of criticism; but it does not seem to have been noticed that this relation, except in certain details, is not one of imitation.[2] On the contrary, it is one of deliberate and carefully planned contrast. It is hardly too much to say, I think, that such a disciple of the Stoic doctrines as Chapman must have felt something like contempt for the character of Hamlet. The very qualities which humanize Hamlet and render him more sympathetic to our modern minds, his irresolution, his self-contempt, his excess of emotion, his incapacity for deliberate action, his sudden and spasmodic bursts of energy, must all have unfitted him in Chapman's mind for the high position of a tragic hero. And, if Hamlet were unworthy, what must Chapman have thought of the other heroes of the contemporary tragedy of revenge, Antonio, Hoffmann, and Vendice, brutal, reckless, half-mad, and wholly lacking in that self-restraint which is the first of Stoic virtues. Over against Hamlet and such characters as these Chapman, writing at a time when the tragedy of revenge had already run its course, set up his ideal figure of the revenger, the 'Senecal man', Clermont D'Ambois.

A brief comparison of Clermont's action in this tragedy with the behaviour of Hamlet, Hoffmann, and the rest will show the difference of Chapman's conception. Here are no frantic self-accusations, no madness real or feigned, no slaughter of innocent victims in default

[1] Bellimperia's letter to Hieronimo in III, ii, may be taken as constituting this incitement.

[2] The scene between Clermont, Guise and the Umbra, V, i, is, as Koeppel has pointed out, a patent imitation of that between Hamlet, his mother, and the Ghost.

of the true object of vengeance. Clermont receives the charge of revenge from his brother's ghost.[1] He accepts the task, prohibits all other attempts at revenge on the part of Bussy's kindred, and loathing any course but the noblest and most manly, sends a challenge to the murderer. When Montsurry refuses to receive it, Clermont bides his time in patience. To the reproaches of his sister, giving utterance to the unschooled passion for revenge—the cry of blood for blood that dominated the old tragedy—he answers calmly that a virtuous action need not be hastened, and that no virtuous action can 'proceed from vicious fury' (III, ii, 110–2). Confronted with his sister's elemental passion, Clermont seems, indeed, almost ready to renounce revenge altogether as unfit for the philosopher; 'I regret', he says, 'that e'er I yielded to revenge his murder'; and the reason for this repentance strikes down to the very heart of Chapman's conception of the philosophic hero, 'never private cause should take on it the part of public laws'. In this mood, apparently, Clermont remains till toward the close of the play. It is not until the second appearance of Bussy's ghost calling for revenge that he reassumes his task. But this reassumption is not in consequence of any reproaches on the part of the ghost, nor to any outburst of natural emotion, but simply in obedience to the rules of conduct that guide his life, re-stated by the ghost and applied to his present situation in a speech remarkable for its close-packed and logically developed thought (V, i, 78–99). It closes by repelling Clermont's reason for abstaining from revenge by the argument that the individual is bound to act where public justice has failed,

what corrupted law
Leaves unperform'd in kings, do thou supply.

Nothing, again, could be more unlike the whirlwind of passion in which Hamlet sweeps his enemy from the stage of life than the cool and almost disinterested fashion in which Clermont forces his brother's murderer to meet him sword in hand, strikes him down, and then dismisses him to the other world with his blessing, 'for all faults found in him . . . this end makes full amends . . . rest, worthy soul.' Othello's phrase, 'an honourable murderer,' may be more justly applied to Clermont than to Othello himself, for Clermont in very truth does 'nought in hate, but all in honour'.

The play closes with the suicide of Clermont, and here again we may note Chapman's deliberate divergence from the convention of the revenge tragedies. From Hieronimo to Vendice[2] the revenger had waded so far into a sea of blood that he was overwhelmed by its waves. The fate of each one of them is intimately connected with and brought about by the revenge, to the accomplishment of which he has sacrificed so much. In Chapman we find an entirely new motive entering after the accomplishment of the revenge to determine the hero's fate. No sooner has Clermont finished with Montsurry than he hears of the murder of his friend and patron, the Duke

[1] This is the stock convention of the tragedy of revenge, but it is interesting to note that even here Chapman departs from the convention in that he does not bring the ghost upon the scene, but only refers, and that most briefly, to his appearance and cry for revenge, see I, i, 83–5.

[2] An exception must be made, of Marston's Antonio, who retires to a convent.

of Guise, by order of the King. It is impossible for Clermont to undertake a new revenge for this murder, since he holds that

There's no disputing with the acts of kings,
Revenge is impious on their sacred persons

—a sentiment, by the way, which savours rather more of Stuart politics than of Stoic doctrine. Unable, therefore, to revenge his friend, he chooses rather to lay down his own life and rejoin him than to remain exposed 'to all the horrors of the vicious time.' Like Cato or Brutus when the Republic had fallen, Clermont chooses a Roman death rather than a servile life.

Fully to understand Chapman's conception of the ideal hero in the rôle of the revenger, it would be necessary to analyse the play scene by scene, for the whole play is little else than an elaborated portrait of the hero, painted with numerous and carefully planned strokes. These are to be found not so much in the actions of the hero—Chapman had but a small part of Shakespeare's gift of character portrayal by means of action—as in the speeches of Clermont himself in the eulogies of his friends, and in the reluctant admissions of his enemies. He is, first of all, a man of fiery temper and dauntless courage, restrained and guided by a strong and disciplined will. He is 'as true as tides or any star' in his devotion to his friends. A scholar, as well as a soldier, he possesses 'the crown of life, which learning is'. Yet he is no bookish pedant, but 'holds all learning but an art to live well', and practises that art in his daily life. A follower of the Stoics, he has the words of their great teacher, Epictetus, in his mouth, and his precepts in his heart. He despises the common objects of men's desire, riches, courtly favour, popular applause, sensual gratification, and seeks, in true Stoic fashion, to identify himself with the moral order of the Universe.[1] Fixing his eyes upon the things of the mind, Clermont is wholly indifferent to outward things, captivity, poverty, death itself—

If any man
Would neither live nor die in his free choice,
But as he sees necessity will have it
(Which if he would resist, he strives in vain)
What can come near him that he doth not will?
And if in worst events his will be done,
How can the best be better? All is one.

In short, we have in this play Chapman's full length portrait of the perfect man of Stoic doctrine placed in a Renaissance setting, the court of the last Valois, in which, to Chapman's mind, there were but too many analogies with that of the first Stuart King of England.[2] It is easy enough to point out Chapman's inferiority to Shakespeare as a dramatist, particularly in the matter of characterization. Yet it is, perhaps, quite as capable of demonstration that in *The Revenge of Bussy* Chapman has set up an ideal of character and conduct that, regarded from the ethical point of view, is stronger and loftier than any to be found in contemporary drama. And if we would judge Chapman by his own standard, we must remember that to him, as

[1] See especially the speeches adapted from Epictetus, III, iv, 58 *ssq.* and IV, i, 131 *ssq.*, and notes *ad loc.*

[2] See especially I, i, 32–70, and the note thereon.

to Sidney and most Renaissance critics, the ethical standpoint was the only possible one for the true poet. Even Homer, he held, wrote with a moral purpose,[1] and in the drama he believed that ' material instruction, elegant and sententious exhortation to virtue, and deflection from her contrary ' were ' the soul, limbs, and limits of authentical tragedy '.[2]

In the composition of *The Revenge* Chapman subordinated everything else to the characterization of Clermont, and this fact explains the curious transformation undergone in this play by some of the characters who had already appeared in *Bussy*. The King, Guise and Montsurry have no longer any interest in themselves for Chapman, but are regarded simply as foils to bring out the character of Clermont. Thus Henry III, who in the earlier play appears as the royal and generous patron of Bussy, reappears in *The Revenge* as the enemy of Clermont. As a consequence, his character is depicted in a wholly different light, and he is shown—no doubt with a closer approach to historical truth—as sensual, vacillating, treacherous, and bloody. On the other hand Guise, who had been *Bussy's* chief opponent at Court and one of the accomplices in his murder, appears here as the bosom friend, at once patron and disciple, of Clermont. Consequently Chapman completely reverses his portrayal of this proud and turbulent noble, depicts him in *The Revenge* as ' a true tenth worthy ', and strains all his powers of paradox to wipe from his reputation the one blot which in all English minds would forever ' distain ' him, the Massacre of St. Bartholomew.[3] Montsurry, again, who in *Bussy* commands in a measure, at least, our respect for his faith in his wife, his horror at the discovery of her guilt, and his resolute determination to have revenge at any cost, becomes, in the later play, a poltroon clinging desperately to his wretched life until shamed into some semblance of manhood by the generosity of Clermont. Such a transformation can only have been caused by Chapman's desire to exalt Clermont's stoical indifference to death by contrast with his enemy's behaviour. Finally, such minor figures as Baligny, Maillard, and Charlotte, with their treachery, perjury, and passion, are mere foils for the fidelity, sincerity, and self-command of the hero.

Enough has been said, I think, to demonstrate the central and shaping idea of *The Revenge of Bussy*. As a drama, it is markedly inferior in action, variety of characterization, and buoyant energy of verse to Chapman's first tragedy. It is neither easy nor entertaining reading, and it must have taken all Chapman's reputation as a poet and all Field's ability as an actor to obtain for it on the stage the numerous performances referred to in the title-page. Yet for the intelligent reader *The Revenge of Bussy* has a double interest. Recording Chapman's protest against a popular type of contemporary tragedy, it reveals his own conception of the tragic hero, and thus throws a flood of light upon the ideals which governed his own life. And it embodies these ideals in verse of such grave and solemn music as to leave on every reader capable of appreciating philosophic poetry an indelible impression of ' the wealth and weight of its treasures of ethical beauty '.[4]

[1] See the interesting passage on this point in III, iv, 14–25.
[2] Dedication to *The Revenge of Bussy*.
[3] See II, i, 196–234.
[4] Swinburne, *Essay on Chapman*, *Works—Poems*, p. xliv.

THE REVENGE OF BUSSY D'AMBOIS

NOTES

Dedication. Sir Thomas Howard, the second son of the first Earl of Suffolk, and himself first Earl of Berkshire, was a distinguished figure at the Courts of James I, Charles I, and Charles II. His daughter Elizabeth married Dryden, and her brother, Sir Robert, was the well-known dramatist and critic of the Restoration. One of the sonnets attached to his translation of the *Iliad* by Chapman is addressed to Sir Thomas Howard. Here the poet praises the courtier's patronage of 'humblest merit,' and compares him to Homer's Antilochus, 'valiant and mild and most ingenious'.

The scenical presentation: the stage performance. From Chapman's tone in this passage it would seem that the play had not met with unanimous applause, and it may be that its slight success was one of the reasons which led to its being surrendered by the company, when they united in 1613 with Henslowe's men, to the author, who published it with this apologetic dedication.

Of their side: on the side of the *maligners*.

The authentical truth. It would seem from this sentence that one of the objections urged by the *maligners* was that this play was untrue to history. It is against the claim that a drama should present an accurate account of historic facts that Chapman protests in the following passage, which gives us his theory of tragedy.

Some other of more general account: the dedication of another work which will be more generally acceptable. Perhaps the reference is to the approaching appearance of Chapman's translation of the *Odyssey*, 1614.

Most divine philosopher. Epictetus, whose *Discourses*, as Boas has pointed out, strongly influenced this play.

Matter of my faith. With this confession of his belief in immortality it is interesting to compare the elaborate argument on this theme put into Cato's mouth in *Caesar and Pompey*, IV, v, 90–141.

The Actors' Names. This is the heading of the list of *dramatis personae* in the first edition. Many of the characters have already appeared in *Bussy*. Of the new names *Renel, a Marquesse*, was probably suggested by the title of Antoine de Clermont, Marquis de Renel, murdered by Bussy on the night of St. Bartholomew. Bussy's sister, Renée (not Charlotte), married Jean de Montluc, Seigneur de Balagny (hence Chapman's *Baligny*) and Marshal of France. Chapman may have got a hint as to her haughty and impatient character from Grimeston, who relates that she died the very night after her husband signed the capitulation of Cambrai, 'not able to endure that so precious a jewel as Cambrai (whereof she was newly created princess) should fall into the Spaniards' cruel hands' (Grimeston, ed. 1611, p. 934). The name of the usher, *Perricot*, is taken from Grimeston, p. 724, who gives the name of Guise's secretary as Pericart. The *Ghost of Chattilion* is that of the great Huguenot leader, Coligny, frequently referred to by English contemporaries under his family name of Chattillion. The name of the servant, *Riova*, may be a misprint for *Riona*, which in this case would come from the town, Ryon, mentioned in Grimeston, p. 1048.

I, i, 5–6. *Given by suit, etc.:* permission given to suitors to murder for their personal aggrandizement.

I, i, 32–70. It is not difficult to see in these speeches Chapman's lament over the degeneration of English character during the peace that followed

the accession of King James. Chapman's sympathies, as became an old Elizabethan and a panegyrist of that 'thunderbolt of war', Sir Horace Vere,[1] were all with the war party.

I, i, 84. *Ends ought rewarded:* ends by obtaining any reward.

I, i, 64. Cf. IV, i, 104.

I, i, 71–2. Baligny's appeal to Guise is only a bait to elicit an expression from Renel which might be construed as treasonable. As appears later on, Baligny is a spy and tool of the King, and finally an accomplice in the murder of Guise (V. ii, 36–9).

I, i, 96–7. Renel, the *decayed lord*, has been forced by a lawsuit of Montsurry's to offer his last remaining property for sale. Montsurry wishes to buy it, but the price has not yet been agreed on between them.

I, i, 128. *His Guisean greatness:* his importance in the Guisean faction or, perhaps, his intimacy with Guise.

I, i, 134. *That sincerity:* that very impossibility of becoming dishonest, i.e. treasonous.

I, i, 140–1. 'The more black we paint the best men, the more our statecraft is thought to be acute and penetrating'.

I, i, 144. *Stage direction.* Henry only passes over the stage here. The quarto does not mark his exit, but as no speech is given him, it is plain that he goes off immediately. Monsieur's leave-taking is in dumb show.

I, i, 145. Monsieur's connexion with the Low Countries began as early as 1577. In 1580 he accepted the sovereignty of the provinces that had revolted from Spain, and in 1582 he was installed Duke of Brabant. He threw away his position by his treacherous attack on Antwerp in 1583.

I, i, 152–3. Compare *Romeo and Juliet*, I, v, 47–8.

I, i, 180. *I'll part engendering virtue:* I'll separate Clermont from Guise, in whom he is begetting his own virtue. The words, of course, are spoken with a sneer.

I, i, 205. *His worst thoughts of me:* cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, III, ii, 462 *seq.*

I, i, 236. *A French crown:* a coin of varying value. The 'crown of the sun' of Louis XII served as a model for the English coin.

I, i, 241–2. The poverty of Epaminondas, mentioned by Plutarch (*Pelopidas*, iii) was a commonplace of later moralists. Aelian's anecdote (*Var. Hist.*, V, 5) no doubt suggested Chapman's phrase, *no more suits than backs.*

I, i, 254. A *keel* was a boat used for conveying coal from the North to London, hence the common term 'sea-coal.' This taunt of Monsieur's, quite inapplicable to the circumstances of the real Bussy, would have a special meaning to Chapman's audience, who probably had seen more than one Scotch gentleman of longer pedigree than purse arrive at Court by this cheap conveyance.

I, i, 260–1. Cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 108–11.

> *Use not my lordship nor yet call me lord,*
> *Nor my whole name Vincentio, but Vince,*
> *As they call Jack or Will; 'tis now in use*
> *'Twixt men of no equality.*

I, i, 267. A puzzling line. I suspect some corruption in the text. Dr. Bradley suggests that we might read 'sucks' for *seeks*. *Emrods*, an old variant of 'hemorrhoids', might in that case be applied figuratively to such sores on the body politic as Monsieur. Mr. Boas thinks there may be a reference in this speech to the 'poor knights' of Windsor, pensioners on the royal bounty.

I, i, 277. *Swisser:* a hireling soldier. Switzerland was at this time the great recruiting ground for mercenaries, and the term 'Switzer' is often used to denote a hired soldier, especially in some royal guard. Cf. *Hamlet*, IV, v, 97.

I, i, 278–87. Clermont echoes here his brother's phrase (cf. *Bussy*, III, ii, 395, 400); but the quiet fashion in which he answers Monsieur's insolence and unveils the hollowness of his claims for men's respect is characteristic

[1] See Chapman's poem, *Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymae*, 1622.

at once of the speaker and of the tone of this play—as characteristic as Bussy's outburst of abuse (III, ii, 462 *seq.*) is of Chapman's earlier work.

I, i, 303. *Won to their hands:* already secured to them by their ancestors.

I, i, 330. Cf. *Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto. Heaut. Tim.* 77.

I, i, 332. It is not necessary to suspect an allusion to *As You Like It* in this line. The idea is as old as the Greek Anthology, (X, 72), with which Chapman is quite as likely to have been acquainted as with Shakespeare's play, first printed in 1623.

I, i, 335. *The good Greek moralist:* Epictetus. The following passage, to l. 342, is an adaptation of the *Discourses*, IV, vii, 13. As Mr. Boas has pointed out, Chapman mistook the sense of the word, ὑποκρίτης, in this passage for 'actor' in the technical sense, not understanding that Epictetus used it here only for one who plays a part in life. On this mistake Chapman builds up his illustration.

I, i, 349. *Innovating Puritan.* An elaborate study of the long struggle between the Puritans and the stage, marred somewhat by its own puritanical bias, is given by E. N. S. Thompson: *The Controversy between the Puritans and the Stage*, Yale Studies in English, No. XX, 1903.

I, i. 354. *The splenative philosopher:* Democritus, called also 'the laughing philosopher'. Seneca, *De Ira*, II, 10, says: *Democritum aiunt nunquam sine risu in publico fuisse.*

I, i, 356-74. This passage may have been suggested by Juvenal, *Satire* X, ll. 33-53:

> *Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake*
> *His sides and shoulders till he felt 'em ache;*
> *Tho' in his country town no Lictors were,*
> *Nor Rods, nor Ax, nor Tribune did appear,*
> *Nor all the foppish gravity of show*
> *Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow.*
>
> . . . .
>
> *He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears,*
> *At their vain triumphs and their vainer tears,*
> *An equal temper in his mind he found,*
> *When Fortune flatter'd him, and when she frown'd.*
>
> Dryden's translation.

The elaboration of the idea, with the instances of the lawyer, the tradesman, the hypocrite, and the widow, is Chapman's own work.

I, i, 357. *He so conceited:* he saw in such a light.

I, ii. In order to connect Tamyra with the revenge taken for the murder of her lover, Chapman has brought her back to her husband's house. He can hardly have contemplated this when he wrote, or even when he revised *Bussy*, for there the separation of the guilty wife and the murderous husband is looked upon as eternal; cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 191–221.

I, ii, 9. *Prevent that length:* anticipate the length of time that must elapse before the murder of Bussy is revenged.

I, ii, 18. *The sphere of fire:* cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 148–53.

I, ii, 25. *Still on this haunt:* still brooding on this theme. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, III, i, 173.

I, ii, 27. *Cockatrice-like.* The cockatrice was thought to be hatched from the eggs of an old cock brooded over by some 'venomous worm'. See Trevisa, *Barth. de Prop. Rerum*, XII, 16.

I, ii, 27–32. The diction of this passage is so reminiscent of two passages in *Bussy* that it must almost certainly have been written after them. One of these (III, ii, 486) occurs in both versions of *Bussy*; the other (V, i, 68) only in the later version represented by the quarto of 1641. It seems fair to conclude from this, that the later version was made before *The Revenge of Bussy* was written, i.e. before 1611–2. I have discussed this point fully in an article on the date of *Bussy*, *Modern Language Review*, January, 1908.

I, ii, 58–61. These lines occur with but few changes in Chapman's poem

A Good Woman (*Poems*, p. 151) included in Petrarch's *Penitential Psalms, etc.*, 1612. This poem, a paraphrase in heroic couplets of portions of Plutarch's *Conjugalia Praecepta*, must have been written before *The Revenge of Bussy*.

I, ii, 65. *Conditions of most large contents:* most liberal conditions of surrender.

I, ii, 75. Cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 124–31.

I, ii, 76. 'Still retain in their wounds the right to demand that you shall beg forgiveness. This you have not yet done, and so the right is *unobserv'd*.'

I, ii, 80. *The fiction.* This fable appears in Aesop (no. 82, Teubner ed.), but Chapman probably found it in the same essay of Plutarch from which ll. 53–61 are drawn, viz., *Conjugalia Praecepta*, xii. Here we have not only the fable, but the same application to the proper treatment of wives by husbands as in Chapman.

I, ii, 106. 'Consideration for her, i.e. for her desire of revenge, is the chief cause of this design.'

I, ii, 108. *His guard:* the guard Montsurry has set at his door; cf. I, i, 94–5.

I, ii, 124–5. Renel, for some reason which Chapman has not troubled to explain, pretends here to take Montsurry's part against Baligny. Perhaps he wishes to conceal from his creditor, Montsurry, the fact that Baligny has gained admission through his (Renel's) device.

I, ii, 130. Cf. *Othello*, IV, ii, 27–30; and *The Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 388–9.

II, i, 40–4. 'Since they (i.e. God's universal laws, l. 38) make good that guard, and preserve both heaven and earth in their order and for their original purpose, it follows that no wrong imagined by any individual as inflicted upon him by these laws can really be held a wrong, even though it seems a wrong to all human reason, law, and conscience'.

II, i, 66. *'Tis well conceited:* that is a good conception, or idea.

II, i, 88. *For his valour's season:* to modify, or temper, his valour.

II, i, 104. *Of industry:* on purpose, deliberately, after the Latin phrase *de*, or *ex, industria*. Cf. III, iv, 14–17. Milton uses the same phrase, *Tenure of Kings*, p. 4, 'a dissembled piety, fain'd of industry to beget new commotions'.

II, i, 105–6. Euphorbus, a Trojan hero who inflicted the first wound on Patroclus, and was slain in the battle over that hero's body by Menelaus (see *Iliad*, XVI, 805–17; XVII, 9–52). On this latter passage Chapman notes in his translation: 'This Euphorbus was he that, in Ovid, Pythagoras saith he was in the wars of Troy.'

Ipse ego—nam memini—Trojani tempore belli
Panthoides Euphorbus eram.

Metamorphoses, XVI, 160–1.

II, i, 108–22. Baligny is, of course, playing up to Guise in this speech in justification of conspiracy and rebellion. It is characteristic of Chapman, however, that the speaker drops out of his rôle almost at once and becomes a mere mouthpiece of the poet himself.

II, i, 114. *The grave Greek tragedian:* Sophocles. The reference is to the *Antigone*, ll. 446–57. Antigone, who has just been seized while performing the funeral rites for her brother, is asked by Creon whether she did not know that an edict had forbidden this, and if she had dared to transgress that law. She replies: 'Yes; for it was not Zeus that had published me that edict; not such are the laws set among men by the Justice who dwells with the gods below; nor deemed I that thy decrees were of such force, that a mortal could override the unfailing and unwritten statutes of heaven. For their life is not of to-day or yesterday, but from all time, and no man knows when they were first put forth'.

Jebb's translation.

II, i, 134. 'Both king and subject in such cases are exempt from criticism and objection.'

II, i, 135–6. Chapman himself calls attention in his marginal note to the source of this dictum, i.e. Sophocles, *Antigone*, ll. 175–7.

'No man can be fully known, in soul and spirit and mind, until he hath been seen versed in rule and law-giving.'

Jebb's translation.

II, i, 140. 'The overflowing contents of great vessels cannot be contained by smaller ones.'

II, i, 156–62. The marginal reference shows that this passage was suggested to Chapman by Epictetus, *Discourses*, IV, i, 25: 'Men keep tame lions shut up, and feed them, and some take them about; and who will say that this lion is free? Is it not a fact that the more he lives at his ease, so much the more he is in a slavish condition (*quo mollius degunt, eo servilius*)?'

Long's translation.

II, i, 165–7. Domitian's practice of catching flies is mentioned by Suetonius, *Domitian*, iii.

II, i, 176–81. This seems to be Chapman's alteration of a fable of Aesop (no. 184, Teubner edition). There it is related how the camel begged horns from Jove, who, angered at his request, took away even his ears. I have not been able to discover a version of this fable which corresponds to that in the text. The allusion in *Byron's Conspiracy*, IV, i, 138–9, may quite well be to the original form. The marginal note, *simil.*, opposite l. 181 is meant to call attention to the simile, not, as Mr. Boas thinks, to indicate that the passage is drawn from the same source—the *Discourses* of Epictetus—as that to which the previous marginal note refers. For a like use of such a marginal note, *simil.*, see *A Hymn to Hymen*, appended to Chapman's *Masque of the Middle Temple and Lincoln's Inn* (Pearson's reprint, vol. III, p. 120).

II, i, 184. *The foolish poet:* Suffenus. The whole passage, ll. 184–92, is an adaptation of Catullus, xxii: 'That Suffenus, Varus, whom you know very well, is a charming fellow, and has wit and good manners. He also makes many more verses than any one else. I suppose he has got some ten thousand, or even more, written out in full . . . imperial paper (*chartae regiae*) new rolls, new bosses, red ties, parchment wrappers; all ruled with lead and smoothed with pumice. When you come to read these, the fashionable well-bred Suffenus I spoke of seems to be nothing but any goatherd or ditcher, when we look at him again; so absurd and changed is he. How are we to account for this? The same man who was just now a dinner-table wit . . . is more clumsy than the clumsy country whenever he touches poetry; and, at the same time, he is never so complacent as when he is writing a poem, he delights in himself and admires himself so much.'

Translation of F. W. Cornish.

II, i, 189. *Ape-lov'd:* foolishly loved. The allusion is to the old story of the she-ape who hugged her child to death out of pure love. See Whitney, *Choice of Emblems*, p. 188: 'With kindness, lo, the Ape doth kill her whelp'; and Pliny, *Nat. Hist.*, VIII, 80.

II, i, 204. *The Massacre:* of St. Bartholomew, 1572, in which Guise played a leading part. Professor Koeppel (*loc. cit.* pp. 49–51) has called attention to the sophistical defence of the Massacre here put into the mouth of Clermont, and sees in it, along with other passages—Strozza's apology for pilgrimages and votive offerings in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, ii, 31–44, and Byron's eulogy of Philip II in *The Tragedy of Byron*, IV, ii, 116–55—signs of a gradual approach on Chapman's part to the Roman Church. It is certain that Chapman never entertained the hatred of that church felt by some of his contemporaries, notably Marlowe and Peele, but his love of paradox and of flouting received opinions would, I think, be sufficient to account for such passages. The whole spirit of Chapman's work is rather that of a freethinker of the Renaissance than of a Catholic of the Reaction.

II, i, 211–32. As Mr. Boas has pointed out, this passage is 'freely adapted and transposed' from Epictetus, the *philosopher* of l. 231 (*Discourses*, I, xxviii, 11–20): cf. especially I, xxviii, 13—'If, then, it had happened to

Menelaus to feel that it was a gain to be deprived of such a wife [as Helen], what would have happened? Not only would the *Iliad* have been lost, but the *Odyssey* also',—with ll. 229–32.

II, i, 248–9. This reference to Clermont's horse is borrowed, as Koeppel (*loc. cit.* p. 44) has shown from Matthieu's account of the arrest of the Count D'Auvergne, which Chapman found in Grimeston.

II, i, 266–70. These lines are taken directly from the speech put by Ovid into the mouth of Pythagoras—

> *juvat terris et inerti sede relictis,*
> *Nube vehi, validique humeris insistere Atlantis:*
> *Pallantesque animos passim ac rationis egentes*
> *Despectare procul, trepidosque, obitumque timentes.*
> *Metamorphoses*, XV, 148–51.

> *I mind to leave the earth and up among the stars to sty,*
> *I mind to leave this grosser place, and in the clouds to fly,*
> *And on stout Atlas' shoulders strong to rest myself on high,*
> *And looking down from heaven on men that wander here and there*
> *In dreadful fear of death as though they void of reason were,*
> *To give them exhortation thus.*
> Golding's translation.

III, i, 5–6. Bacchus is said to have erected pillars in India. Hercules did the same on either shore of the Straits of Gibralter. The epithet *insulting* is applied to these pillars, because they were supposed to mark the extreme limits to east and west of man's conquest or discovery.

III, i, 42–5. Aumale, who is a bit of a philosopher, sees a just cause, *merit*, for Clermont's fall in his brother's sin, which has infected the whole family.

III, i, 57–8. *Hold colours:* offer a pretext.

III, i, 69–74. This device, like most of the details of Clermont's arrest, is taken from Grimeston.

III, i, 82–6. 'Who does not know how Statecraft stuffs up a huge bugbear in order to exalt his own wisdom in dealing with it, even though the encounter be as slight as a combat with a shadow, so long as the individual whom Statecraft desires to render suspected is harmed thereby.'

III, i, 87. 'Such a thing might happen once, but not continually.'

III, i, 92–3. 'This [Clermont's support of Guise's ambition] must outweigh shadows, and is, in fact, a capital crime.'

III, ii, 1. This refers to the *shows* of the stage direction. These were pageants, or masques, to greet Renel.

III, ii, 12–16. *The Locrian princes:* Locri, a Grecian colony in Southern Italy, was famous for its good laws and dislike of alterations (Demosthenes, *adv. Timocrat.* 139–41). This account of the punishment inflicted there on newsmongers comes from Plutarch, *De Curiositate*, viii.

III, ii, 17–21. There is a close parallel to this simile in Chapman's *Andromeda Liberata*, 1614 (*Poems*, p. 183).

III, ii, 32. *That*, i.e. to esteem honour as *the price and value* of service.

III, ii, 39. *In any rate of goodness:* in any estimation of virtue.

III, ii, 41. *Demetrius Phalereus:* an Athenian orator who was placed at the head of affairs in Athens by Cassander. His administration was so popular that the citizens erected three hundred and sixty statues to him. After ten years of rule, however, he was expelled from Athens, and his statues, all but one, were destroyed. See Diog. Laert. *De Clar. Philosoph.*, V, 75–7.

III, ii, 47. *Demades:* an Athenian orator of the time of Demosthenes. Plutarch, *Demosthenes*, x, says it was generally confessed that his extempore orations surpassed the studied speeches of Demosthenes. In a passage in *Praecept. Gerend. Reipub.* xxvii, Plutarch couples the names of Demetrius Phalereus and Demades and tells how the statues of the latter were melted into 'matulae.' This is, of course, the source of Chapman's lines.

III, ii, 61-84. Chapman based this scene of the anonymous letter upon a statement in Grimeston, that D'Auvergne had intelligence that there was a plot to seize him.

III, ii, 91. 'In postponing the revenge due to my brother.'

III, ii, 107. *No time occurs to kings:* time is not a matter that kings need consider, or, perhaps, taking *occurs* in the legal sense, time does not run for kings.

III, ii, 114. 'To endure all ill which cannot be avenged by good deeds,' i.e. where revenge would necessitate a crime.

III, ii, 121–2. 'Montsurry's refusal of the challenge justly exposes him to every advantage you can take of him.'

III, ii, 129–37. This description of Madame Perigot may have suggested to Fletcher a character, Leucippe, and a broadly comic scene, II, iii, in his *Humourous Lieutenant*, 1619.

III, ii, 152. *Arden.* There is more likely to be a direct reference to the Ardennes here than in *Bussy* II, i, 94; see note *ad loc.*

III, ii, 154–5. 'This report of an attempt to seize me is not due to my apparent neglect of my duty; that [i.e. my revenge] will be as certainly accomplished in the future as it is unfulfilled at present, even if this report be true.'

III, ii, 163. *Strip off my shame with my attire:* cf. the parallel in *A Good Woman* (*Poems*, p. 151). This expression, quoted by the Wife of Bath's fifth husband, is as old at least as Herodotus. See *Herod.* I, 8.

III, ii, 170. *This letter's truth:* the actual fact referred to in this letter as likely to happen.

III, ii, 179. 'If the report be as true as it is extraordinary.'

III, ii, 206-231. Chapman built up this episode of the search from a hint in Grimeston, p. 1048: 'He [D'Auvergne] hath since confest that hee was ready to call the two brothers of Murat into his cabinet, and to cause them to be searcht, for that he was well advertised that they alwayes carried the King's letters and his commandments.'

III, ii, 223–5. Another hint from Grimeston: 'D'Eurre [one of the conspirators against D'Auvergne] thanked him for the paine it had pleased him to take to see his companions, beseeching him to thinke, that he desired it with great affection, to the end the King might know they were not in so bad estate as at the voyage of Metz.'

III, ii, 247–58. Cassandra, daughter of Priam, was wooed by Apollo. She promised to listen to his suit, if he would grant her the gift of prophecy. He did so, but she refused to keep her word, whereupon the god laid upon her the curse that her prophecies should never be believed. Cf. *Æneid*, II, 247:

> *Tunc etiam fatis aperit Cassandra futuris*
> *Ora dei jussu non unquam credita Teucris.*

'Then Cassandra opened her lips to speak the doom that was to be, by heaven's command, never believed by the Trojans.'
Lonsdale and Lee's translation.

III, iii, 24. A variant of the proverb, '*Ne Hercules quidem adversus duos.*' Guise uses it later on, V, iv, 34–5, and it appears in the Latin form in *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*, II, iii, 86.

III, iv, 14–25. These lines had already appeared among the poems added to Chapman's *Petrarch's Seven Penitential Psalms, etc.* (ed. 1612, p. 92), under the heading, *Of Great Men.* For some reason they have been omitted by Shepherd in his edition of Chapman's *Poems*, 1875. The adjectives applied here to Achilles may perhaps have been suggested by the famous line of Horace—

> *Impiger, iracundus, inexorabilis, acer.*
> *Epist.* II, iii, 121.

III, iv, 20. *For disposing these:* 'for regulating these gifts of fame, strength, noble birth, and beauty. *These* is used loosely to qualify the nouns implied by the adjectives in l. 19.'—Boas, *Bussy*, p. 301.

III, iv, 29–31. *'Ignorant populi, si non in morte probaris,*
An scieris adversa pati.
—Pharsalia, VIII, 626–7.

III, iv, 40. 'That our nature shrank from accepting it.'

III, iv, 56–7. 'You cannot pursue the outward care of things, i.e. the care of externals, without neglecting the things of the mind.'

III, iv, 58–75. As Boas has pointed out, these lines are an elaboration of a passage in Epictetus, *Discourses,* IV, vii, 6–11. They had already appeared as part of a poem headed, *Please with thy Place,* appended by Chapman to his translation of Petrarch's *Penitential Psalms* (p. 68, edition of 1612, not reprinted in *Poems*).

III, iv, 95. *The Earl of Oxford :* Edward de Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford (1550–1604), a famous patron in his day of art and letters. He maintained at one time (1581) a company of actors, and was himself a poet of considerable talent. (See Grosart, *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library.*) Lyly dedicated *Euphues and his England* to him in a highly laudatory letter, and Spenser addressed to him one of the Sonnets prefixed to the *Faerie Queene.* I know of no special reason why Chapman should have chosen this opportunity to panegyrize the deceased Earl.

III, iv, 96. *Duke Casimer :* John Casimer, Count Palatine (1543–92), one of the chief leaders of the Protestant cause during the religious wars of the sixteenth century. His invasion of France in 1575 brought about the 'Peace of Monsieur'. It must have been immediately after this that Oxford, who returned from Italy in 1576, was offered the opportunity to review his army.

III, iv, 105–6. *Cast it . . . . world :* rejected it, as a vain honour, in order that he might continue to serve the world. So, at least, I understand the passage.

III, iv, 112. *A Sir John Smith :* probably Sir John Smith of Little Badow, 1534–1607. Although a soldier and statesman of considerable merit, he was unpopular at court, and Oxford seems here to refer to him as one of the baser sort.

III, iv, 114–5. 'Desiring such slavish attentions as if the final cause of nobility consisted in them.'

III, iv, 127. *Says one :* Epictetus. The whole passage, ll. 127–41, is a close translation of the *Discourses,* IV, x, 20–22.

III, iv, 133. *Twelve rods :* the twelve *fasces,* bundles of rods bound up around an axe, were the mark of the consul's office and authority.

III, iv, 134. *Sit for the whole tribunal :* the original Greek, ἐπὶ βῆμα καθίσαι, means simply to sit upon the bench as judge. Chapman seems to have been misled by a Latin translation, *pro tribunali sedere.*

III, iv, 138–9. *For constancy :* for the sake of being constant in mind. Chapman's rendering of the passage is far from clear. The Latin version, which probably lay before him, has : *Ergo pro vacuitate perturbationem, pro constantia, pro eo ut dormiens dormias, vigilans, vigiles, etc.*

III, iv, 152. The *Lieutenant* is Maillard. Mr. Boas thinks Clermont is called *Colonel* here because, in the corresponding passage in Grimeston, D'Auvergne is spoken of as the 'colonel' of the 'companions' about to be reviewed. I think it possible also that Chapman may have thought of Clermont as holding the rank of colonel, like his brother, Bussy.

IV, i, 11–39. This account of Clermont's desperate struggle is, as Mr. Boas points out, invented by Chapman. D'Auvergne, to the surprise of his captors, suffered himself to be seized without resistance.

IV, i, 16. *Bore himself :* stood up, equivalent to the Latin *se sustinere.*

IV, i, 77. Clermont repeats here Maillard's own words in III, ii, 239.

IV, i, 81–4. This is another of the many details borrowed from the seizure of D'Auvergne (Grimeston, p. 1048) : 'He was moved to see himself so entreated by lackies, entreating D'Eurre to cause two of his companions to light, and that he might not see those rascals any more. Nerestan said unto him that they were soldiers so attired to serve the King in this action.

IV, i, 99. *Organ of his danger :* 'instrument of his dangerous designs'.—Boas.

IV, i, 109. *The trumpet's:* the trumpeter's horse. D'Auvergne after his capture was mounted on the trumpeter's horse and conducted to a neighbouring town.

IV, i, 116. The Countess of Cambrai takes the place in this play of a lady whose name is not mentioned in Grimeston, but who, he says, loved and was loved by D'Auvergne. Clermont's speech, ll. 120–24, is based upon one of D'Auvergne's in Grimeston.

IV, i, 137–57. These lines form, with a few verbal differences, the last half of the poem, *Please with thy Place*, already referred to; see note on III, iv, 58 *seq.*

IV, ii, 13–4. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, ii, 246:

Flatterers look like friends, as wolves like dogs.

IV, ii, 30. This line, I think, refers to the projects mooted in the Guisean party for deposing Henry III. Baligny is, of course, playing in this scene the rôle of a partisan of Guise, and feigning an indignation which he does not feel.

IV, ii, 37. *The Sicile gulf:* Charybdis, the famous whirlpool in the Sicilian Straits.

IV, iii, 37. *Guiltlessly:* without guilt on his part. Cf. Udall, *Eras. Par. I Pet.* 1–2: Whom the raging cruelty . . . hath guiltlessly driven out, etc.

IV, iii, 45. 'The lawless precedents set by kings are full of danger to the State.'

IV, iii, 69. *Him . . . he:* the King . . . Clermont.

IV, iii, 70–6. These lines are taken almost verbally from Grimeston (p. 1048): 'If I knew (said she), that I might save him in forcing through your troop, I would willingly do it, and if I had but ten men of my courage and resolution, you should not carry him where you think. But I will never die till I have given D'Eurre a hundred shot with a pistol, and to Murat a hundred blows with a sword.'

IV, iii, 78–9. 'He would have purchased his freedom with their blood.'

IV, iii, 83. Cf. *Iliad* IX, 312–13:

Like Hell-mouth I loathe
Who holds not in his words and thoughts one undistinguished troth.
Chapman's *Iliad.*

IV, iii, 87. *Ancilla:* i.e. Riova, the Countess's maid.

IV, iii, 108. 'If she had given him these jewels before I would have been spared the charge [i.e. care] of keeping watch over them.' I fancy this line may be a comic 'gag' inserted in the text for stage effect.

IV, iv, 5. 'The only pretext being Clermont's intimacy with me.'

IV, iv, 28. *Would present most hard:* would make it most difficult.

IV, iv, 42–3. 'He is so perfect a Stoic after the model of Seneca that he may be compared to the immortal gods.'

IV, iv, 50–1. Cf. Homer VIII, 266–72:

He [Teucer] *still fought under Ajax' shield who sometimes held it by,*
And then he look'd his object out, and let his arrow fly,
And whomsoever in the press he wounded, him he slew,
Then under Ajax' sevenfold shield he presently withdrew.
He fared like an unhappy child that doth to mother run
For succour, when he knows full well he some shrewd turn hath done.
Chapman's *Iliad.*

IV, iv, 51–3. The story of Cacus, the monstrous son of Vulcan, who lived in a cave on Mt. Aventine, is told by Virgil, *Æneid*, VIII, 190, *seq.*; Ovid, *Fasti*, I, 542 *ssq.*; and Livy, I, 7. I cannot find any reference, however, to Cacus cutting his *thieveries* to his *den's length*. Possibly Chapman was thinking for the moment of Procrustes.

V, iv, 57–8. 'It were better for a man to be buried alive than to live a mere fool of state, and ruin others in order to thrive himself.' Baligny's moral reflection is apparently caused by the collapse of his plot against Clermont.

IV, v, 22–5. These four lines occur also in a poem added to *Petrarch's Psalms* (1612), headed *Of Plenty and Freedom in Goodness*. It is not included in the *Poems*.

IV, v, 34. 'Spend their time and thought upon those verses.'
IV, v, 37. *Upright gasping:* a curious phrase. Perhaps we should interpret it as equivalent to 'complete incapacity'.
IV, v, 68. 'To ransom you.'
IV, v, 70. 'My wrong mounted higher than any man could expect.'
IV, v, 84–5. Cf. I, i, 83–5.
IV, v, 93. *With return of this:* i.e. the casket of jewels, which Clermont sends back to the Countess by Aumale.
IV, v, 98–102. Monsieur died in 1584. There is no prophecy of the death of Monsieur and Guise in *Bussy D'Ambois* unless, as Mr. Boas suggests, we may so interpret V, iv, 76–8. I should doubt such an interpretation, and fancy that Bussy's prediction was simply invented for this passage.
V, i, 1–32. This speech is modelled upon such Senecan prologues as those of *Thyestes* and *Agamemnon*. The first line echoes a phrase from the Senecan *Medea, I*, 9: *Noctis aeternae chaos.*
V, i, 8. *Chained shot.* See note on *Bussy*, V, i, 98. Cf. also *The Duchess of Malfi*, IV, ii, 326–7:

> *your vengeance,*
> *Like two chain'd bullets still goes arm in arm.*

V, i, 18–21. There is a parallel to this expression of Chapman's dislike of the religious differences then distracting Christendom in *Caesar and Pompey*, II, i. 38–41.
V, i, 37–9. 'At the Barricades [i.e. on the day of the Barricades, May 10, 1588] this voice was heard: 'It is no longer time to dally, let us lead my lord [i.e. Guise] to Rheims.' Grimeston, p. 722.
V, i, 53. *The cause alike:* the same cause, i.e. the abnormal activity of the *imagining power*, l. 43.
V, i, 55–61. 'Advertisements were come to him [Guise] from all parts both within and without the realm, from Rome, Spain, Lorraine, and Savoy, that a bloody catastrophe would dissolve the assembly' [i.e. of the States-General at Blois]. Grimeston, p. 723.
V, i, 63–8. 'The Archbishop of Lion, attending a Cardinal's hat within a few days from Rome, "Retiring yourself from the Estates," said he [the Archbishop] to him [Guise], "you shall bear the blame to have abandoned France in so important an occasion, and your enemies, making their profit of your absence, will soon overthrow all that which you have with so much pain effected for the assurance of religion."' Grimeston, p. 723.
V, i, 90. *By death:* because of the existence of death.
V, i, 102. Cf. l. 41 of this scene.
V, i, 111. *Since you to me supply it:* the parenthesis is a little obscure, but I think *it* refers back to *love* (l. 110), and the whole phrase may be interpreted: 'Since you supply a brother's love to me'.
V, i, 121–7. A difficult passage. We may paraphrase it as follows: 'One can hardly believe—if only because of the fact that a man's looks are turned toward the skies, not downwards like a beast's—that any man could partake so far of the devil's nature as to esteem good worthless because of the vain and transitory favour of a king.'
V, i, 134–5. Repeated with slight change from IV, ii, 17–8.
V, i, 144–8. Grimeston, p. 1048, says that D'Auvergne's mistress shed so many tears for his capture that she lost the sight of one eye for a time.
V, ii, 18–20. 'For you do not merely neglect, or render useless, the counsels that you allow to be disclosed, but even open a way to the destruction of your own hopes.'
V, ii, 38–9. An allusion to the story of Typhon. See note on *Bussy*, III, ii, 145–7.
V, iii, 55. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 89.
V, iv, 3–6. 'The eve before his death the Duke himself sitting down to dinner found a scroll under his napkin, advertising him of this secret ambush.' Grimeston, p. 723. Also on the morning of his death the Duke sent

back to his rooms for a handkerchief, and 'Pericart, his secretary . . ties a note to one of the corners thereof, saying, "Come forth and save yourself, else you are but a dead man."' Grimeston, p. 724. As Mr. Boas points out, Chapman has combined these two incidents.

V, iv, 11. *My slave:* my body with its fears.

V, iv, 27. *He will not dare:* on the warning scroll mentioned above Guise wrote with his own hand: 'They dare not', and threw it under the table. Grimeston, p. 723.

V, iv, 34–5. 'Does the proverb say "Not even Hercules can match two foes"? [See note on III, iii, 24, above.] Guise will encounter two with Hercules to aid them.'

V, iv, 61–3. Guise's youngest brother, Louis, better known as Cardinal Guise, was arrested at the same time that his brother was slain, and murdered shortly afterwards by the King's order.

V, iv, 70. Aumale's entrance is not specifically indicated in the text. He is one of the *others* in the stage direction after l. 37.

V, v, 33–4. Cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 114–8

V, v, 41–2. 'I resemble the Lapwing, who, fearing her young ones to be destroyed by passengers, flyeth with a false cry far from their nests, making those that look for them, seek them where they are not.' Lyly, *Epistle Dedicatory* to *Euphues and his England*. This trick of the lapwing is a commonplace in Elizabethan literature.

V, v, 85. *At all:* an exclamation in gambling at dice, used when a player threw for all the stakes on the table. See *All Fools*, V, ii, 86.

V, v, 87. *Stick in his hands thus:* cannot Clermont finish Montsurry? Cf. a variant of the same phrase, l. 95, below.

V, v, 118–9. Cf. Ovid:

> *Ossa quieta, precor, tuta requiescite in urna,*
> *Et sit humus cineri non onerosa tuo.*
>
> *Amores*, III, ix, 67–8.

V, v, 119. The stage direction following this line probably represents an attempt on the part of the management of the Whitefriars theatre to add a little spectacular divertissment to what must have seemed to most of the audience an appallingly heavy play. The entrance and dance of the ghosts certainly serves no dramatic purpose.

V, v, 128. *The act.* This may mean Clermont's act, *this just revenge*. I am inclined to believe, however, that it refers to Guise's act in murdering Coligny. The fact of the Admiral's ghost appearing hand in hand with that of Guise goes to show that the former now condones *the act*. This is a startling paradox, but along the lines of Clermont's speeches in II, i, 200–34.

V, v, 134–8. This seems to be a reminiscence of *Phaedo*, 81; but Plato is there speaking only of the souls of the wicked, 'dragged down by the corporeal element'. These, he says, 'prowl about tombs and sepulchres, near which . . . are seen certain ghostly apparitions'. Cf. also *Comus*, 463 *ssq.*

V, v, 208. Tamyra apparently thinks of her own head as crowned with snakes like that of a Fury, or spirit of revenge.

V, v, 216–7. With this speech compare that of Caesar over the body of Cato, *Caesar and Pompey*, V, ii, 179–85.

TEXT NOTES

In preparing this Play for the press I have made use of the only contemporary edition, i.e. the quarto of 1613, which I designate by Q., of the Pearson reprint (P.), of Shepherd's edition (S.), and of Professor Boas' edition in the Belles Lettres Series (Bo.). I have noted some interesting variations between the copy of Q. in the Bodleian (Bod.), and those in the British Museum (B.M.). I

shall record these in their proper places, note all deviations from the original text—except in spelling and punctuation—and note the most important emendations proposed but not accepted. For an elaborate study of the text I would refer to my article in *Englische Studien*, vol. 39, p. 70 *seq.* In the Q. the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes.

I, i, 11. Q. *cities*. This might represent the modern form *city's*, but I have preferred to take it as plural.

55. Q. *hearing*. Strict syntax would seem to demand *hear*, but Chapman's syntax is far from strict.

70. Q. *true*. I have ventured the slight change to *truth*, which seems to me necessary to make sense.

74. Q. *my self*. An evident misprint for *yourself*, probably due to the following *my lord*.

144. The stage direction after this line is placed in Q. in the right-hand margin after l. 145. The name *Soissons* is misprinted *Foisson* in Q.

167. Q. *as twere not all*. S. inserts *at* before *all*, a necessary emendation.

216. Q. *ingenuous:* see note on *Bussy*, III, ii, 107.

257. Q. *cast my cast ward-robe*. One might be inclined to drop the second *cast* as a printer's error, if the sense did not seem to require its retention.

265–7. *Well, sir, 'twere, etc.* S. carelessly omits the name of the speaker, *Clermont*, before this speech.

268–9. Q. omits the name of the speaker, *Mons.*, before this speech. One of the B.M. copies (C. 34, c. 6) shows this correction in an old hand, and Bo. has rightly introduced it into the text.

278–84. Q. prints this passage as nine short lines, ending *King, see, selfe, better, Right, True, too, upon you* and *deedes*. This is a mere matter of typography; the metre requires the arrangement in the text.

285. Q. *you're*. S. and Bo. print *you were*. This is, no doubt, the meaning, but to expand the contraction alters the metre of Q., which shows the syncopated first-foot, common in Chapman.

335. Q. *Moralists*. S. corrects to *moralist*, an emendation justified by the fact that the allusion is not to the Greek *moralists* in general, but to Epictetus. See note *ad. loc.*

361. *Selling of his wares:* Q. encloses these words in a parenthesis. If this be taken to indicate the construction, *thriftily* modifies *swearing*. Possibly this is right, but I have found the use of the parenthesis so often plainly wrong in old copies of Chapman, that I have preferred in this case to follow Bo. and take *thriftily* as modifying *selling*.

379. Q. *friend*. S. emends *brother*, a correction required by both metre and context. The allusion is to Clermont's brother, *Bussy*. The Q. *friend* is probably due to an officious proof reader, who noticed the word *brother* applied to Baligny in l. 380, and thought that the phrase *slaine brother* was wrong.

I, ii, 4. Q. *humors*, an evident misprint. S. emends *honour's*.

24. In the stage direction after this line Bo. notes that Q. has *Monsieur*. The Bod. copy, however, has *Montsur.*, i.e. Montsurry. In ll. 25, 62, 131, 136, and in stage direction, l. 138, it has *Mont.*, elsewhere *Mons.*, evidently a misprint.

28. Bo. notes that Q. has *dye*. But the Bod. copy has correctly *dry*.

100. Q. *tis*. Bo. expands to *it is*, but this alters the metre, which shows syncopation after the caesura.

115–6. Q. prints as three lines ending *Lordship, here, I*.

123. Q. *Ye'are*. I do not think this means to indicate a dissyllabic pronunciation, and have followed S. in printing *Y'are*.

134–6. Q. prints as four lines ending, *this challenge, then, murther murther, off*.

II, i, 50. S. omits *at* in order to regularize the metre.

255. After *journey* Bo. puts a question mark. This is not needed.

277. Q. *Exit.* A common error in old texts for *Exeunt.*

III, i, 48. *I swear.* This is set off in Q. by commas, and S. and Bo. follow. But this punctuation is evidently wrong, as *to touch,* l. 49, depends upon *sweare.*

58–9. In Q. the stage directions which follow these lines are placed in the margin after the words *come* and *foote* respectively. Q. prints, l. 59 as two lines ending *come* and *foote.*

103. For *Exeunt* after this line Q. has *Exit.*

III, ii, 12. Q. *Rubers.* S. emends *rulers.*

43. Q. *he.* Deighton (*Old Dramatists,* 1896) suggests *she,* i.e. Athens, but this does not seem to me probable.

74. Q. *you.* S. emends *your.*

97–9. Q. prints as seven short lines ending *equall? be, villaines? reason? evermore, Reason, is.* The passage may be variously arranged, but will not give normal lines in any arrangement.

146. Q. *be armes.* S. emends by inserting *in* between these words.

149. Q. *drossie.* The emendation *drowsy* has been proposed, but it does not seem necessary.

152. Q. misprints *Acden.*

159–60. Q. misprints *Cler.* as the speaker of these lines. S. corrects to *Ch.,* i.e. *Charlotte.*

175. Q. *Exit* for *Exeunt.*

188. *Rang'd in battalia.* The B.M. copies omit *rang'd,* as does Bo., who printed from them. But it appears in the Bod. copy, and is necessary to the metre.

258. The Q. lacks a stage direction after this line.

III, iv, 57. Q. *things outward care.* Mr. Brereton suggests *things out* [i.e. external] *worth care.*

59. Q. *men then that are.* In the original from which this line is taken (see notes, p. 584) the reading is *that be.* I have restored this, and with it the apparently intended rhyme.

71. Q. *i' invert.* P. misprints *i' invert.*

114. Q. *as the end . . . were.* Bo. emends *as't,* etc. This does not seem necessary.

135. Q. *Circean,* a misprint, or perhaps a mere variant of *Circene.*

152. The B.M. copies have *Lieutenant, Colonel;* the Bod. *Lieutenant Colonel.* Hence S. prints *lieutenant-colonel,* while Bo. follows the B.M. copies. The latter is probably correct; see note, p. 584.

165. In the stage direction after this line Q. has *Pediss,* i.e. *Pedisequis;* the *ss* denoting the plural.

IV, i, 6. After this line Q. has merely *Exit,* that is *Exit Maillard,* leaving, presumably, the two soldiers disguised as lackies on the stage. If we follow the Q., as previous editors do, these soldiers, are now approached and addressed by Chalon. But it seems impossible that these soldiers, who had been informed in III, iii, of all the details of the plot, should here in ll. 8–9 profess ignorance of it to the very man who had informed them. I think, then, that we must take 1 and 2, the numbers prefixed to the speeches in these lines in Q., as indicating two fresh soldiers who enter with Chalon. I have modified the stage directions accordingly.

10. After this line Q. has *Exit* for *Exeunt.*

34. This line was accidentally dropped in P. and is also wanting in S.

44. Q. *I made you sport yet, but I pray,* etc. Bo. punctuates *sport. Yet, but I pray,* etc. This seems to me an unnecessary change.

54. Q. *We' are.* Cf. note on I, ii, 123.

65. Q. *sworne, married to the publique good.* S. rightly substitutes a dash for the full stop at the end of this line. Bo. reads *sworne - married,* and has the same compound word in l. 69, where the Bod. copy and one of the B.M. Qq. (C. 12, g, 6) have *sworne or married,* metrically a better reading. The

other B.M. Q. (C. 34, c. 16) supports Bo.'s reading.

79. Q. *thy*. P.'s *thine* appears to be an error.

104. Cf I. i, 64; *acts* may be a misprint for *arts*.

IV, iii, 5. This line shows a variation in the Qq. The Bod. and C. 12 g. 6 have *some brack's in*; C. 34, c. 16 reads *some brack in*.

20. The Bod. Q. and C. 12, g. 6 have the correct punctuation *and should; expresse it all.* C. 34, c. 16 spoils the passage by punctuating *should expresse, etc.*

44–5. Q. *let them feare,*
Kings Presidents, etc.
Bo. deletes the comma after *feare*. It seems to me that this confuses the passage. I have altered the comma to a full stop, to which it is often equivalent.

IV, iv, 1. Q. *you're*, an evident misprint, corrected by S., for *your*.

18. Q. *the lest* [i.e. least] *persuasion*. S. wrongly alters to *best*.

51. Q. *Caucusses*; Bo. emends *Cacusses*.

IV, v, 11. Q. *well*. The context, especially l. 12, seems to show that *will* is required.

68. Q. *usurpe*. S. needlessly alters to *usurp'd*.

105. Q. *Leade to'th Court*. S. and Bo. *Leade to the Court*. The expansion is not necessary, as we may scan with the syncopated first foot.

V, i, 89. Q. *lets lead* (*my lord*) *to Reimes*—an interesting example of the improper use of the parenthesis. The source of this line (see note, p. 586) shows that *lord* is the object of *lead*.

V, i, 53. Q. *of like fictions*. Bo. has emended to *oft*. This seems to me necessary.

58. Q. *Soccaine*. Bo. corrects *Lorraine*.

176. Q. *Or*. S. emends *On*, which the context seems to require.

V, iii, 2. Q. *lov'd*. S. expands, *metris causa*, to *loved*.

4. Q. *her vertuous service*. S. rightly deletes *vertuous* as a mistake caused by the presence of *vertuous* in l. 3.

47–8. Q. prints as three lines ending *Bussy, embrace, which*.

V, iv, 46. Q. *is a rocke*. P. misprints *as* for *is*, and is followed by S.

V, v, 5. Q. *opes*. B. alters to *opens*, but here as elsewhere the line shows the syncopated first foot, and requires no change.

44. Q. *braves*. Bo. emends *bravos*. I venture to print *braver's*, a word found in Nash, *Greene's Menaphon* (Arber's edition, p. 16).

68 and **111.** Before these lines Q. repeats *Mont.* as the speaker's name.

73–4. Q. prints as three lines ending *conquest, it* and *fortune*.

144. Q. *accurst*. S. corrects *accursed*.

201. Q. closes the line with *brother*. Bo. completes it by adding *none*.

210–3. Q. assigns this speech to *Cler*. S. correctly gives it to *Charlotte*.

THE CONSPIRACY AND TRAGEDY OF BYRON

INTRODUCTION

CHAPMAN'S double tragedy, *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron*, is the second in date of his tragedies that have come down to us, following *Bussy D'Ambois* and preceding *The Revenge of Bussy*. The date of its composition may be established within comparatively narrow limits. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on June 5, 1608, and published in the same year, with the following title-page: The Conspiracie And Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron, Marshall of France. Acted lately in two playes, at the Black-Friers. *Written by* George Chapman, Printed by *G. Eld* for *Thomas Thorppe*, and are to be sold at the Tygers head in Paules Churchyard, 1608.[1] Its dependence upon Grimeston's *General Inventorie of the History of France*,[2] a relation discussed below, p. 594, proves that Chapman cannot have begun the composition of his drama before the appearance of Grimeston's work in 1607. It is, therefore, evident that we must date *The Conspiracy and Tragedy* late in 1607 or early in 1608, not in 1605 as stated in *The Dictionary of National Biography* under the article on Chapman.

An interesting contemporary reference to the play enables us to fix the date of its production in the early Spring of 1608. This is the letter of the French Ambassador, La Boderie, preserved in the Bibliothèque Nationale (MS. FR. 15984, p. 240, *seq.*), first printed in a German translation by F. von. Raumer (*Briefe aus Paris zur Erläuterung der Geschichte, etc.*, Leipzig, 1831) under the date of April 5, 1608,[3] and retranslated into English in *History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries Illustrated by Original Documents* (F. von Raumer, London, 1835) with the misprint of 1605 for 1608. The English translation, pronounced by a friend who has compared it with the original despatch to be substantially accurate, is as follows: 'April 8, 1608, I caused certain players to be forbid from acting the history of the Duke of Byron; when, however, they saw that the whole Court had left the town, they persisted in acting it; nay, they brought upon the stage the Queen of France and Mademoiselle de Verneuil. The former, having accosted the latter with very hard words, gave her a box on the ear. At my suit three of them [*i.e.* the players] were arrested, but the principal person, the author, escaped'.

[1] The title-page of Q_2, published 1625, inserts the phrase 'and other publique stages' after *Black-Friers*. It was printed by N. O. for Thomas Thorpe.

[2] First pointed out by Professor Boas, *Athenæum*, Jan. 10, 1903.

[3] The date in the MS. appears to be April 8.

In spite of the fact that no such scene as the quarrel here described appears in *The Conspiracy and Tragedy* there can be no doubt but that the reference is to Chapman's play. The D'Entragues of the *Tragedy* is, of course, the De Verneuil of the despatch, and there are two evident allusions to the quarrel in the second act of *The Tragedy* (II, 18–19, 128–9). It is evident that the scene which gave such natural offence to the French Ambassador was struck out by the censor, probably Sir George Buck, Deputy Master of the Revels, before he gave the necessary license for printing. A spirited protest against the long delay in granting this license occurs in the collection of letters, apparently by Chapman, discovered by Mr. Dobell,[1] and in the dedication prefixed to the plays the poet speaks bitterly of 'these poor dismembered poems'. And, indeed, the censor's hand fell heavily upon these plays. The fourth act of *The Conspiracy* was practically struck out; all that remains is a dialogue reporting Byron's visit to England in which some fragments of the original speeches appear. The close of the first and the beginning of the second act of *The Tragedy* were also expunged by the censor, including apparently the notorious quarrel scene. In all probability it was only Chapman's favour with the heir-apparent—he was at this time 'sewer in ordinary to Prince Henry'—that saved him from more serious punishment. But the damage inflicted upon the plays was irreparable. When they were reprinted in 1625 the poet either could not, or dared not, restore the excised passages, and the wounds made by the censor's hand remain unhealed to-day. It is a thousand pities, for the missing scenes were apparently the most effective from a dramatic point of view in the whole work. One would gladly have sacrificed much dramatic rubbish that has come down to us to have seen how Chapman treated such situations as Marie de Medici driving her husband's mistress from the stage with bitter words and blows, or Elizabeth pointing out to the haughty Marshal the blackening heads of Essex and his fellow-traitors.[2]

The great noble, whose overweening ambition and sudden downfall Chapman chose as the subject of his second tragedy, must have been much better known to an English audience in 1608 than either the historical Bussy D'Amboise or his imaginary brother, Clermont. Some of Chapman's hearers had, no doubt, served with him or under him in the French wars; not one of them but had heard of his splendid embassy to Queen Elizabeth, of her neglected warning, and of his tragic death within the year. Charles de Gontaut, Baron de Biron, was one of the most characteristic types produced by the Wars of Religion. Born in 1562, the oldest son of a famous soldier, the young Charles was bred up in camps, and, it would seem, to the end of his life conceived of war, civil war especially, as the normal and necessary condition of a soldier's existence. An old adversary of Henry of Navarre, he was, along with his father, one of the first to recognize him as King after the murder of Henry III, and he completely won his master's heart by his fiery activity and reckless daring. He fought at Arques, Ivry, and Fontaine Française, took part in the sieges of Rouen and Amiens, and held independent commands in the campaigns of Flanders and of Savoy. Uniformly successful and repeatedly wounded, his victories

[1] Printed in the *Athenæum*, April 6, 1901.

[2] It is not certain, however, that such a scene actually occurred in Chapman's play. See my note on *Conspiracy* IV, i, p. 607, below.

and his blood were repaid by a profuse shower of honours and rewards from the hand of the grateful King. He was made Admiral and Marshal of France, Duke of Biron, and Governor of Burgundy. But no accumulation of honours could satisfy his ambition, and from an early date (1595) he seems to have commenced a long series of intrigues with the enemies of France with a view of carving out for himself an independent sovereignty on the French border. Yet with a reckless inconsistency which seems to have been an underlying trait of his character he was always ready to take the sword against those with whom he was plotting. Thus in the campaign of 1599–1600 he took fort after fort from the Duke of Savoy, whose daughter he was under promise to marry, and with whom he kept up a treasonable correspondence during the entire campaign. Henry, who seems to have been perfectly informed of his intrigues, induced him shortly after this war to make a full confession and ask forgiveness, but the King's pardon was no sooner given than the restless Biron began the formation of a new plot, looking to an invasion of France by Spain and Savoy and a general uprising of all the discontented elements of the kingdom, Protestant and Catholic alike. The plot was betrayed by an agent, La Fin, and Henry made a last effort to save his old comrade-in-arms by summoning him into his presence, intimating his knowledge of the plot, and insisting upon a frank and full confession as the sole condition of a second pardon. Biron, however, obstinately closed his ears to the King's persuasion. He was ignorant that the plot had been betrayed, and so blinded with the conceit of his necessity to the kingdom as to think it impossible that in the worst event any serious punishment would be inflicted on him. When Henry found that he could not bend Biron, he resolved to break him and to show by a great and terrible example that the days of the turbulent, self-seeking and treacherous noble, a Constable Bourbon, or a Duke of Guise, were numbered in France. He had Biron arrested, tried, and sentenced to death. He refused to see him again, or to listen to the intercession of his powerful friends. The only mitigation of the sentence that he accorded was that the execution might take place in private, so as to spare his old comrade the last shame of perishing as a criminal under the eyes of the mob of Paris. The story of the death of Biron, as told by contemporary chroniclers, is one of the most tragic in that age of tragedies. Self-confident to the last, the wretched man had treated his sentence as a mere form which the King would not dare enforce. Only when commanded to prepare for instant death did he realize the fate that had overtaken him; he then sank into the blackest despair, wasted his few remaining hours in reproaches and vain appeals for pardon, and turned a deaf ear to the ministrations of the priests sent to prepare his soul for death. Led to the scaffold, he insisted on proclaiming his innocence to the guards, threatened to lay violent hands upon the headsman, and was with the greatest difficulty persuaded to kneel that the sentence might be performed. No sooner was he down than the executioner, fearful of another outbreak, struck off his head at a blow before he could give the appointed signal. Few stories in ancient or modern history give such a poignant and ineffaceable impression of the Nemesis that attends overweening pride.

The details of Biron's life, particularly of his conspiracy and death, were promptly registered by the historians of France, Jean de Serres, Pierre Matthieu, and Palma Cayet, and translated into English by

Grimeston in his *General Inventory*. Here Chapman found and fastened at once upon them as a fitting theme for a great tragic poem. There cannot be the slightest doubt that he used Grimeston and not the French originals, for he reproduces at times the very words of the English translator with a closeness that reminds us of Shakespeare's versification of long passages in North's translation of Plutarch. Apart from the scenes dealing with the quarrel and reconciliation between Henry's wife and mistress which Chapman probably based upon contemporary gossip—no trace of the story appears either in Grimeston or his French originals—and part of the scene narrating Biron's embassy to England,[1] Grimeston was Chapman's sole and sufficient source. But however closely Chapman at times follows the text of his author, he was by no means content merely to dramatize Grimeston's history. On the contrary he treated his source with considerable freedom, omitting details that he could not fit into his plan, rearranging the sequence of events to secure dramatic effectiveness, and expanding mere hints into highly wrought passages of noble poetry.[2]

I have spoken of this work of Chapman's as a tragic poem, and, indeed, if we are to do justice to its many noble qualities, it must be judged as a dramatic poem rather than as a drama proper. It is little less than amazing to observe how completely in this work Chapman has dispensed with the machinery of the Senecan tragedy so evident in the plays of *Bussy* and *The Revenge* that precede and follow it. The motives of crime and revenge, the scenes of blood and torture, the messenger and the ghost, all are wanting. And with them is gone much that is characteristic of Elizabethan drama, its vigorous and bustling action, its delight in scenes of physical or psychical struggle, its frequent surprises and sharp contrasts. Nor is it possible, I think, to maintain that in discarding these Chapman was anticipating the psychological drama of a later age where, in the words of a French critic on Browning, the stage is the soul and the actors are the passions themselves. M. Jusserand, it is true, in a highly appreciative notice of the Byron plays[3] extols the scene in which Savoy disgusts the King by his excessive praise of Byron as the work '*d'un psychologue et d'un maître dramaturge*'. But the design of this scene is taken direct from Chapman's source,[4] and the execution, with its epic narratives of battles and its patriotic comparisons of Byron to a pair of English soldiers, does not seem to me remarkable either for its psychology or its dramatic sense. And there are at least two scenes in these plays where Chapman has wilfully or blindly thrown away the opportunity to depict an inner struggle such as the situation would seem inevitably to suggest. The first of these is in the *Conspiracy*, V, ii, where Byron, overcome by the King's moderation and generosity, kneels to him for pardon; the second in the *Tragedy*, I, ii, where Byron resumes his treacherous intrigues. One cannot but feel how Shakespeare would have fastened on such situations and revealed with unerring power the conflict of emotions in the heart of the proud duke before he could stoop to beg forgiveness, or, supposing his repentance sincere, as I think it

[1] See note on the *Conspiracy* IV, p. 607.

[2] It is unnecessary to give examples here, as Chapman's deviations from Grimeston, as well as his verbal borrowings, are pointed out in detail in the notes, see especially pp. 600, 601, 602, 603, 607, 609, etc.

[3] *Histoire Littéraire du Peuple Anglais*, tome 2, pp. 823, *seq.*

[4] See note on *Conspiracy* II, ii, 58–61.

is meant to be, the almost fiercer struggle before he could once more break away from his noble master. But Chapman has not even attempted such a revelation. In the first scene his interest is concentrated entirely upon the long oration of the King which alone separates Byron's outburst of wrath from his acknowledgment of repentance; in the second there is no reference to the King's pardon, and Byron advances motives for his revolt which would have had as much weight at the beginning of the play as they have here. Nothing, it seems to me, could be less dramatic than this beginning of the action practically *de novo* in the very middle of the work.

Swinburne has called these two plays ' a small epic in ten books ', and it is impossible to read them carefully without being repeatedly struck by their epic qualities. They have the epic breadth of treatment, the slow equable movement of the epic, flowing like a river, to use a favourite simile of Chapman's, and gathering tribute as it goes, until it loses itself in the sea. They contain long epic narrations of past events,[1] epic digressions or episodes, such as the scene in the house of the astrologer, or the quarrel and reconciliation between Henry's Queen and his mistress. The lack of characterization in the minor parts is noticeable even for Chapman. Apart from Henry and Byron himself we have no such figures as Monsieur, Montsurry, or the Guise; the numerous characters who crowd the pages of these plays serve to give background and historic realism to the story, but they have no individuality of their own. They are like certain of the companions of Æneas, too weak to bear even the weight of a distinguishing epithet—*fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum.*

We have on the other hand very careful, and, on the whole, very consistent characterization, in the two great figures of the King and the Duke. Yet even here the characterization is hardly in the true sense of the word dramatic. It is effected much more by speeches than by action, of which there is singularly little in these plays. It is static, not kinetic; there is no evolution of character. Byron belongs rather to the class of Tamberlaine and Richard III than to that of Macbeth or Coriolanus; and Henry remains the same from his first word to his last. Their characters are placed before us at once, and by ' a few broad strong strokes often repeated ', to borrow Swinburne's apt phrase, the outlines are deepened and strengthened until the impression is ineffaceable. Both characters are drawn on the heroic scale with but little attention to realistic portraiture. There are, to be sure, a number of realistic touches in each character, taken over in each case from the sources, and giving, perhaps purposely, a certain vraisemblance to the portraits. Thus we have references to Henry's grey beard, to his love of tennis, to his persistent passion for amorous intrigues in the midst of war and politics. We have allusions to Byron's iron endurance of hardships, to his headlong bravery, to his scorn of women, and to his superstitious belief in omens, wizards, and astrology. But, after all, these are minor touches, and it is plain that Chapman's purpose was not to create life-like portraits of two contemporary characters, but to embody in two heroic and almost superhuman figures two supremely interesting types which he saw in the world about him.

Henry is the type of the New Monarchy which rose out of the ruin of

[1] Such as the accounts of Ivry and Fontaine Française in the *Conspiracy* I, 2.

the Renaissance in the anarchy of the Wars of Religion, a monarchy national in origin, absolute by principle. But he is something more than a mere representative of the New Monarchy, he is the ideal monarch, as Chapman conceived him, the Patriot King. The throne which he has won by long years of toil and bloodshed he regards as something more than a mere individual possession. It is, indeed, his by divine right, but only as a sacred trust. He rules his people as an absolute monarch, but for their good, not for his own interest ;

> *Though I am grown, by right of birth and arms,*
> *Into a greater kingdom, I will spread*
> *With no more shade than may admit that kingdom*
> *Her proper, natural, and wonted fruits,*

he tells La Fin in the first words he utters. There may seem to lie in these words the assertion that the throne is his by right of birth and conquest, but this single expression cannot be weighed against his repeated acknowledgments throughout the two plays that the throne has come to him from God, ' the sacred power ' that enabled him in the first place to confront the arms of ' a King far his superior ',[1] the ' angel ' that helped him in later years to calm and settle the ' turbulent sea of civic hates '.[2] The sword of justice which he puts into the hand of the infant Dauphin is a ' religious sword '. In the conflict between himself and his traitorous subject he relies confidently upon Divine support, and his earnest prayer for Divine guidance at the crisis of Byron's fate [3] is a full confession of the solemn responsibility of the King to God. This prayer, for which Chapman found not the slightest suggestion in his sources, is not only dramatically appropriate to the situation and the speaker, but contains the poet's noblest expression of his conception of the cares and duties that attend a King. As such it is well worthy of comparison with the more famous soliloquy of Henry V before Agincourt, and here, at least, in depth of thought and solemn gravity of expression Chapman seems to me in no way inferior to Shakespeare.

Like Henry, Byron is a heightened and idealized representative of his class, the great warrior noble of the Renaissance. Of this class he possesses in a marked degree certain highly characteristic virtues, reckless valour, fiery energy, the happy gift of making and of retaining devoted friends. But the qualities which make him a type of his age and class go deeper than these. He is the incarnation of the Renaissance spirit of boundless aspiration to which Marlowe gave in English poetry at once the first and the most perfect expression in the well-known speech of Tamberlaine—

> *Nature that formed us of four elements,*
> *Warring within our breasts for regiment,*
> *Doth teach us all to have aspiring minds.*

And with this unbounded aspiration he embodies its invariable concomitant, the intense and self-centred individualism of the Renaissance. This union finds, I think, its complete expression in a passage which repeated quotation has made perhaps the most familiar in Chapman,

[1] *The Tragedy* I, i, 99–107. The reference is, I think, to Henry III of France.
[2] *The Tragedy* I, i, 115–120.
[3] *The Tragedy* IV, ii, 63–85.

the passage in which Byron defies the fate predicted by his stars, and determines to press on to his goal regardless of danger or restraining law—

Be free, all worthy spirits,
And stretch yourselves for greatness and for height,
Untruss your slaveries; you have height enough
Beneath this steep heaven to use all your reaches;
'Tis too far off to let you, or respect you.
Give me a spirit that on this life's rough sea
Loves t' have his sails fill'd with a lusty wind,
Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts crack,
And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water, and her keel plows air.
There is no danger to a man that knows
What life and death is; there's not any law
Exceeds his knowledge; neither is it lawful
That he should stoop to any other law.
He goes before them and commands them all.[1]

These are lines that Marlowe might have written, and they reveal spirit such as Marlowe loved; but Chapman, an older and wiser man than Marlowe, saw behind these lofty qualities of aspiration and self-reliance the fatal germs of selfish ambition and blind self-confidence that poisoned and perverted them, and in the end brought Byron, and not Byron only, but so many of the class of which he stands as a representative, to irretrievable ruin. Chapman was by no means blind to Byron's merits; he exaggerates them, indeed, when he speaks of him in the Prologue to these plays as the saviour of France. But he realized that great as were Byron's merits in the past, they were rendered meritless by his egoism, and were exhausted by the unbounded claims he based upon them for the future. Byron has not served his country for love of his country, nor even out of loyalty to his King, but simply for himself, and because he has served his country he claims the right to ruin her—

I, who through all the dangers that can siege
The life of man have forc'd my glorious way
To the repairing of my country's ruins,
Will ruin it again to re-advance it.[2]

From the moment that the cessation of foreign war left two such characters, two such opposing principles we might almost call them, as Byron and Henry face to face, their conflict was inevitable and the issue of that conflict certain. For nothing is more striking in the tragedy of Byron (as in the story of Essex of which Chapman must have been reminded at every turn) than the overweening self-confidence, drunken and blinded with conceit of his own importance, with which he matched his own personality against a monarch who represented in France, as Elizabeth in England, a united and loyal nation. Against such a rock the wave of Byron's revolt was fore-ordained to break in idle foam. It is the hero's blindness to this predestined issue that constitutes for Chapman the tragedy of his fall. It is, perhaps, too much to say that in his relation of the conflict Chapman's head is for Henry while his heart is with Byron; but it is certainly true that from the climax of the tragedy at the moment of Byron's arrest the

[1] *The Conspiracy* III, iii, 130–144. [2] *The Tragedy* I, ii, 32–35.

King drops out of the foreground and all our interest is centred on the ruined noble. In the last act Chapman borrows every telling touch from the vivid contemporary narratives of Biron's imprisonment and death, and strains all his own powers of tragic and sonorous verse to heighten and intensify the pathos of his fate. As a matter of fact the historic Biron moves, perhaps, less pity than any other of the noble traitors of his age, Guise, Essex, Raleigh, or Wallenstein, but in reading Chapman's play we forget history and look on Byron's death not as the just punishment for his treason, but rather as a tragic example of the extinction of a noble, if rebellious, spirit in the grip of inexorable law.

And here we touch at last upon the note that the Byron plays have in common with Chapman's other tragedies to which they present, as I have already shown, so many points of difference. Chapman's tragedies are not tragedies of Fate like those of the Greek drama, nor tragedies of character like those of Shakespeare. We might indeed interpret the Byron plays if they stood alone in this latter sense, but when considered along with their congeners they show, I think, what *Bussy* and the *Revenge of Bussy* show even more plainly, that the peculiar tragic theme of Chapman is the conflict of the individual with his environment and the inevitable issue of that conflict in the individual's defeat. In the Bussy plays this conflict is more special, the conflict of a definite individual, Bussy, or Clermont, with his peculiar environment. In the Byron plays, owing to the typical character of the two main figures, it is more general, and we have the conflict of two opposing principles, those of individual liberty and social order. Writing as he did at a time when the high tide of the Renaissance was ebbing fast away, it was impossible for a writer so deeply interested in contemporary affairs as Chapman not to note the rise of a new principle. The era of liberty, verging upon license, in the realms of the intellect, of society, and politics, was yielding to the age of dogma, convention, and absolute monarchy. Wherever representatives of these two ages met, wherever such types as Byron and Henry found themselves opposed, a tragic conflict was inevitable; and while Chapman was philosopher enough to predict the victory of the new, he was too much the poet and child of the Renaissance not to lament the downfall of the old. And it is for this reason, the profound personal sympathy of the poet with the problem that confronts him, that we find the conflict between the individual and his environment handled nowhere else in Chapman's work with such epic majesty nor the tragic issue bewailed with such elegiac pathos as in *The Conspiracy and Tragedy of Charles Duke of Byron.*

BYRON'S CONSPIRACY

NOTES

Dedication. Sir Thomas Walsingham (1568–1630) was a well-known courtier and patron of letters in Chapman's day. His wife was a lady of the bed-chamber to Queen Elizabeth and a favourite at the Court of James I. Chapman dedicated to her his continuation of *Hero and Leander*, in which he speaks of her husband's 'ancient kindness' to him. Walsingham appears to have been also the friend and patron of Marlowe, for the publisher of *Hero and Leander* in dedicating this poem to Sir Thomas speaks of the 'many kind favours' he had bestowed on Marlowe during his lifetime. His son, a precocious youth of eight years at the date of Chapman's dedication of these plays, seems to have been on the point of entering one of the universities; he was knighted at thirteen, became a member of Parliament at fourteen and married at fifteen. He lived till 1669 and seems to have been especially remarkable for his shameless double-dealing with King and Parliament during the Civil Wars.

This dedication, no doubt, suggested to Collier the name of the patron of Chapman's to whom he forged the poetical dedication of[1] *All Fools*, which he published in 1825, professing to have found it in a unique copy of this play. The first lines of the dedication of the Byron plays, however, seem plainly to show that he had not previously dedicated any work to Sir Thomas.

These poor dismembered poems: referring to the mutilation of these plays by the censor before a license to print could be obtained. See the *Introduction*, p. 592.

Prologus. ll. 12–15. The simile is drawn from Homer, *Iliad*, V, 5–6:

> *Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness men admire*
> *Past all the host of other stars, when, with his cheerful face*
> *Fresh wash'd in lofty Ocean waves, he doth the skies enchase.*
> Chapman's *Iliad*.

Compare also a passage in *Bussy*, II, i, omitted in the second quarto, but printed here on p. 564, beginning

> *See how it runs, most like a turbulent sea.*

l. 19. **The fair shades of himself**: Brereton (*loc. cit.*, p. 60) interprets 'the images of himself invested with royal dignity'.

Dramatis Personae

Albert, Archduke of Austria (1559–1621), son of the Emperor Maximilian II and son-in-law of Philip II of Spain, who gave him his daughter Isabella in marriage and made him ruler of the Low Countries. He carried on war against Henry IV till the Peace of Vervins in 1598.

The Duke of Savoy, Charles Emmanuel (1562–1630), son of Philibert of Savoy and son-in-law of Philip of Spain, whose daughter Catherine he married. He took part in the Wars of Religion in France, ostensibly to support the Catholic cause, but in reality for his own aggrandizement. He seized the Marquisate of Saluces (Saluzzo) which had been incorporated with France by Charles IX. Henry IV insisted upon its restoration, and the Duke came

[1] See *Athenæum* June 27, 1908.

in person to Paris to negotiate terms by which he might be allowed to keep it. It is upon this visit that he appears in the play.

D'Auvergne, Charles de Valois, a natural son of Charles IX by Marie Touchet, and half-brother by the mother's side of Henriette D'Entragues, mistress of Henry IV. He was created Duke of Auvergne in 1589, was involved in the conspiracy of Biron, and though pardoned was soon again engaged in plots against the king. The story of his arrest by order of Henry IV furnished Chapman with materials for the episode of the seizure of Clermont in the *Revenge of Bussy* (see the Introduction to that play, p. 572).

Nemours, Henry of Savoy, Duke of Nemours, a cousin of the Duke of Savoy. He joined the League and fought against Henry IV, but was reconciled to him in 1596.

Soissons, Charles de Bourbon, Count of Soissons, a cousin of Henry IV. He appears as one of the characters in *The Revenge of Bussy*, but has no speech assigned him in that play.

D'Aumont. I cannot identify this character; perhaps the son of Marshal D'Aumont, *ob.* 1595.

Crêqui, Charles, Marquis of Créqui, and Marshal of France, a distinguished soldier in the wars of Henry IV. He accompanied Biron on his embassy to England.

Epernon, Jean Louis de Nogaret, Duke of Epernon, one of the most powerful of French noblemen under Henry III and Henry IV. He was one of the 'minions' of Henry III, refused at first to recognize Henry IV, but was reconciled to him in 1596, and was seated by him in the royal coach when he was stabbed by Ravaillac. Chapman introduces him in *The Revenge of Bussy* as well as in the Byron plays.

Bellièvre, Pomponne de Bellièvre, Chancellor of France from 1599 to 1607, plenipotentiary at the Congress of Vervins, and ambassador to Brussels along with Biron. Later he presided at Biron's trial.

Brulart, Nicolas Brulart, Marquis of Sillery, associated with Bellièvre at Vervins and Brussels.

D'Aumale, the Duke D'Aumale, an old leader of the League, and one of the bitterest enemies of Henry IV. He was at this time, 1599, an exile at Brussels.

Orange, Philip William, the eldest son of William the Silent, who was seized by Alva in 1567 and brought up at the Spanish Court. He returned to the Low Countries in the train of Archduke Albert in 1596.

Mansfield, Pierre Ernest, Count of Mansfield, a German soldier of great distinction in the wars of Charles V and Philip II. He was temporary governor of the Low Countries after the death of Parma.

Vitry, Louis de L'Hospital, Marquis of Vitry, originally a follower of Alençon, the 'Monsieur' of *Bussy* and of *The Revenge of Bussy*, later a prominent member of the League. He joined Henry IV after the latter's abjuration of Protestantism, and was made captain of the King's guards in 1595. He arrested Biron at Fontainbleau in 1602.

Janin, Pierre Janin, or Jeannin, a close friend and councillor of Henry IV after his abjuration. He took an important part in drawing up the Edict of Nantes. Henry used him as a messenger to induce Biron to come to Court just before his arrest.

La Brosse: Chapman got this name from Grimeston (p. 993).

I, i, 20. *My brother Spain*: Philip III of Spain, whose half-sister Catherine had married the Duke of Savoy.

I, i, 34. *Her elder sister*, the Infanta Isabella, who married the Archduke Albert.

I, i, 41. *Franche-Comté*, a district south and east of Burgundy, at this time in the possession of Spain.

I, i, 53. *Chymical philosophers:* alchemists.

I, i, 59–82. This character of Byron is taken straight from Grimeston (p. 992). It occurs originally, as Koeppel (*loc. cit.*, p. 19) has pointed out, in Cayet (p. 316*b*). Chapman has here done little more than versify Grimeston.

I, i, 89. *His ambassage:* the embassy sent by Henry IV to witness the Archduke's oath to observe the Treaty of Vervins at Brussels in 1598.

I, i, 118–21. Mr. Crawford has pointed out to me a curious analogue to these lines in Bacon's *Apothegms*, No. 119 : A Spartan wrote to Philip of Macedon boasting of his victory at Chaeronea that if he measured his shadow he would find it no longer than it was before his victory.

I, i, 125. 'La Fin, in quarrel with some great personages of the realm, and surcharged with debts and suits in law'. Grimeston, p. 960.

I, i, 141. *To piece out the defects of right:* cf. *Bussy*, II, i, 167, *to imp the law*.

I, i, 164. *My Marquisate of Saluces:* Saluzzo, a district in north-west Italy at the foot of the Alps, seized by Savoy in 1588.

I, i, 183–92. This simile is a favourite of Chapman's. It occurs first in *De Guiana*, 1596:

> *But as a river from a mountain running,*
> *The further he extends, the greater grows,*
> *And by his thrifty race strengthens his stream,*
> *Even to join battle with th' imperious sea,*
> *Disdaining his repulse, and, in despite*
> *Of his proud fury, mixeth with his main,*
> *Taking on him his title and commands.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 50.

See also the poem *Of Friendship*, and *Chabot*, V, i, 16–19.

I, i, 200. *The Great Duke's niece:* Marie de Medici, niece of Ferdinand Grand Duke of Tuscany, married to Henry IV in 1600.

I, i, 212. *The peace*, i.e., of Vervins, 1598.

I, ii. *Roiseau.* Grimeston, p. 816, calls him 'a true-hearted Frenchman who remained at that time in the Archduke's Court' and 'advertised the King of the Duke of Biron's practises'. Chapman makes him a member of the embassy.

I, ii, 10. *The man:* Picoté; 'one called Picoté, born at Orleans, and fled into Flanders . . . did first infect Biron'. Grimeston, pp. 975 and 816.

I, ii, 87–8. *Semele*, a mistress of Jupiter, begged the god to appear to her in the form he wore when he embraced Juno, and perished under the overwhelming splendour of his appearance. See Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, III, 253–315.

I, ii, 41. *Hercules.* Apollodorus (*Biblio.* II, v, 10) relates how Hercules journeying through Africa to fetch the cattle of Geryon was so oppressed with heat that in a burst of anger he bent his bow against the sun. Chapman refers to this story again in *Chabot*, II, ii, 84–5; see note *ad loc.*

I, ii, 46–9. Cf. *Bussy D'Ambois*, V, iii, 42, where Chapman speaks of the '*music footed horse*' of Apollo.

I, ii, 53–60. This account of the sentence passed upon the Duke D'Aumale, and the more detailed account below in ll. 147–153, were found by Chapman in Grimeston, pp. 786–7. Professor Koeppel (*loc. cit.*) pointed out that the decree of the Parliament of Paris registering this sentence is given in P. Matthieu (*Histoire des derniers troubles*, 1601, *livre* v, p. 62*b*). It also occurs, however, in Serres (*Inventaire* [*Generale*, 1600, vol. 3, pp. 1917–8), and a comparison shows that Grimeston translated from Serres. Additional evidence of this is afforded by the fact that Matthieu states that Aumale's house was not razed nor his trees cut down, in spite of the sentence. Serres does not note this failure to execute the sentence, and both Grimeston and Chapman, therefore, speak as if it had been enforced.

I, ii, 99–103. This confused passage may be paraphrased as follows : No true power (i.e. no man possessed of real power) permits any deprivation to be made from his power, nor any of his subjects to become his rival. It is the nature of absolute powers, such as you superiors, to destroy one another when they come into conflict. Cf. '*Two stars keep not their motion in one sphere*'. *I.K.H.IV.*, V, iv, 65.

I, ii, 118–31. This curious anecdote is drawn from Grimeston, p. 929. The *Legate* was Cardinal Aldobrandino who negotiated the peace between France and Savoy after the brief war of 1600–1. The Duke of Savoy, who had counted on Spanish aid, was bitterly disappointed by the hard terms of the treaty and for a long time refused to sign it or to see the Legate. This passage describes their final meeting in a boat on the Po. L. 131 means, I think, 'this ostentatious profession of courtesy was the conclusion of Savoy's friendship and of the Legate's labour in his behalf.' Grimeston says, 'The Duke thanked him so coldly as the Legate found well that he held not himself beholding to him'.

The phrase ''Twixt Spain and Savoy' in l. 120 would seem to show that Chapman was confused as to the two parties to the peace. Possibly, however, Spain and Savoy are to be considered—as was indeed the case—as one of the parties, and France understood as the other. It is interesting to note, as a proof of the freedom with which Chapman treated contemporary history, that Picoté refers to this meeting two years before it had taken place.

I, ii, 174. *This man's:* Picoté's. The first article of the charge of treason drawn against Biron was that he had used Picoté as a means of communicating privately with the Archduke. See *Byron's Tragedy*, V, ii, 47–51.

I, ii, 186. Mansfield was at this time over eighty years of age.

I, ii, 198. *The lords:* i.e. the other Commissioners, Bellièvre and Brulart.

I, ii, 203–10. This list of gifts is taken almost word for word from Grimeston, p. 816, except that the name *Pastrana* does not appear. It occurs, however, on p. 944.

I, ii, 226. *The great author:* Henry IV of France.

II, i. Stage-direction. I have inserted *A Room in the House of Nemours* on the authority of Grimeston, p. 883, who says that La Fin first had speech with Savoy in the latter's room at Nemours' house.

II, i, 39. This report, elaborated later in La Fin's speech (ll. 105–28), seems to have been suggested to Chapman by Biron's assertion at his trial that La Fin had bewitched him (see Grimeston, p. 976, and *Byron's Tragedy*, V, ii, 158–68). There is no suggestion in the original that La Fin laid claim to skill in magic. His boasts here seem reminiscent of a passage in Seneca's *Medea*, ll. 752–770.

II, i, 151. *Pelides in Scamander's flood.* The reference is to Achilles' combat with the River-god Scamander as told by Homer, *Iliad*, XXI, 211, *seq.*

II, i, 159. *Don Sebastian:* Sebastian I, King of Portugal, slain at the battle of Alcazar, 1578, in Morocco. The report that Philip II of Spain gave a hundred thousand crowns for his body is mentioned by Cayet (*Chronologie Sept.*, ed. 1605, p. 234*b*) and Grimeston, p. 952. Chapman seems to hold the Portuguese view that Don Sebastian had escaped from the battle and that the body in question was that of a Swiss soldier.

II, ii, 1–8. The dangers attending citizens' wives at the Court, especially on nights when masques were performed, are frequently alluded to by contemporary dramatists and tract writers. See especially Jonson's *Love Restored* (the long speech of Robin Goodfellow), Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in One* (the Induction), *A Wife for a Month* (IV, ii), and Sir Edward Peyton's *Divine Catastrophe of the House of Stuarts* (p. 369 ed., 1811).

II, ii, 40. *Nor to the warlike elephant in white:* cf. Chapman's poem, *A Good Woman*:

> *And as those that in elephants delight,*
> *Never come near them in weeds rich and bright,*
> *Nor bulls approach in scarlet; since those hues*
> *Through both those beasts enraged affects infuse.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 152.

The original source is Plutarch, *Conjugalia Praecepta*, 45, but it may perhaps have come to Chapman through Lyly, who drew largely upon this

work for his letter of Euphues to Philautus on the latter's marriage, *Euphues and his England* (p. 471–5, Arber's reprint). I owe this reference to the kindness of Mr. Charles Crawford.

II, ii, 58–61. This device of Savoy's to draw out Henry is based upon Grimeston, p. 883. 'The Duke's proceeding therein [i.e. in provoking Biron against the king] was very cunning and judicious, for oftentimes he would begin a discourse of the valour and courage of the Duke Biron, to sound the King's opinion, who did not always give him the glory of those goodly executions, whereof he [Biron] wanted. The Duke did still advertise the Duke Biron of anything the King had said of him that might any way alter him'.

II, ii, 93. As unrelentingly hostile as Juno to Hercules. Ll. 94–101 are taken from Plutarch, *De Alexandri Magni Virtute aut Fortuna*, 9. The Latin text suggested Chapman's diction.

II, ii, 112. *Siege of Dreux.* The account of the battle which follows is taken almost verbally from Grimeston's account of the battle of Ivry, p. 748. As Koeppel (*loc. cit.*) points out, Grimeston's original, Jean de Serres, heads this account with a marginal note, *Assiege Dreux, etc.* Grimeston also has the marginal note 'Siege of Dreux' at the top of p. 748. The battle of Ivry was brought about by Mayenne's attempt to relieve Dreux, which Henry was besieging.

II, ii, 119. *De la Guiche:* Great Master of Henry's artillery at Ivry.

II, ii, 123. *Your Duke's old father:* the Marshal du Biron, father of Charles, a soldier almost as famous as his son.

II, ii, 134. *Du Maine:* better known as Mayenne, second son of Francis Duke of Guise, and brother of Henry Duke of Guise murdered by Henry III. After the death of his brother he became the head of the League which resisted Henry IV. Henry defeated him at Arques, Ivry, and Fontaine Française. Finally Mayenne submitted on favourable terms, recognized Henry as King, 1596, and became his faithful subject.

II, ii, 136–41. These lines are taken almost verbally from Grimeston's account (p. 781) of Biron's campaign against the Leaguers and Spanish in Burgundy in 1595. Tavannes commanded for the League in Dijon. The Constable of Castile was Ferdinando de Velasco, whom Motley calls 'one of Spain's richest grandees and poorest generals'.

II, ii, 144. *Fontaine Française:* 1595, one of the most famous victories of Henry IV. Chapman again follows Grimeston's account (pp. 782–3) very closely.

II, ii, 148. *The Baron of Lux:* a close friend of Biron who rescued him from death or captivity at Fontaine Française.

II, ii, 185. *Their great general's:* Mayenne, whose inaction at Fontaine Française was one cause of the Leaguers' defeat.

II, ii, 216. *Mylor' Norris:* Sir John Norris (1547 ?–97), a famous Elizabethan soldier who received his first training under Coligny. He served in the Low Countries against the Spanish, where he was knighted for distinguished bravery by Leicester. Along with Drake he commanded the great expedition despatched against Spain in 1589. In 1591 and 1593 he fought with the English auxiliaries sent to the aid of Henry IV in Brittany. Henry IV commended his valour to a letter in Queen Elizabeth.

II, ii, 220–3. The punctuation of this passage is hopelessly confused in the Qq. I take ll. 221–2 to be parenthetical and have so marked them. After the phrase, *on any sudden*, supply 'call' or 'emergency'.

II, ii, 224. *Colonel Williams.* Sir Roger Williams (1540 ?–95) a famous Welsh soldier, who fought in the Low Countries under Norris, where he was knighted by Leicester, and in France with Henry IV against the League. Henry entertained a very high opinion of him; 'I never heard him [Henry] give more honour to any service nor to any man' wrote the English ambassador in 1592. He was a fearless, quick-tempered soldier, less famous as a leader than Norris, but remarkable for his personal bravery.

25–46. It is a curious instance of Chapman's lack of consistently de-

veloped characterization that Byron in these lines and his following speech repeats almost literally the sentiments of Picoté in I, ii, 86–136. The hero, who in the former scene had replied by a eulogy of loyalty, is here found playing the part of the tempter and preaching the doctrines of Machiavellian state-craft. Yet nothing has happened in the meantime to alienate Byron from the King. The truth is that Chapman is more intent upon the expression of sentiments suitable to the occasion, as here, than on the harmonious development of character.

III, i, 34. *The pikes' points charging heaven*, i.e. lifted in salute.

III, i, 52. *Through* should here be pronounced as a dissyllable.

III, i, 66. 'Your Grace's piercing and forcible arguments'.

III, ii, 7. The painter mentioned here is not introduced in any stage direction, yet he is evidently upon the scene engaged on a portrait of Byron; cf. the expressions of the Savoyards in ll. 117–21, and the stage direction after l. 138.

III, ii, 16. *Potatoes:* the sweet potato, for that is the plant usually meant by this word down to about 1650, was considered an aphrodisiac. Gerard says (*Herball*, 1597, p. 781) 'they procure bodily lust, and that with greedinesse'. Marston (*Scourge of Villany*, I, iii, 70) mentions candied potatoes as an aphrodisiac.

III, ii, 60. *The Welsh herald of their praise.* 'The cuckoo was sometimes called "The Welsh Ambassador" . . . In Middleton's *A Trick to catch the Old One*, iv, 5, we read "Why, thou rogue. . . . thy sound is like the cuckoo, the Welsh Ambassador"'. Phipson, *Animal Lore of Shakespeare's Time*, p. 206. Chapman here fancies the cuckoo as especially given to singing praises of Welshmen; yet even the cuckoo would not have compared Williams to Byron.

III, ii, 65. *Curtian Gulf.* Livy, vii, 6, tells how in the year 359 B.C. an earthquake opened a gulf in the Roman Forum which nothing could close. The augurs declared that it would never be closed until there were thrown into it that on which the greatness of Rome depended. A young warrior, Marcus Curtius, declared that the state depended on valour and arms, and mounting his steed plunged in full armour into the gulf, which closed above his head. The spot in the Forum where he sank was henceforth called the Curtian pool.

III, ii, 86. *Livers.* The liver, here, as so often in Elizabethan poetry, is thought of as the seat of the emotions.

III, ii, 97. *The Cyclop:* a form of the singular, from the French *Cyclope*. Chapman uses it also in his translation of the Odyssey. The reference here is to Polyphemus, blinded by Ulysses; see *Odyssey* IX, 395–400:

> *He from forth his eye*
> *The fixed stake pluck'd, after which the blood*
> *Flow'd freshly forth; and, mad, he hurl'd the wood*
> *About his hovel.*
>
> Chapman's *Odyssey*.

The comparison of an army deprived of its leader to the blind Cyclop and to a dying body is from Plutarch's *De Alex. Mag. etc. Oratio* II, 4. The Latin text evidently suggested Chapman's phraseology: *Statim autem mortuo Alexandro exercitum ejus vagantem et in seipsum impingentem Leosthenes similem dixit Cyclopi esse, qui amisso oculo usquequaque manus intendebat nullum ad certum scopum directas. . . . Atque adeo sicut anima deserente cadavera non consistunt, non cohærent, sed dissipantur et dissolvuntur: ita exercitus Alexandro amoto palpitabat, concutiebatur, atque aestuabat . . . tanquam spiritibus etiamnum calidis ac pulsibus in corpore discurrentibus.*

III, ii, 117. Here the Savoyards interrupt the conversation with their outburst in praise of the portrait which the painter has all this time been making of Byron.

III, ii, 122–9. This passage comes from Grimeston, p. 852. 'The Duke of Biron did see him [Peter de Pinac] in his sicknesse, and assisted at his

funeral. No man living did better judge of the nature of men by the consideration of their visages; he did divine the Marshal Biron's fortune by his countenance and the proportion of his visage, for having considered it somewhat curiously, he said unto his sister after his departure. *Hee hath the worst Phisiognomie that ever I observed in my life, as of a man that would perish miserably'*. It seems somewhat strange that Chapman should quote such a prediction at this point when the Savoyards are flattering Byron. Possibly he means Roncas to quote it as a mere introduction to his own opposite and favourable judgment (ll. 129–38), but more likely Chapman simply inserted here an interesting passage from Grimeston without caring for its dramatic propriety.

III, ii, 138. The stage direction after this line is not very clear. As it stands in the Qq. it would imply that Roncas, the speaker, snatches away the picture. But I fancy that the *He* of the direction means Byron (cf. ll. 140–1), and that as so often in the old texts the stage-direction is placed too early.

III, ii, 140–77. This long speech is founded on a passage in Plutarch, *De Alexandri Magni: Fortuna aut virtute, Oratio*, II, 2. Speaking of Alexander's patronage of the sculptor Lysippus, Plutarch uses words which Chapman simply paraphrases: *Quod is* [Lysippus] *solus ære ingenium ipsius* [Alexander] *exprimeret, simulque cum forma etiam virtutem proponeret: reliqui inclinationem cervicis, oculorumque renidentem volubilitatem imitari volentes, masculum ejus leonimumque vultum non servabant.* The story of Stasicrates the sculptor (who proposed to carve a statue of Alexander out of Mount Athos) follows in the same section of this oration. Here Chapman has treated his original somewhat more freely in the attempt to adapt the passage to the situation in his play. Thus he substitutes a supposititious mountain, Oros,[1] in Burgundy, for Athos, and calls the city which was to be placed in the left hand of the colossus, Amiens. But the Latin text of Plutarch seems to have suggested several phrases to Chapman. Thus for *eternis radicibus* we have *eternal roots* l. 153, and '*aurum, æs, ebur, venalia et furtis exposita*' find their counterparts in ll. 174–6.

III, ii, 168. *Amiens.* The siege of Amiens in 1597 was one of the most famous of Biron's exploits. He served there as second in command to the King himself. Frequent reference is made to this siege in the Byron plays. See *Byron's Tragedy*, I, i, 14; V, iii, 165.

III, ii, 181. *Cabinet of Beatrice:* the jewel case of Beatrice of Portugal, grandmother of the Duke of Savoy.

III, ii, 191. *His person:* i.e. the person of the King, Henry IV. Eighteen attempts are said to have been made upon the life of Henry before he finally was murdered by Ravaillac. Grimeston, p. 914, says that one of the causes which emboldened Savoy against Henry was the frequent attempts on the latter's life, 'presuming it was not possible but that some one would hit'.

III, ii, 195. I take it that on the entrance of Nemours and Soissons Savoy first calls Byron's attention to them, and then dropping his voice tells him (ll. 195–6) that they must change the subject of their discourse. This he proceeds to do by his formal compliment to Byron (ll. 197–200), and then, as the lords approach, notifies Byron of their presence (l. 201), as if he had just noticed them. I have tried to bring out this construction of the passage by the punctuation.

III, ii, 227–8. Cf. Chapman's *Hymnus in Cynthiam*:

> *As at thy altars in thy Persic empire*
> *Thy holy women walk'd with naked soles*
> *Harmless and confident on burning coals.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 11.

To this passage Chapman himself appends a note: 'This Strabo testi-

[1] Chapman apparently uses the Greek common noun ὄρος, mountain, as a proper name here; but he may have borrowed the name from Oros, a peak in Aegina.

fieth *Libro duodecimo*'. Strabo XII, ii, 7, gives such a report of the priestesses of Diana Perasia (hence, perhaps, Chapman's *Persic empire*) at Castabala.

III, ii, 229. *I build not outward:* cf.

> *Like the martlet*
> *Builds in the weather on the outward wall.*
> *Merchant of Venice*, II, ix, 28–9.

III, ii, 238–41. *Men mere exempt . . . markets:* only men free from all connexion with power are clear, i.e. unstained; indeed, it is safer to choose a friend from the pillory than from the Court.

III, ii, 247–62. This elaborate simile is drawn from the Elizabethan fashion of publishing books, of poetry in particular, preceded by a host of eulogistic poems. These are the goodly heralds of l. 248. The parenthetical passage ll. 253–8 gives a sort of summary of the praises which such poems were accustomed to bestow upon the author; his pens alone *imp* (piece out) *the Muses' wings*, he spends his nights with the Muses, his head is clothed with the poet's bays, his musical feet are of the heavenly model, swift as the *perpetuum mobile*, etc. And the poet swollen with their flattery believes that it was his merit which provoked and emitted (*eas'd*) these windy sentiments, which yet are merely eulogistic and have no true merit.

III, ii, 275. *That matchless Queen:* Elizabeth of England. With the following eulogy of her Court, cf. the passage in *Bussy*, I, ii, 6–27.

III, iii. This scene is based upon a detailed account in Grimeston of Biron's visit to La Brosse, 'a great mathematician whom they held to be skilful in casting of nativities' (p. 993). The action of the scene is taken with no change from Grimeston, who translated it from Cayet (p. 319, *seq.*, edition of 1605). An exactly similar account occurs in the anonymous *Histoire de la Vie . . . du Mareschal de Biron*, 1602 (Cimber's *Archives curieuses de l'histoire de France, 1re Serie, Tome* 14). Cayet either wrote this pamphlet or incorporated it in his later work (*Chronologie Septenaire*, 1605). The speeches, on the other hand, are largely Chapman's own invention.

III, iii, 36. 'Into the circle (*compass*) of the throne for which I am striving'.

III, iii, 52. The phrase, *Caput Algol*, taken like so much else in this scene from Grimeston, is an astrological term. Algol (Arabic *al-ghul*, the ghoul) is the star β *Persei* in the cluster of stars known as the Medusa's head in that constellation. That its appearance in a nativity was of evil omen is clear from two lines of George Daniel's *Trinarchodia*:

> *Irresolution doth as dreadfull rise*
> *As Caput Algot* [misprint for *Algol*] *in nativities.*
> *Henry V*, 82.

But there is probably a special connexion here between the Medusa's head, cut off by Perseus, and Byron's which, as La Brosse foresaw, was to fall beneath the executioner's sword.

III, iii, 55–69. These lines, as Cunliffe pointed out (*Influence of Seneca*, p. 96) are largely an adaptation of the dialogue between Oedipus and Creon in the Senecan *Oedipus* (ll. 511–29, Teubner edition). Another bit of this dialogue is translated later on (*Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 226, 228).

III, iii, 64. 'What thou must utter with thy tongue, if it is to be made known to me safely'. So at least I understand the passage, but *must* may be a misprint for *may'st*. See Text Notes, p. 625.

III, iii, 73. *Hold on*, in the sense of 'continue'.

III, iii, 84. This line lacks a syllable of the normal metre and is, I believe, corrupt. See Text Notes, p. 625.

III, iii, 89. *The bulls of Colchis*: the fire-breathing bulls which Jason by the aid of Medea's magic, tamed in Colchis.

His triple neck, etc.: the breath of the three-headed dog, Cerberus.

III, iii, 90. *The most mortal vapours :* a reference to the old belief that the fumes rising from Lake Avernus, the supposed entrance to Hades, stifled even the birds which tried to fly across it.

III, iii, 96–100. These lines seem to me rather an example of Chapman's love for sententious and gnomic verse than dramatically appropriate. Byron says, as I understand the passage, that there is no earthly joy so pure but that it becomes a parasite, etc., when it begins to flatter a soul intoxicated with pride.

III, iii, 122. *Aspects . . . houses :* astrological terms ; the former denoting 'the way in which the planets, from their relative positions, look upon each other' (*New Eng. Dict.*) These 'aspects' might be either beneficent or malignant toward the person whose nativity was being cast. .' Houses ' are divisions of the heavens, or, perhaps here, signs of the zodiac. The position of each planet toward each house was a matter of importance in astrology, since certain positions portended a bloody and violent death, hence *bloody houses.*

III, iii, 140–3. These lines were chosen by Shelley as a motto for his *Laon and Cythna.*

III, iii, 145. It is interesting to note that this scene closes with the stage direction for the exit of Byron. Apparently La Brosse, who according to Grimeston was beaten and left half dead, remains prostrate upon the stage. If this be so, there must have been some arrangement by which a curtain could have been drawn to conceal him and permit his departure from the stage. Possibly this scene was played upon the balcony or upper stage which could be so curtained off.

Act IV. This act, as Fleay points out (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 63) has evidently been cut to pieces by the censor and patched up in the best way possible for the press. No doubt in the original Byron's visit to the Court of Elizabeth was represented, not narrated, and the great Queen herself appeared upon the stage. Koeppel suggests that the act in its original form also contained the striking scene recorded in Matthieu in which the Queen pointed out to Biron the mouldering heads of traitors, among them that of Essex, and sent a warning to her brother of France against his careless clemency. But this scene does not occur in Grimeston, who considerably abridges Matthieu's account of Biron's embassy, and I cannot therefore accept Professor Koeppel's suggestion as a certainty, the more so as Camden, Chapman's contemporary, and probable acquaintance, denies the reality of this scene : *Quod quiddam Gallici scriptores prodiderint, eam* [Elizabeth] *cranium Essexii inter plura damnatorum, in intimo Lararío, vel (ut alii scribunt), polo affixum, Bironio et Gallis ostentasse, ridicule vanum est. Illud enim una cum corpore consepultum.* (*Annales*, vol. 3, p. 877, edition 1717.)

The long speech of the Queen (ll. 8–58) is taken almost word for word from Grimeston, p. 945, who translates it from Matthieu ; but the succeeding speeches, which have to me a like air of paraphrase, are not to be found in that source, and I have not been able to trace them.

IV, i, 25–33. A quotation from Grimeston, p. 945, will show how closely Chapman follows his sources in this speech, and at the same time elucidate the text : 'She could not say that a courage which feared nothing but the falling of the Pillars of Heaven, should feare the Sea, or not trust unto it for a passage of seven or eight houres, blaming them rather which had not instructed him as well to contemne the Waves of the Sea, as the desseignes of his enemies uppon the Land '.

IV, i, 40. *Crystal :* I think this word is to be understood here in the sense of the crystalline sphere, or Heaven itself. Heaven, the Queen says, gives not only its light, but its crystalline hardness, and its height to serve as defences to England. This passage does not occur in Grimeston, but is one of Chapman's elaborations of his original.

IV, i, 61. 'He' in this line is not Byron, but his master Henry IV, for whom he is speaking.

IV, i, 106–7. Note the change from indirect to direct discourse in these lines,

a clear proof that the act has been pieced together from a cut-up manuscript.

IV, i, 139. See the note on *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 176–81.

IV, i, 145. There seems to be a slight anachronism here. Grimeston, p. 964, says that on his return to France Biron found that the King had left Calais for Fontainebleau to be present at the confinement of the Queen. This took place on September 27, when the Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII, was born.

IV, i, 156. D'Auvergne is here called ' Prince ' on account of his royal birth. See note on *Dramatis Personae.*

IV, i, 158. *A Councillor :* perhaps Robert Cecil.

IV, i, 160–1. The pun in these lines is plainer in the quartos, where *Dauphin* appears in the old spelling as *Daulphine*, or *Dolphin*. The story of Arion, the minstrel, who threw himself into the sea to escape the murderous sailors, and was borne safe to shore by a music-loving dolphin, is told by Herodotus, I, xxiv.

IV, i, 179–84. This simile is from Plutarch, *De Alex. Mag. Fort. aut Virtute, Oratio* II, 4. As before (III, ii, 140–77) the Latin text suggests Chapman's diction.

IV, i, 189. The sentence is interrupted here to introduce the long simile that follows, ll. 190–205. The Qq. have only a comma after *greatest*, but the dash seems to make the structure of the sentence clearer.

IV, i, 213. The fixed stars twinkle, whereas the planets, or *erring*, i.e. wandering, stars, shine steadily.

IV, i, 216. ' Whom the stars direct and govern '.

IV, i, 221–3. ' Your counsel moves as regularly and perfectly as one of the heavenly spheres, and is the sum and substance (*continent*) of the wisdom of England '.

V, i, 21. *Bourg*, i.e., Bourg-en-Bresse, a town near the south-eastern border of France. It had been ceded to the Duke of Savoy by the Treaty of Cambrai, and was in 1600 esteemed ' one of the strongest places in Europe ' (Grimeston, p. 894). The town was surprised by Biron in the war of 1600 between France and Savoy, and he therefore believed that he had earned the right of nominating the commander of its citadel, which was surrendered at the close of the war.

V, i, 42–6. This simile is taken direct from Plutarch *De Primo Frigido*, xiv, where we are told : Among the Persians the strongest method of demanding anything, and the most certain of obtaining it [the Latin translation has *repulsae securum*, which no doubt gave Chapman his phrase in l. 41] was for the suppliant to descend into a river with the fire and threaten that he would throw it into the stream unless he obtained what he sought.

V, i, 47–8. *Cold hath no act in depth :* cold has no power in the depths, and consequently nothing important can be obtained that is sought for coldly.

V, i, 69–75. The reasons given here, and in ll. 115–18, for Henry's refusal are taken almost literally from Grimeston, p. 925.

V, i, 104. In reward for Biron's services against the League his barony had been raised to a dukedom in 1598.

V, i, 107–8. ' If you do not regard your honour, i.e. the honour springing from titles, etc., why do you ask for this distinction, i.e. the privilege of nominating a commander for the citadel of Bourg.'

V, i, 128. *Into the horse-fair :* i.e. into a place where it can produce no good.

V, i, 130. See note on IV, i, 40. The idea here is that Heaven keeps a true record of men's actions.

V, i, 142–54. *Arques and Dieppe :* Henry gained his first important victory over the League, after becoming King, at Arques in Normandy, 1589. Biron fought here with him and afterwards in the skirmishes before Dieppe. *Dreux* is Ivry, see note on II, ii, 112. *Artois, Picardy*, provinces on the N.E. border of France, at that time partly in the hands of the Spanish. In September, 1596, Biron entered Artois, ' invading the county of St.

Paul, he took and spoiled the town . . . he returns to Bapaume, . . . spoils Courcelles, . . . makes a road toward Bethune, runs into Douai' (Grimeston, p. 790). Evidently Chapman had Grimeston open before him when he wrote these lines.

V, ii. This scene is elaborated by Chapman from a couple of brief hints in Grimeston. On p. 961 he says: 'This denial [of the right to nominate a keeper of the citadel at Bourg] did so transport the Duke of Biron, and thrust him into such strange and divelish resolutions, as one morning being in his bed at Chaumont, he made an enterprise upon the King's person, . . . but it was not executed'; and on p. 962, 'But finding . . . that the King had some notice of his practices with La Fin, he seemed to bee verie penitent, and asked pardon of the King, walking in the Cloister of the Franciscane Friars at Lions, beseeching him (with a countenance full of contrition and humilitie) to forget his bad intentions, the which rage and dispight for the Cittadell of Bourg had possessed his heart with. The King pardoned him. Saying that he was well pleased, that hee had relyed upon his clemencie, and the love which he bare him'.

From the first of these passages Chapman takes the idea of a personal attack by Byron on the King (stage direction after l. 29, and the reference to a pistol, l. 42); from the second, Byron's kneeling for pardon (stage direction after l. 84) and the King's forgiveness. The two incidents are brought into immediate connection by Chapman for the sake of dramatic effect. Really both came after, not before, the departure of Savoy from France, which takes place at the close of this scene.

V, ii, 19. *Antic vizard*, i.e. the grotesque mask of the ancient comic actor, which seems to mock the spectator. Such a mocking mask—the reference is to the King's denial of Byron's claims—is all that the King has learned from the *hard lessons* of want and misery in his earlier years and the worth and honour to which he, with Byron's help, has recently risen, instead of the *heroic fashions*—i.e. of gratitude and liberality—which he should have acquired. The passage is characteristic of Chapman's condensed and involved style.

V, ii, 22. *The dead noises of my sword* : the past noises (i.e. battles) of my sword.

V, ii, 31–2. A reminiscence, as Cunliffe has pointed out, of Seneca:

> *da tempus ac spatium tibi:*
> *quod ratio non quit saepe sanavit mora.*
>
> *Agamemnon*, ll. 129–30.

V, ii, 46–9. Pliny, *Natural History*, Book XXX, chap. 53, says that 'of all known substances it is a mule's hoof only that is not corroded by the poisonous waters of the fountain Styx; a memorable discovery made by Aristotle . . . when Antipater sent some of this water to Alexander the Great to poison him'. Plutarch, *Alexander*, 77, adds that this poison was 'of a cold and deadly quality, which distils from a rock in the territory of Nonacris; and that they receive it as they would do so many dewdrops, and keep it in an ass's hoof; its extreme coldness and acrimony being such that it makes its way through all other vessels'. See also Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, Book VII, 17.

V, iii, 52–5. The city of Elis had a general control of the Olympic games. The judges were chosen by lot from the whole body of Elean citizens, and an appeal from their decisions might be carried to the Elean senate.

V, ii, 102. *The short madness of my anger:* a commonplace which goes back at least as far as Horace:

> *Ira furor brevis est.*
>
> *Epistles* I, ii, 62.

V, ii, 134. *To hunt down:* i.e. to weaken, to flag.

V, ii, 152–3. This boast of the Duke is twice mentioned by Grimeston, who adds (p. 930),' but he lost all Savoy in less than forty days'.

V, ii, 157. *Balloon;* a game played with a large inflated ball which was

struck back and forth by the arms of the players defended by a bracer of wood.

V, ii, 160–2. There is probably a reference here to Henry's amour with the beautiful Gabrielle D'Estrées, to whom he is said to have been first introduced by her lover, Bellegarde, as a diversion between two battles. Sully (*Memoirs*, Book IV) relates that Henry once disguised himself as a peasant and passed through a hostile army to visit his mistress.

V, ii, 181. Savoy's wife, the Infanta Catherine, had died in 1597.

V, ii, 182. These presents were given by Savoy to the King as New Year's gifts. He also gave presents ' to all the cheefe in Court, who accepted them with the King's permission : only the Duke Biron refused the horses that he sent unto him ', (Grimeston, p. 882, cf. ll. 185–92).

V, ii, 197. These articles are given in full by Grimeston, p. 891. The substance of the treaty was that Savoy might retain Saluces by ceding the district of Bresse to France.

V, ii, 211. *A peace:* the peace concluded by the Treaty of Vervins, 1598.

V, ii, 241–2. *The organ hose*, i.e. the padded trunk-hose which came into fashion in France during the latter part of the sixteenth century.

V, ii, 258. *God dild* : a colloquial form for ' God yield, i.e. reward '.

BYRON'S TRAGEDY

Dramatis Personae

The characters in this play are in the main the same as those of the *Conspiracy ;* a few new figures are, however, introduced.

The infant Dauphin, afterwards Louis XIII, born September 27, 1601.

The Spanish Ambassador, Taxis.

Montigny, a nobleman at whose lodging Biron supped immediately before his arrest.

D'Escures. Cayet (p. 288 *b*) calls him ' the intimate friend and servant of the Marshal ', i.e. Biron.

Harlay, Achille de Harlay, First President of the Parliament of Paris, one of the commission for the trial of Biron.

Potier, Nicolas Potier, Second President of the Parliament, and Councillor of State, also a member of the commission.

Fleury, Stephen de Fleury, Councillor of the Parliament, who acted as reporter of the process against Biron.

Prâlin, a captain of the King's guard. He was charged to arrest Biron, but exchanged this commission with Vitry. (See Cayet, p. 291, and Matthieu, II, p. 127.)

La Brunel. I do not find this name in Grimeston, but I believe it occurs in Cayet's *Histoire Septenaire.* If so, it would seem to show that Chapman may have glanced at one of the French originals of Grimeston, though, on the other hand, he may have got the name from some other contemporary account.

A Bishop. Garnier, the King's preacher, afterwards Bishop of Montpellier, attended Biron in the Bastille. Grimeston (p. 972) records that Biron was also visited by the Archbishop of Bourges during the first days of his imprisonment. A confused memory of this may have caused Chapman to write *Arch* [*bishop*] as the name of the speaker in V, iv, 23 and 171.

Mademoiselle D'Entragues, Henrietta de Balzac, half-sister of the Duke of Auvergne and mistress of Henry IV.

Cupid. The part of Cupid in this masque, which was played at Court in the winter of 1602, was taken by the Duke of Vendôme, Henry's son by Gabrielle D'Estrées.

I, i, 6–19. This list of *dignities* is taken almost verbally from Grimeston (p. 960), and the speech of Janin (ll. 20–45) is composed of hints and phrases from the same source (pp. 959–60).

I, i, 31. *Fuentes*, commanding for the King of Spain in Milan. He and the Duke of Savoy were in secret correspondence with Biron, hoping to provoke a civil war in France.

I, i, 62. *To more proof:* more satisfactorily, in such a way that it will be proof against change.

I, i, 74–86. This offer and Byron's answer, both taken from Grimeston, p. 959, belong to a somewhat earlier period.

I, i, 94–5. La Fin's pretended pilgrimage to Loretto, famous for the Santa Casa brought by angels from Nazareth to Italy, was in reality a mission on the part of Biron to consult with Savoy and Fuentes. During this mission Fuentes conceived some doubt of La Fin and hinted to the Duke of Savoy that it would be well to get rid of him. La Fin got wind of this and fled through Switzerland to France, where he shortly betrayed the entire course of the conspiracy to Henry.

I, i, 97. *A crystal that is charmed*, i.e. the magic ball of crystal which reveals the future.

I, i, 103. *Twelve set battles:* cf. note on *Bussy D'Ambois*, II, i, 104. I do not know why Chapman should here speak of ten battles being won for Henry 'without his personal service'. Henry's military skill and personal bravery were his most striking qualities, and at Coutras, Arques, Ivry, and Fontaine Française—to mention no others—he played the part of a skilful general and a brave soldier.

I, 101–2. The *nook* is probably Navarre, Henry's original kingdom. The *king* is Henry III of France.

I, i, 111. The incident of Henry's putting his sword into the infant Dauphin's hand is taken from Grimeston, p. 964: 'The King, blessing him, put a sword in his hand, to use it to the glory of God, and the defence of his Crowne and People'. The noble speech which follows these lines is entirely Chapman's own, and embodies at once a panegyric on Henry IV and a prophecy, not destined to fulfilment, of the deeds of Louis XIII.

I, i, 120. *The halcyon's birth:* a reference to the legend of Alcyone. After her husband's death in a shipwreck, she so lamented him that the gods changed them both to birds called halcyons. During the days that the halcyon was breeding a perfect calm was supposed to prevail upon the sea. Ovid tells the story at great length in the *Metamorphoses*, and it has become a commonplace of poetry:

> *Perque dies placidos hiberno tempore septem*
> *Incubat Alcyone pendentibus aequore nidis*
> *Tum via tuta maris, ventos custodit et arcet*
> *Aeolus egressu, praestat nepotibus aequor.*
> *Metamorph.* XI, 745–8.

I, i, 124. This line is deficient, or perhaps corrupt, in the original. See Text Notes, p. 626, for a further discussion.

I, i, 141–4. Compare *Caesar and Pompey*, II, iv, 136–42, a passage which enables us to restore the text here.

I, ii, 5. *Bretagne:* the reduction of Brittany, whence the royal authority had been banished for about nine years, was the last exploit of Henry IV before the conclusion of the treaty of Vervins.

I, ii, 36. *Camillus:* the reference is to his saving Rome after the capture of the city by the Gauls.

I, ii, 45. *Wind:* used here, I think, in the sense of spirit; for a discussion of the text see Text notes, p. 626.

I, ii, 54. *Anvils that are lin'd with wool:* cf. *The Duchess of Malfi*, III, ii, 328–30.

> *A politician is the devil's quilted anvil;*
> *He fashions all sins on him, and the blows*
> *Are never heard.*

The reference is evidently to some method of muffling an anvil.

I, ii, 62–6. These terms were agreed upon between Savoy, Fuentes, and La Fin, as Biron's representative, at a conference reported by Grimeston, p. 961.

I, ii, 69–99. Immediately before going to the King La Fin notified Biron that he had been summoned and requested instructions as to what he should say. Byron's speeches, ll. 72–88 and 93–9, are built up of phrases from Grimeston, p. 963.[1] So far from following these instructions La Fin at once betrayed Biron to the King; cf. the following scene.

I, iii. This scene represents the conference at Fontainebleau after La Fin's betrayal of Biron, at which Henry determined to call the Duke to Court, but in such a manner that he would not suspect the conspiracy to have been discovered. It is largely built up on hints and phrases from Grimeston, pp. 963, 965–6.

I, iii, 2–3. These lines are taken verbally from a later passage in Grimeston, p. 970. Biron's zeal against the Huguenots was apparently a mere cloak to conceal his ambitious designs, and to unite him more closely with such bigoted Catholics as Fuentes and the Duke of Savoy. The Chancellor's remark on his jesting at all religions, ll. 5–6, rests upon a later passage in Grimeston, p. 993 : ' He was oftentimes seen to jest at the Masse, and to laugh at them of the Reformed Religion '.

I. iii, 51–2. These lines are in italics in the original to call attention to the apothegm.

I, iii, 64. *My Constable :* Henry Duke of Montmorency, named Constable of France by Henry IV in 1593.

I, iii, 69–75. *Pieces :* the papers revealing the conspiracy. Grimeston, p. 963, says : ' Of many papers which La Fin presented unto the King, they made choice of 27 peeces : which were not those that concluded most against the Duke of Biron, but which made mention onely of him, the King being unwilling to have the rest [i.e. of the conspirators] discovered, to the end that the punishment of one might serve as an example to all '. This passage enables us to restore the true text.

I, iii, 102. With the exit of Janin comes the gap in the text alluded to in the Introduction to these plays. There is no sign of such a gap in the quartos which continue with the stage direction *Enter Esper, etc.*, except that at the close of the masque we find *Finis Actus Secundi.* Evidently the close of the first act and the beginning of the second were cut away by the censor.

II, i, 5. *Arden.* See note on *Revenge of Bussy*, III, ii, 152.

II, i, 15–8. *These two Virtues :* the leading ladies in the masque, Marie de Medici as Chastity, and Henriette D'Entragues as Liberality.

II, i, 31–50. The description of Cupid sporting in a lady's bosom and lighting his torches at her eyes inevitably recalls the charming lyrics *Rosalind's Madrigal* and *Rosalind's Description* in Lodge's *Rosalynd or Euphues' Golden Legacy.* The account of Cupid's playing for a lady's kisses and losing his arrows to her is from Lyly's best known song, *Cupid and my Campaspe.*

II, i, 36. The shepherd's flute of reeds invented by Pan, the god of shepherds, was but a poor rustic instrument compared with the lyre of the Sun-god, Apollo.

II, i, 48. *Penny-prick :* an old gambling game, mentioned as early as 1421. It seems to have consisted of tossing pennies, or counters, at a mark.

II, i, 53. *This fair nymph :* Henriette D'Entragues.

II, i, 65. *Pray the press, etc. :* Masques, such as the foregoing, were often given in a room of the palace packed with spectators. The *press* is the crowd which hindered the evolutions of the dance. In *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 226, we find the presenter of a masque crying ' a Hall, a Hall ' to obtain the necessary space for his performers.

II, i, 88–94. Riddles, especially riddles with an ambiguous sense, seem to have been very popular at this time. A number of them may be found in *Le Piacevoli Notti* of Giovanni Straparola.

I cannot agree with Fleay (*Biog. Chron.* vol. i, p. 64) and Koeppel (*loc. cit.* p. 31) that the passage dealing with this riddle, ll. 66–124, was inserted to fill the gap caused by the censor. It is evident that this omission took place before the Masque, see ll. 18–19, 55–60, which figured the recon-

[1] The edition of 1607 misprints 941.

cilement of the Queen and Henriette. In *Bussy*, III, ii, a somewhat similar riddle occurs where there is no question of any omission.

II, i, 110–1. *Non forma, etc.* : 'It is not the form [i.e. the bodily person] but the fame [of a good woman] that ought to appear in public.'

III, i. I have laid this scene at Dijon, since it represents the conversations held at that place between Biron, D'Escures, and Janin before the Duke decided to obey the King's summons. The scene is built up on hints from Grimeston, p. 965–6, but a larger part than usual is Chapman's own.

III, i, 2–9. The reference is, no doubt, to Machiavelli's *Prince*, considered in Chapman's time the compendium of all state-craft.

III, i, 10–24. The story of the laurel let fall in Livia's lap is told by Pliny, who includes a detail omitted by Chapman, that this branch was in the bill of a white hen which the eagle dropped unharmed. The statement that the tree which sprang from this laurel branch and the race of Augustus died out together is Chapman's own invention. So, of course, is his fine application of the old story in ll. 25–42.

III, i, 33. By *Liberty* Chapman no doubt means the liberty of rebellion for conscience sake against the royal power, a liberty claimed by fanatical Catholics in France and bigoted Puritans in England. Considering that the speaker of the words is himself engaged in a conspiracy against his lawful King the passage is curiously inappropriate. But when Chapman had a lofty sentiment to utter he cared little in whose mouth he placed it.

III, i, 62–85. The speeches of D'Escures and Byron's answer are taken direct from Grimeston, pp. 965–6.

III, i, 116–121. The speeches of La Brunel here and later (ll. 236–47) are taken almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 966.

III, i, 124–5. 'I am not one of those petty provincial nobles whom any king's messenger may lead unresisting to the scaffold'.

III, i, 127–9. The blackthorn, or sloe, blossoms in early spring before its leaves appear. Possibly there is a reference here to the legendary thorn of Glastonbury, which was said to blossom at Christmas. Habington, *Castara*, II, *A Dialogue between Araphill and Castara*, has a passage curiously like Chapman's :

> *Love shall in that tempestuous showere*
> *Her brightest blosome like the blackthorne showe :*
> *Weake friendship prospers by the power*
> *Of fortunes Sunne. I'le in her winter growe.*

Chapman himself repeats this simile in the *Epistle Dedicatory* prefixed to his *Crown of All Homer's Works*, 1624 :

> *Like to the hatching of the blackthorn's spring,*
> *With bitter frosts and smarting hailstorms, forth.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 250.

III, i, 143–5. The ancient Egyptians determined the exact length of the year by the heliacal rising of Sirius, i.e. the star's appearance before sunrise. This occurs in July, called the Lion's month, because the sun then enters the sign of the Lion in the zodiac.

III, i, 151–2. Chapman's translation of a passage in the *Odyssey* I, 52, *seq.*, shows that he held the view that Atlas supported the earth as well as the heaven :

> *Atlas . . . stays*
> *The two steep columns that prop earth and heaven.*

The reference to Alcides going under the earth refers to the time when Hercules assumed the load of Atlas.

III, i, 159. 'To make him, i.e. the King, wait, i.e. till he sees me, Byron'.

III, i, 168. Cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, I, ii, 25.

III, i, 179–80. Cf. *The Conspiracy*, I, ii, 145–6.

III, i, 184–94. The reference is to the King of Spain, his American gold mines, and the so-called Invincible Armada. Chapman seems to see a blas-

phemous comparison with the Deity in the Spanish assumption of this title which like 'omnipotent' should be reserved for God. I do not feel sure as to the sense of ll. 190–91; but I take them to mean that there is but one step in Spanish state-craft from envy of a person, or a kingdom, to the contriving of war or murder.

III, i, 201. I do not feel sure as to the meaning of the phrase *laying out.* It is evidently meant as an antithesis to *bearing*, and so may perhaps be taken in the sense of 'struggling, laying about one'.

III, i, 227. La Fin wrote to Biron that 'he had satisfied the King of all his actions and had said nothing but what he thought might serve to banish all bad impressions' (Grimeston, p. 964). This letter was 'the chief means which induced Biron to come to the King, since he saw that La Fin was returned to his house contented and freed from all distrust (Grimeston, p. 966; cf. ll. 250–51).

III, i, 261–6. Byron's boast is taken direct from Grimeston, p. 966.

III, ii. This scene represents the meeting between Biron and Henry IV at Fontainebleau on June 13, 1602. As usual it is elaborated from hints in Grimeston, some few speeches being taken over verbally from that source. Thus Henry's first words: *He will not come*, l. 31, are recorded as having been spoken by the King immediately before Biron's appearance (Grimeston p. 966). Henry was 'wonderfully grieved to see so unnatural a conspiracie', Grimeston, p. 963. Ll. 40–54 also are almost verbal reproductions of a passage in Grimeston, p. 964.

III, ii, 56. The mention of a brother, presumably Byron's, in the stage direction, is one of the few instances where Chapman seems to have drawn upon another source than Grimeston. Biron had, I think, no brother living; the reference here and in V, iv, 231, is to his brothers-in-law, La Force and Saint Blancart. Cayet (p. 292 *b*) gives at full length La Force's plea for mercy after the arrest of Biron, and Chapman may have heard that he had accompanied Biron to this meeting with Henry.

III, ii, 63–4. *Holy Writ:* see *Matthew* xxi, 29. It is interesting to note that Chapman is as little scrupulous of accuracy in his biblical as in his classical allusions. The 'son' of the Bible, who said that he would not go, but repented and went, has become a 'servant that said he would not come, and yet he came'.

III, ii, 67. *The bad ground*: the treasonous correspondence with foreign enemies that lay beneath, and was the cause of, Byron's contempt of the King's summons.

III, ii, 69. The subject of *Be*, i.e. 'it', is omitted, as is not infrequently the case in Chapman.

III, ii, 71–2. Byron's haughty reply is taken verbally from Grimeston, p. 967.

III, ii, 90. This reference to the Prodigal Son was suggested to Chapman by a passage in Grimeston describing a meeting between Biron and the King shortly after Biron's confession and pardon, when Henry received him 'as the father doth his lost child whom he hath found again'.

III, ii, 123–31. The mention of the tennis match, Epernon's sarcasm on Byron's choice of partners, and his comment on the Duke's rashness in coming to Court, are all from Grimeston, where they appear, though not in the same order, on p. 967.

IV, i. This scene is mainly original. An occasional borrowing from Grimeston will be pointed out.

IV, i, 1–24. With this philippic against *the base fruits of a settled peace*, cf. a similar outbreak in *The Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 32–60. It is probable that they express Chapman's view of the degeneration of England under the peaceful rule of James I. Professor Koeppel (*loc. cit.*) sees a close resemblance between this speech, especially ll. 8–19, and the famous speech of Ulysses on 'degree' in *Troilus and Cressida*, I, iii, 83, *seq.* The verbal likeness, however, is hardly close enough to point to an imitation by Chapman, and the underlying ideas of the two speeches are quite different. Professor Koeppel also thinks that the situation indicated in ll. 25–36 is a reminiscence of *Troilus and Cressida*, III, iii. But it is more

probably taken from Grimeston, p. 967. Between his first interview with Henry and his arrest Biron noticed that ' he was not respected as he was wont to be, and that he was no more in opinion and admiration as he had bin '. The incident, ll. 90–3, is certainly from Grimeston, p. 967, Henry 'retired into his cabinet, commanding two or three to enter, and said nothing to the Duke of Biron '. There is, as Koeppel points out, a verbal likeness between ' the wallet of their faults ', l. 36, and the ' wallet at Time's back ' (*T. and C.* III, iii, 145); but the original of both is Phaedrus, *Fables*, IV, 10.

IV, i, 37–66. The interview between Soissons and Byron is mentioned by Grimeston, p. 967, whence ll. 55–6 are taken almost verbally.

IV, i, 47–9. *Their impair*, i.e. the loss of Byron's reputation as a virtuous subject, in case his treason became public, would discourage all men from favouring or trusting such natural qualities as his.

IV, i, 62. *Stygian flood*, flood of hate, with reference to the hate which Byron assumes has moved his enemies to denounce him to the King.

IV, i, 84. Cf. the note on *Bussy*, I, i, 86–7.

IV, i, 94–105. This conversation is expanded from Grimeston, p. 968.

IV, i, 113–30. These portents are from Grimeston, p. 966. The *duck* is a curious mistake of Grimeston's, followed by Chapman. The original (*Matthieu*, vol. 2, p 123) has ' *un oyseau qu'on 'appelle Duc* '. But the ' Duc ' is a sort of owl, a much more likely bird of ill omen than a wild duck. The suggestion in Furnivall's *Fresh Allusions to Shakespeare*, p. 49 that the madness and death of Byron's horses may be drawn from the account of Duncan's horses in *Macbeth*, II, iv, 14–9, is untenable since Chapman is here borrowing from Grimeston.

IV, i, 125. *Left your strength :* left your strong position on the frontier to go to the King.

IV, i, 128. *Vimy*, a little town in North-eastern France near Arras.

IV, i, 146. *By conversion :* conversely.

IV, ii. This scene, describing the events immediately preceding Biron's arrest and the arrest itself, is largely dependent upon Grimeston. Chapman, however, does not follow the historian's order, but arranges his borrowings to suit his own purposes. Henry's first speech, for example, is taken from Grimeston, p. 970, where it occurs after Biron's arrest, while the allusion in l. 30 to Alexander and Parmenio occurs in Grimeston on p. 968 before the arrest.

IV, ii, 15. *Marshal*, pronounced here as a word of three syllables.

IV, ii, 30. *Parmenio :* the Latinized form of Parmenion, a Macedonian general under Philip and Alexander the Great. His son Philotas was accused of being privy to a plot against Alexander, and under torture let drop hints which seemed to implicate his father. Alexander thereupon put Parmenion to death without trial. It is to this summary execution of an old soldier and friend of the King that the line alludes. Apparently some such summary method of procedure was suggested to Henry IV in Biron's case, and rejected by him, for ll. 31–47 are taken straight from Grimeston, p. 968.

IV, ii, 43. *The devilish heads of treason :* ' power and authority to roote out by the forme of Justice, not the Authors of such a Conspiracie, for they be Devils, but the Complices and instruments ', Grimeston, p. 968.

IV, ii, 63–85. This fine speech is essentially Chapman's own. There is no hint of it in Grimeston, except the statement that Henry prayed to God to assist him with His Holy Spirit, p. 969.

IV, ii, 91–200. In this passage Chapman has combined two incidents immediately preceding Biron's arrest, his supper at the lodging of Montigny, where he praised the late King of Spain and was startled by Montigny's reply (cf. ll. 115–64), and his game of cards in the Queen's chamber with its interruptions, ll. 91–5 and 197–9. It is interesting to note that Chapman's love of flying contrary to the opinions of his countrymen has led him to expand the few words of Biron's eulogy of Philip II as given in Grimeston into a formal panegyric. Compare also Clermont's apology for the Massacre of St. Bartholomew in the *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 199–234.

IV, ii, 94. *You four.* 'There played at Primero the Queene, the Duke of Biron, and two others', Grimeston, p. 969.

Primero: an old, and once very popular game of cards. Shakespeare represents Henry VIII playing at primero (*Hen. VIII*, V, i, 7). An account of the game is given in Strutt, *Sports and Pastimes*, Book IV, *chap.* II, § 24.

IV, ii, 98–100, 107. With the puns on card terms in these lines compare the scene in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, III, ii, where there occurs a long sequence of puns on the names of card games and on terms used therein.

IV, ii, 110. *Mortality:* the word must be taken here in the sense of human life, or human nature. But cf. Text Notes, p. 627.

IV, ii, 122–3. 'He fel to commend the deceased King of Spaine, his Piety, Justice, and Liberality', Grimeston, p. 968.

IV, ii, 124. *The little . . . Macedon:* Alexander the Great, called 'little' on account of his short stature. The eulogy which follows, ll. 125–132, is from Plutarch, *De Alexandri Magni Fortuna aut Virtute*, I, v. I quote the Latin text:

Alexandri doctrinam si inspicias, Hyrcanos docuit conjugiis uti: Arachosios agriculturam: Sogdianis persuasit, ut alerent, non interficerent, patres: Persas ut venerarentur, non uxorum loco haberent, matres. O admirabilem philosophiam! quae fecit, ut Indi deos Graecorum colerent, et Scythæ mortuos humarent, non, ut ante, comederent.

IV, ii, 143–50. Adapted from the eulogy of Alexander in Plutarch *De Alex. Mag. etc., Oratio* II, xi. "*Certamen, cujus finis esset non aurum ab innumeris circumferendum camelis, non luxus Medicus, mensae et mulieres, neque vinum Chalybonium aut Hyrcanici pisces: sed ut omnes homines in unam reipublicæ constitutionem redigens, omnes uni principatui subditos, uni vitæ rationi assuefaceret.*

Chalybonian wine was the chosen drink of the King of Persia. Holland, in his translation of Plutarch's *Morals* (p. 1283, edition 1603) speaks in this passage of 'the good and pleasant wines of Calydonia'. The text used by Holland and Chapman must have read *Calydonium*.

IV, ii, 156–62. 'The greatest commendation they could give unto his memory [Philip the Second's], was to have put his owne Sonne to death for that he had attempted to trouble his Estates', Grimeston, p. 968. The reference, of course, is to Don Carlos, the oldest son of Philip, who died in the prison to which his father had committed him. It was generally believed that he had been executed there by his father's orders. Grimeston, p. 823, says he was strangled with a cord of silk.

IV, ii, 166–70. These lines, with the exception of the first, are a translation of Seneca, *Oedipus*, 504–8:

> *Lucida dum current annosi sidera mundi,*
> *Oceanus clausum dum fluctibus ambiet orbem*
> *Lunaque dimissos dum plena recolliget ignes,*
> *Dum matutinos praedicet Lucifer ortus*
> *Altaque caerulum dum Nerea nesciet Arctos.*

The word *sidera* in the first line of this passage probably suggested to Chapman the idea of Atlas, who bears the starry heavens. The epithet *learned* is best explained by Chapman's own note in his translation of the *Odyssey*, I, 52, *ssq.*: 'In this place is Atlas given the epithet ὀλοόφρων, which signifies *qui universa mente agitat*, here given him for the power the stars have in all things'. Hence, I suppose, *learned* as knowing the secrets of the stars.

IV., ii, 172–95. Henry's appeal to D'Auvergne is based upon the brief statement of Grimeston, p. 969, that the Count had retired, but Henry sent for him, and 'walked up and down the chamber, whilst the Duke of Biron drempt of nothing but his game'.

IV, ii, 196–201. 'Varennes, Lieutenant of his [Biron's] company, making a shewe to take up his Cloake, told him in his eare, *That he was undon.* This word troubled him so as he neglected his game. The Queene observed it, and told him '*That he had misreckoned himselfe to his owne losse.*' The

King said : *That they had plaid ynough, commanding every man to retire.*' Grimeston, p. 969.

IV, ii, 201–25. This last appeal of the King to Byron to confess is expanded by Chapman from the brief account in Grimeston, p. 969, of Henry's final interview with the Duke in his cabinet.

IV, ii, 226–8. As Cunliffe (*loc. cit.*, pp. 96–7) has pointed out this speech is adapted from Seneca, *Oedipus :*

Odere reges dicta quae dici jubent.
l. 520.

and

Ubi turpis est medicina, sanari piget.
l. 517.

IV, ii, 229–49. Biron was arrested by Vitry as he came out of the King's cabinet after the interview mentioned above. Byron's speech, ll. 230–9, is almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 969, as is his following speech, ll. 241–9.

IV, ii, 250–66. This re-entry, with the following speech of Henry's, appears to be Chapman's own invention. In reality Henry never saw his old friend and treacherous subject again after bidding him good-night in his cabinet. I cannot say that I think Chapman has improved the story by this insertion. Henry's speech is at once too violent in its abuse of Byron and too lavish in self-praise, as Chapman himself seems to have noticed ; *vid.* ll. 263–5.

IV, ii, 268. *The intelligencing lights :* the stars which govern men's destinies. In the word *intelligencing* is implied the sense of 'spying out', 'informing', which is further brought out in the next lines. Cf. the phrase 'intelligencing ears', *White Devil*, III, ii, 228.

IV, ii, 278. Biron was detained in the Cabinet of Arms in the Castle of Fontainebleau for a day or two until he was sent to the Bastille.

IV, ii, 282. Byron calls his captors the slavish instruments of the stars which have doomed him to this fate. In the next breath he wishes that he might drag down and trample out the stars.

IV, ii, 290. Biron actually used these words as he was being led away, apparently with the wish to create sympathy for himself, as if suffering on account of his zeal for the Catholic faith.

IV, ii, 294. *Shows* in this line I take to mean pageants, painted scenes, such as were used in Masques at Court ; *overthrow*, then, must have an intransitive sense, i.e. fall. See further, Text Notes, p. 627.

IV, ii, 298–302. This flippant speech of D'Auvergne's is taken verbally from Grimeston, p. 969. The Count probably felt sure that his royal blood and his influence with Henry through Henriette D'Entragues would secure him against the heaviest consequences of his crime.

V, i. This scene is composed of the account given in Grimeston (pp. 970–2) of Henry's interview with Taxis, the Spanish Ambassador, of the reports spread abroad about Biron's arrest, and of the different behaviour of the two prisoners. As usual Chapman has retained many words and phrases of his source.

V, i, 6–7. *Count Maurice:* Maurice of Nassau, son of William the Silent.
Ostend: the siege of Ostend, 1601–4, was, perhaps, the most famous in an age of sieges. It was finally taken by the Spanish under the Archduke Albert, as the attempt of Maurice to relieve it, mentioned in l. 7, was unsuccessful.

V, i, 21–2. The newly-won provinces of Bresse and Burgundy were supposed to be full of Biron's friends. They submitted, however, to the King without a struggle.

V, i, 36. Professor Koeppel (*loc. cit.*) declares that Chapman has made a geographical blunder here in mistaking the Rhône for a place, or town. But it is hardly possible that Chapman was unaware that the Rhône, so famous in classical as well as modern times, was a river. I fancy that

Chapman's use of the phrase *the river that runs by Rhosne*, instead of Grimeston's 'the River of Rhosne', was simply due to a desire to fill out a line.

V, i, 37–47. These lines are taken directly from Grimeston, p. 971; the rest of the speech, except ll. 66–8 is Chapman's comment on the situation.

V, i, 75. *Some give out:* not some despatches (l. 71), but some false rumours as to the cause of Byron's arrest. By religion, l. 76, is meant, of course, the Catholic religion.

V, i, 82. Chapman takes the phrase *to break the javelins* from Grimeston, p. 970, who in turn gets it from Matthieu (vol. 2, p. 129 *b*). But where Matthieu and Grimeston use the phrase *l'un apres l'autre*, 'one after another' (referring perhaps to the old fable of breaking the sticks separately which could not be broken when united in a fagot), Chapman has *both together*, referring as Koeppel points out to the simultaneous arrest of Byron and D'Auvergne. This perversion of the original together with the insertion of the epithet *sacred* (see Text Notes p. 627) has obscured the sense of the passage.

V, i, 90. I do not find in Grimeston that the Peers refused to appear; they were summoned, but did not come, and the trial was held by commission without them, Grimeston, p. 973–4.

V, i, 101–7. These lines are from Grimeston, p. 971. 'The Count D'Auvergne was merry and dined. The Duke of Biron entered into the Bastille as into a grave. The Count of Auvergne went as to the Louvre, and imagined the place where he should be could not be a prison', and p. 972, 'He [Biron] spent the first days of his imprisonment without eating or sleeping'. The fine simile of the wild bird, ll. 118–26, is Chapman's own; but the close of the speech is again from Grimeston, p. 972: 'they should not bragge they had made him to feare death; that they should speedily drinke themselves drunke with the bloud which remained of thirty and five woundes, which he had received for the service of France'.

V, ii. This long scene is closely founded upon the account of Biron's trial in Grimeston, pp. 974–9. It would take too much space to quote all Chapman's borrowings; but some of the most striking may be noted as they occur.

V, ii, 9. *The Marquis of Rosny:* Henry's famous councillor, better known as the Duke of Sully. There is curiously little said of him in the source, Matthieu, from which Chapman's account of Biron's fall is taken, but his own *Memoirs* throw an interesting light upon these events.

V, ii, 24–42. This speech is taken from Grimeston, where it appears as the comment of the author, Matthieu, upon Biron's situation, not as the Duke's own words.

V, ii, 41. *The bloody cassocks:* i.e. the scarlet uniforms of Spanish soldiers.

V, ii, 46. These five principal charges as rehearsed in the following lines are taken almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 975.

V, ii, 61. *St. Katherine's fort:* a stronghold in Savoy, two leagues from Geneva. It was taken by Henry IV in the war of 1600.

V, ii, 67–107. Byron's answer to the charges is also taken directly from Grimeston, pp. 975–6.

V, ii, 72. *La Fortune*, a soldier in the civil wars of France who seized on the town of Seurre in Burgundy and held it, nominally for the League, against all attacks. Biron concluded a six years' truce with him, and after the Treaty of Vervins he was induced to surrender the town to the King.

V, ii, 80. *La Force*, Biron's brother-in-law. See note on III, ii, 56.

V, ii, 107–12. This passage is taken directly from Grimeston, p. 976.

V, ii, 118–9. This question and answer are taken from Grimeston, p, 973, where Biron is represented as being confronted with his accuser before the formal trial.

V, ii, 141. *The isle:* Great Britain.

V, ii, 158–68. The charge of witchcraft which Byron uttered against La Fin, probably with a vain hope of discrediting his accuser, is given in full by Grimeston, p. 976. The phrase *He bit me by the ear*, l. 161, occurs later in Grimeston, p. 985, and represents the original French, '*me mordoit l'oreille*' (Matthieu, vol. 2, p. 156). This phrase, according to Cotgrave,

means ' as much as *flatter ou caresser mignonment*, wherein the biting of the ear is, with some, an usual Action '.

V, ii, 173. *Angel.* Chapman uses the word here as elsewhere to denote the good genius of a man, rather, I think, in the classical, than in the Christian sense.

V, ii, 178–271. Byron's long speech in his own defence is a curious mosaic of bits from Grimeston, reminiscences of Chapman's classical reading, and original lines. The passage ll. 206–29 is from Biron's speech in Grimeston, p. 977. The catalogue of Pompey's victories, ll. 234–47, is taken direct from Plutarch, *De Fortuna Romanorum*, 11. Ll. 250–60 are an expansion of the opening sentence of Biron's speech in Grimeston.

V, ii, 225. De Vic and Sillery were joined with Biron in an embassy to Switzerland early in 1602 to renew the old league between that country and France.

V, ii, 256–9. The reference is to the attack on the Parliament of Paris by the fanatical Leaguers of the *Seize* in 1591, when the President and two councillors were summarily executed. The Parliament was re-established by Henry IV on his entry into Paris in 1594, and Byron here arrogates to himself the credit of this fact.

V, ii, 272–4. Biron was allowed to speak at such length that the judges had not time to pronounce their opinions that day, but were obliged to send him back to the Bastille unsentenced.

V, ii, 275–305. This speech is based upon the long report given in Grimeston, pp. 979–83, of the arguments adduced by the judges for the death of Biron. The allusion to Manlius, ll. 292–4, and to the Scotch Guard of Louis XI, ll. 300–4, are both in the original, along with many other classical, historical, and scriptural allusions which Chapman has mercifully spared us.

V, iii. This scene, like the following, is based upon Grimeston's report of the last days of Biron's imprisonment and of his execution, pp. 979–91. Chapman follows his source—ultimately Matthieu's detailed account—very closely, but introduces in his usual fashion classical borrowings and comments of his own.

V, iii, 1–40. Byron's vain hope that he had been acquitted and his boast as to his speech before the Court come from Grimeston, p. 979 : ' he conceived . . . that he had answered the Chancellor to all his demands and had moved some of his judges to lament his misfortune, many to detest his accuser . . . adding that he did imagine he saw the Chancellor's countenance going out of the great Chamber. He did counterfet him in the stayednesse and the gravity of his words . . . imagining that he spake in this manner, *Behold a wicked Man, he is dangerous in the State, we must dispatch him, he deserves death.* Which words never came out of his mouth [cf. l. 33] . . . He thought not to die, saying *that they could not supplie his place, if he were dead.* . . . Sometimes he would say, *Is it possible the King should bee so vaine, as to make him to apprehend death, and to think to terrifie him therewithal* '.

V, iii, 13–4. With this comparison of the cedar and the box-tree, cf. *Sir Giles Goosecap*, III, ii, 100–3. Chapman here, as in *Bussy*, IV, i, 91, uses the box-tree as a metaphor for a low estate or place.

V, iii, 17. *The budget:* probably, with a reference to the hangman's bag.

V, iii, 65–6. ' At the King's bidding the rough thunder folds his wings and becomes as smooth as painted glass.'

V, iii, 68. Bacon, *Apothegms*, No. 263, ' Democritus said that truth did lie in profound pits '. Cf. Chapman's *Epistle Dedicatory*, prefixed to his translation of the *Odyssey:*

> *Truth dwells in gulfs, whose deeps hide shades so rich*
> *That night sits muffled there in clouds of pitch,*
> *More dark than Nature made her.* *Poems*, p. 238.

V, iii, 73. The old texts give this line to *Sist[er]*, i.e. Biron's sister. But neither of his sisters were in or near the Bastille on the day of his death

Grimeston, p. 983, following Matthieu, says that Biron heard 'the cries and lamentations of a woman' and thought they were for him. Cayet (p. 308 *b*) says: 'la Damoiselle femme de Rumigny [concierge of the Bastille] se prist a pleurer les mains joinctes'.

V, iii, 74–76. These lines contain an incident that occurred on the day before; see Grimeston, p. 983. Biron saw from his prison window 'a great multitude of Parisians about St. Anthonie's gate' and believed they came to see his execution. A lieutenant of the guard told him it was to see certain gentlemen fight.

V, iii, 79–82. This question and answer occur in Grimeston, pp. 993–4, after the account of Biron's death and in immediate connexion with the story of the Duke's visit to La Brosse: 'He had conference with one Caesar, who was a magician at Paris, who told him, *that only a back-blow of the Bourguignon would keepe him from being a King.* He remembered this prediction beeing a Prisoner in the Bastille, and intreated one that went to visit him, to learne if the Executioner of *Paris* were a *Bourguignon*, and having found it so, he said, *I am a dead man*'.

V, iii, 88–91. Biron saw from his window the Chancellor crossing the court-yard of the Bastille, and realizing that he had come to bring him the death-sentence cried out the words which Chapman here reports. 'When Biron was brought before the Chancellor in the chapel of the prison he cried out afar off: *Oh, my Lord Chancellor, is there no pardon? is there no mercy?* The Chancellor saluted him and put on his hat'. Grimeston, p. 983.

V, iii, 92–106. 'The Duke of Biron . . . turned towards the Chancellor, and shaking him by the arme, sayd, *You have judged me and God will absolve me, hee will lay open their iniquities which have shut their eyes because they would not see mine innocency; you, my Lord, shall answere for this injustice before him, whether I do sommon you within a yeare and a day, I go before by the judgement of men, but those that are the cause of my death shall come after by the judgement of God* . . . . But the Duke of Biron's assignation was vaine, for the Chancellor appeared not, but hath bin more healthful since then before'. Grimeston, p. 983.

V, iii, 107–25. These speeches also are taken from Grimeston, where Harlay's words, ll. 117–25, are given to the Chancellor.

V, iii, 130. Byron addressed this question to Roissy, Master of Requests, a character who does not appear in Chapman's play. Roissy replied, 'My Lord, I pray God to comfort you'. This explains the sense of *orator* in l. 131.

V, iii, 132–47. This speech is almost verbally from Grimeston, p. 984.

V, iii, 151–84. This speech is also based upon Grimeston, pp. 984–5, but does not follow him so closely as the preceeding. The allusions to the conspiracy at Mantes, the siege of Amiens, and to the loss of a good servant to France and an enemy to Spain in his death, all occur in the original. The curious phrase, *had then the wolf to fly upon his bosom*, ll. 160–1, is not in Grimeston, nor is there anything in Matthieu or Cayet to suggest it. It appears to be a distortion of the old saying about holding a wolf by the ears. Byron's exit after this speech is not marked in the Qq., but it is more probable that he should go out after l. 184 than remain on the stage silent to the end of the scene.

V, iii, 193–8. Another version of these lines in found in Chapman's poem, *The Tears of Peace*:

> *And then they have no strength but weakens them,*
> *No greatness but doth crush them into stream,*
> *No liberty but turns into their snare,*
> *Their learnings then do light them but to err.*
> *Their ornaments are burthens, their delights*
> *Are mercenary servile parasites,*
> *Betraying, laughing; fiends that rais'd in fears*
> *At parting shake their roofs about their ears.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 120.

I would venture the suggestion that these lines, though not published till 1609, represent the first draft of the passage in the play.

V, iii, 199–204. The obscure comparison between Virtue and Fortune in these lines may be interpreted as follows: The gifts of Virtue, i.e. the noble qualities of Byron, have deserted him in his utmost need. Virtue, who was wont to help men in necessity, and to love men who were despised by the world, is now unmoved by Byron's necessity or the disgrace into which he has fallen. It is possible that the text is corrupt here.

V, iii, 237–40. Byron's fury at the news of his approaching execution frightened the executioner out of his usual impudence into more decent behaviour, *new habits*. By *habitual horror* we must, I think, understand 'mental, subjective, alarm'; the word is used, no doubt, for the sake of a play with *habits* in the preceding line. Grimeston, p. 987, records that the executioner said afterwards that a young and inexperienced hangman would have died for fear.

V, iv, 1–17. This conversation comes from Grimeston, p. 987, where, however, other speakers are introduced.

V, iv, 34–8. These lines reappear with very slight changes in *The Tears of Peace* (*Poems*, p. 124). The image in the last line of the passage is illustrated by a passage in *Bussy*, V, i, 115–7.

V, iv, 45. For the original text and the emendations proposed see Text Notes, p. 628. I interpret the emended line, 'I, being something larger than a globe (map of the earth) and yet a microcosm (or epitome of the universe)'.

V, iv, 51–4. 'Praying unto God, not as a devout Christian, but as a soldier, not as a religious man, but as a captain, not as Moyses or Elias, but like to Josua, who on horseback, and with his sword in his hand, prayed and commanded the sonne to stand still'. Grimeston, p. 987.

V, iv, 55. *Ropes of sand:* a similar phrase occurs in *Caesar and Pompey*, I, ii, 234–5.

V, iv, 55–62. Taken direct from Grimeston, p. 988. The following lines to l. 69 are original, and then comes an adaptation from the classics.

V, iv, 69–72. As Cunliffe (*loc. cit.* p. 98) pointed out, these lines are a free translation from Seneca:

> *Cur animam in ista luce detineam amplius,*
> *Morerque nil est: cuncta jam amisi bona,*
> *Mentem, arma, famam, conjugem, gnatos, manus,*
> *Etiam furorem.*
>
> *Hercules Furens*, 1258–61.

V, iv, 75–119. The sentence of death was read to Biron in the chapel of the Bastille. Its terms are almost exactly reproduced by Chapman, and Biron interrupted the reading to protest against its terms as he does in the play.

V, iv, 99. *Of both the Orders:* the Order of St. Michael founded by Louis XI and the Order of the Holy Ghost founded by Henry III. When Henry founded the latter order he stipulated that its members should first become members of the Order of St. Michael. A member on entering the Order of the Holy Ghost swore that he would not receive gifts, pensions, or estates from a foreign prince, or bind himself in any way to such prince without the express permission of his sovereign, the King of France.

V, iv, 113. *The Grève:* the open place now known as the Place de l'Hôtel-de-Ville de Paris. It was frequently used for public executions, especially of distinguished prisoners.

V, iv, 120–5. The Chancellor summoned Biron to surrender his order before the reading of the sentence of death, and the Duke returned it with the words given by Chapman; see Grimeston, pp. 985–6.

V, iv, 138–41. Immediately after the departure of the Chancellor Biron begged the Knight of the Watch to go after him and ask that his body might be buried with his ancestors (Grimeston, p. 988). This part is here conferred on Biron's friend, D'Escures, who in reality was not present at the execution.

V, iv, 152–8. The simile of a little stream swollen to a torrent is a favourite one with Chapman. Compare *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, ii, 188–92.

V, iv, 159–62. 'Having continued with his confessors halfe an houre (beeing neere five of the clocke) one came and told him that it was time to part, *Go we* (sayd he) *seeing I must* . . . Coming into the Court he went five or six paces without speaking a word but *ha, ha, ha*'. Grimeston, p. 989.

V, iv, 163–7. 'Going out of the Chapell the Executioner presented himself unto him. He asked Voisin what he was. *It is* (sayd he) *the Executioner of the sentence. Retire thyself* (sayd the Duke of Byron), *touch me not until it be time.* And doubting least he should be bound he added, *I will go freely unto death, I have no hands to defend myself against it, but it shall never be sayd that I die bound like a Theefe or a Slave*, and turning toward the hangman hee swore that if he came neere him he would pull out his throat'. Grimeston, p. 989. . . . 'He threw downe his hat and cast his handkercher to a boy, and presently called for it again to use it. . . . He put off his dublet and cast it to the same boy, but the Executioner's man got it and kept it'. Grimeston, p. 990. The clothes of the condemned were, of course, a perquisite of the executioner.

V, iv, 176–201. 'He takes his handkercher with which he binds his eyes, asking the Executioner where he should set himselfe: He answered him, *There my Lord, there: And where is that? Thou seest that I see nothing, and yet thou shewest mee as if I did see plainely*, . . . He desired to die standing, . . . The Executioner answered him that he must kneele that he might do nothing out of order. *No, no*, said the Duke of Biron, *if thou canst not do it at One, give Thirtie. I will not stirre.* They prest him to kneele, and hee obeyed, willing the Executioner to dispatch, then he start up sodainely againe, casting his eyes upon the Executioner, and looking upon the standers-by, hee asked if there was no mercy. . . . The Executioner intreated him to suffer him to cut his haire. At that word he grew into choller againe, he unbanded himself, and sware that if he toucht him, he would strangle him. . . . Voisin sayd unto him, that he had too much care of his bodie, *which was no more his owne.* He turned to him in choller with an oath, saying, *I will not have him touch mee, so long as I shall bee living: If they put me into choler, I will strangle half the company that is here, and will force the rest to kill mee. I will leape downe, if you thrust me into dispaire*'. Grimeston, pp. 990–1.

V, iv, 206–25. Byron's appeal to the soldiers comes somewhat earlier in Grimeston, p. 990. 'He sayd unto the souldiars which guarded the Port (showing them his naked brest) that he should be much bounde unto him that would shoote him with a musket: *what a pittie it is*, sayd he, *to die so miserably, and of so infamous a stroake? . . .* At these words the teares fell from the souldiars eyes'. The spirited speeches of the soldier in Chapman, ll. 213–23, are not found in Grimeston, but the opening words were doubtless suggested by Grimeston's remark, 'All those of his profession sware by his Spirit, and by his good Angell, as the Ancients did by that of their Prince'.

V, iv, 231–44. Before leaving the chapel for the scaffold Biron sent a message to his brothers-in-law in almost the words Chapman gives here. The message to D'Auvergne was sent at the same time. The obscure line, 244, is due to Chapman's misunderstanding of an awkward translation in Grimeston, p. 989, 'Beseeching him [D'Auvergne] to beleeve that he [Byron] had sayd nothing at his Arraignment that might hurt him, if it were not that he had more want than bad meaning'. (Qu'il avoit plus de necessité que de mauvaise volonté', Matthieu, vol. 2, p. 162 *b*). Chapman apparently mistook *he* in the last clause as referring to Biron himself. The parallel passage in Cayet, p. 313, makes the true sense quite clear: Que s'il [D'Auvergne] faict quelque chose mal à propos, la necessité le lui faict faire, et non qu'il manquast d'affection vers le Roy'.

V, iv, 245–61. Grimeston gives the following account of Biron's last moments, p. 991. 'They [the preachers] goe up againe, and speake some

good words unto him in his eare, the which doth temper his furious rage, and calme the choller which the Executioner's presence did thrust him into: He had alwayes lived in Warre, he could not die in Peace. . . . Hetherto they beleeved, that although hee were entering into death, yet hee thought not to die, and that he would seeze uppon the Executioner's sword. Sodenly he resolves to free this passage, and having received his absolution, he sayd, *My God, my God, take pittie on mee.* Then turning to the Executioner, he takes the binder that was in his hand, trusses up his haire behind, and binds it uppon his fore-head, and with his handkercher he blinds his eyes, and so kneeles down. The Preachers comfort him in his last resolution, assuring him that his soule was readie to see God and to bee partaker of his glory in Heaven. *I*, sayd he, *Heaven is open for my soule.* And this done he bends downe his head . . . saying unto the Executioner, *Strike, Strike, oh Strike* [cf. l. 259] . . . The Executioner having seene him to rise and to unblinde himselfe thrice, that in turning toward him being not bound, having the sword in his hand, hee might wrest it from him, thought that there was no way to execute him but by surprise, and therefore he sayd unto him that he must say his last prayer to recommend his Soule unto God, intreating the Preachers that were gone downe to cause him to say it, at which wordes the Executioner made a signe to his man to reach him his sword, with the which he cut off his head, even as he was speaking. The blow was so sodaine, as few men perceived it, the Head leaped from the scaffold to the ground'.

The elegiac note of ll. 245–61 seems to have made a special impression on Fletcher, who imitated this passage more than once, notably in Buckingham's farewell (*Henry VIII*, II. i, 55–136), and in the last speech of Barnavelt (*Sir John van Olden Barnavelt*).

The text contains no stage direction for the bearing off of Byron's body, nor indeed for any exit of the actors gathered round the scaffold. It seems plain that we have here an instance of a 'tableau' ending, a curtain being drawn after the last line to conceal the figures of Byron kneeling on the scaffold and the hangman standing over him with his raised sword. For a fuller discussion of the setting of this scene see *Modern Language Review*, October, 1908, pp. 63–4.

TEXT NOTES

The two plays were entered in the Stationers' Registers on [1] June 5, 1608, as follows:

Thomas Thorp entered for his coppie under thandes of Sir George Buck and the wardens a booke called *The Conspiracy and Tragedie of Charles Duke of Byron* written by George Chapman.

They were published by Thorp in the same year, 1608. Of all Chapman's plays these alone achieved the honour of a second edition in his life time. This appeared in 1625; it is a genuine new edition, not a mere reprint of the first, but the changes which it shows are almost always for the worse and in many cases appear to be alterations by some proof-reader. Here and there, however, an alteration appears to be by the hand of the poet. In general Q_1 is much more correctly printed than Q_2, and I follow it throughout, except in one or two instances where I have admitted and noted a reading from the latter. In the following pages I denote Q_1 by A, and Q_2 by B, and record all variations except differences of spelling and evident misprints.

These plays were not reprinted, so far as I can discover, between 1625 and 1873, when they appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, published by Pearson, London. The editor, R. H. Shepherd, appears to have made a transcript of B., compared his MS. hastily with A, and introduced a number of A readings, relegating the B variants to footnotes. But a large number of them remain in the text, which is in consequence quite unreliable. A facsimile reprint of A, giving all the B variants, is a work much to be desired,

[1] Not on May 5, as Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 62, states.

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as the text of these plays is in a very unsatisfactory condition. I have made a detailed comparison of A and B, and published the results in *The Modern Language Review* for October, 1908, to which article I refer any reader who wishes to go further into the matter. I denote the Pearson reprint by P. I have modernized the spelling and punctuation throughout.

The only other editions are those of Shepherd in *The Works of George Chapman—Plays* 1874, and of Professor Phelps in *Best Plays of George Chapman*, edited for the Mermaid Series, 1895. Both these are modernized versions of P. and are without critical value. I shall refer to them when necessary as S. and Ph. respectively.

THE CONSPIRACY

The list of *Dramatis Personae* was first printed by Ph. I have re-arranged it, and added certain explanations of the characters for the benefit of the reader who can hardly be expected to know all the characters or anticipate the parts they are to play.

I, i, 22. Qq. *long-tong'd Heraulds*; S, *loud-tongued.*

41. A, *Franch County*; B, *French Bounty.* I modernize to *Franche-Comté.*

43. The punctuation of this line differs in the original texts. Most copies have a semicolon after *Savoy.* I have used a colon to make the sense clearer.

124. Qq. *mutuall rites.* Mr. Daniel suggests *rights*, which may be correct, but does not seem necessary.

145. A, *Licentiate*; B, *Licentiary.* All former editors follow B, but A seems to me better both for sense and metre.

203. A, *traitrous*; B, *traytors.* All editors follow B, because *their* in l. 204 seems to require a noun as antecedent; but I think the loose construction of A is characteristic of Chapman.

212. A, *peace now made*; B, *peace I now make.*

I, ii, 64. A, *offends*; B, *offend.*

95. A, *And so 'tis nothing*; B, *And so 'tis nothing else.* The change spoils the sense of the passage; *nothing* refers to *servile loyalty*, l. 89, which Picotè calls a mere nothing.

98. A, *carve*; B, *crave*, probably a misprint.

134. A, *forme*; B, *fame.*

142. A, *continuate*; B, *continuall.*

175. A, *uttermost*; B, *utmost*, which is followed by all editors as smoother metrically; but I prefer to retain the first reading.

221. A, *Ile hold*; B, *Is held.*

II, i, 11. Qq. *guardlike*, which is followed by all editors. But no such word is known, and I have therefore emended to *guardless*, a word used by Chapman in his *Iliad*, V, 146. It has there the meaning 'unguarded', which, with a slight extension to 'heedless', would suit the present passage.

51. Qq. *your service*, and so all editors. But the phrase seems to me almost unintelligible, and I have emended to *your servant.*

52. I have added *cum suis* to the stage direction of the Qq. after this line to show that his attendants left the stage along with the Duke.

68. Qq. *fleade carcase.* I modernize to *flay'd.*

70. A, *an intelligencing Lord*; B, *an intelligencing instrument.* I agree with the former editors in preferring B, for I think no one would have made this change but the author himself.

105. For *assume* Mr. Daniel suggests *affirm*, which is a tempting emendation. But *assume*, in the sense of 'arrogate, lay claim to', gives a possible sense, and I therefore retain it.

122. A, *pallms*; B, *palms.* Mr. Daniel suggests *plains* as the true reading. This seems to me certain; *pallms* is an evident misprint.

149. Qq. *dull shore of East*, accepted by all editors. But there can be no sense in applying the epithet *dull* to the East, and Mr.

Daniel's emendation *ease* seems to me to carry conviction.

II, ii, 47. A, *further from ;* B, *further then*, probably a proof-reader's ill-advised change.

143. A, *yet must not give ;* B, *yet you must not give.* The insertion of *you* spoils the sense.

187. A, *beates ;* B, *beares*, probably a misprint.

216 A, *My 'Lor. ;* B, *My Lord* I think A attempts to give the French pronunciation of the title.

220–8. I have repunctuated these lines to bring out what I take to be their meaning. The original punctuation, which is reproduced in P, is very confusing.

III, ii, 90. For the Qq. *armes* S reads *armies*, a tempting emendation, but not, I think, necessary; *armes* could be pronounced as a dissyllable.

113. Qq. read *prefect ;* S corrects to *perfect.*

121. Qq. *purfle*, which is followed by all editors. But I do not see that *purfle*, ' an embroidered or decorated border ', makes sense here, and therefore suggest *profile.*

214. A, *And we will turne these torrents, hence. The King. Exit Laffi ;* B, *And we will turne these torrents, hence. En. the King. Exit Laf.* In A the words *The King* are in italics and are followed in the same line by the stage direction, *Exit Laffi.* It is plain that the compositor of B mistook them for part of the stage direction and thinking to make this clearer inserted *En.* (for *Enter*) not noticing that this change spoiled the metre and anticipated the true entrance, given in both A and B a line below. Yet this gross blunder has been followed by all former editors.

218. A, *house ;* B, correctly *houses.*

224. Qq. *femall mischiefs.* The editors have taken *femall* as a variant of ' female ', but this gives no sense. Following a suggestion of Dr. Bradley I read *feral*, ' deadly ', for which *femall* might easily be misprinted. The same misprint occurs in *The Gentleman Usher*, II, i, 286, where also we should read *feral.*

258. For *last* Deighton (*Old Dramatists*) proposes *blast*, which seems to me barely intelligible.

260. For *eas'd* Deighton suggests *caus'd*, a tempting emendation. But I believe *eas'd*, i.e. ' gave ease, or vent, to ' may be retained. See note, p. 606.

284. In the stage direction after this line Qq. have *Exit Hen. & Sau.* But *Sav*, i.e. Savoy, must have left the stage after l. 209 where the direction *Exit. manet Byr : Laffin* must mean *Exeunt all but Byron and La Fin.* I therefore alter here to *Henry cum suis.*

291. A, *fayning ;* B, *saying.*

III, iii, 64. Qq. *must utter.* S emends *may'st* which makes a more intelligible reading. But I believe the old reading may be retained. See note, p. 606.

84. This line lacks a syllable and is quite unintelligible. Mr. Daniel proposes [*Thou*] *remedy of pity*, i.e. Thou reason for discarding all pity. This does not seem satisfactory, but I can suggest nothing better.

124. Qq. *that my weake braine.* I have ventured to read *than*, for which *that* is often misprinted ; but I am not sure that this emendation is absolutely necessary.

IV, i, 25. I have ventured to insert *not* on the authority of the sources. See note, p. 607.

40. Qq. *Christall.* Perhaps we should read *Christ*, but see note, p. 607.

213. A, *maver ;* B, correctly *waver.*

216. A, *over rules ;* B, *over-rule.* This change may have been made to make the verb agree with its supposed subject *starres ;* but the true subject is *whom*, attracted into the objective to agree with its antecedent.

V, i, 13. Qq. *meate.* Brereton (*Mod. Lang. Review*, October, 1907) suggests *mead*, which is very plausible, but I believe *meate*, in the sense of 'mess, eating-place,' may be retained.

V, ii, 5. There is an interesting variation in the Qq. here. At least one copy of A (Brit. Mus. C. 30, e. 2) reads *So long as such as he.* Two other copies of A (Brit. Mus. C. 12. g. 5 and the Bodleian

copy) read *So long as idle and rediculous King* (read *Kings*). B also gives this, which is, of course, the true reading, altered as A. was going through the press for fear of the censor, and restored in B.

22. For Qq. *dead* Deighton suggests *dread*, which seems unnecessary. See note, p. 609.

38. In the stage direction after this line A has *Exieunt;* B *Exeunt.* I emend *Exiturus*, as it is evident that Byron does not leave the stage.

103. Qq. *lockt.* Perhaps we should read *locke.*

116. The stage direction after this line *Enter Savoy*, etc., occurs in the Qq. after l. 110.

254. A, *most absolute;* B, *absolut'st.*

THE TRAGEDY

The list of *Dramatis Personae* was first printed by Ph. I have reconstructed it from the Qq. and added some explanations.

I, i, 37. A, *beaveries;* B, *braveries.*

123. A, *overmacht;* B, *overmatcht.* S emends *overwatch'd;* but I think *overmatch'd* in the sense of 'overpowered' may be retained.

124. Qq. *when guilty* (A, *gultie*) *made Noblesse, feed on Noblesse.* The text is evidently corrupt. S reads *When guilty mad noblesse feed on noblesse;* but it is evident from the context that the main verb should be in the past tense. Ph has *When guilty, made noblesse feed on noblesse,* which is unintelligible. Deighton suggests [1] *When guilty mad noblesse fed on noblesse,* and Mr. Daniel *When guilt-made noblesse fed on noblesse.* Of these two I should prefer the former, but Chapman almost invariably accents *nóblesse,* and I am inclined to think that a word has dropped out after *guilty.* I suggest with some diffidence *lust,* i.e. lust of power.

141. Qq. *quite out of from fortune.* S emends *quite cut off,* which is corroborated by the parallel passage in *Caesar and Pompey,* II, iv, 136–40.

I ii, 4. A, *neclected;* B, *neglected.*

20. A, *his fixed;* B, *her fixed.*

38. Qq. *this is.* An old hand in a copy of B (Brit. Mus. C. 45, b. 9) suggests *his* for *this is,* a rather plausible emendation, but not necessary.

45. For Qq. *winde* Deighton suggests *mind.* But I think *wind* here means 'spirit'; cf. *give ayre* in l. 44.

I, iii, 73. Qq. *that must conclude.* The source, Grimeston, furnishes the true reading, *most.* See note, p. 612.

II, 26. A, *saftely;* B, *safety.*

65. Qq. *play the prease.* The old hand already referred to emends *pray*, which is certainly right. S retains *play*, but corrects *prease* to *press.*

102. A, *the vertue;* B, *vertue.* The context shows B to be correct.

III, i, 57. The Qq. do not indicate the entry of La Brunel after this line, but simply assign ll. 58–9 to *La Brun.* I have supplied the entry as well as the exit after l. 165 to prepare for the later entrance indicated by the Qq. after l. 230.

143–4. Qq. *Syrian Starre . . . Lyons mouth.* Read *Sirian star . . . Lion's month.* See note, p. 613.

190. A, *staires;* B, *starres.* See note, p. 613.

201. Qq. *by laying out.* I suspect a corruption in the text. Perhaps we should read *flying out.* But see note, p. 614.

204. B inserts *no* before *nor.* This sounds like an actor's interpolation.

230–2. Qq. print as prose.

239. A, *scruple;* B, *scruiples.*

III, ii, 56. Before this line A repeats the name of the speaker, *Hen*[*ry*].

69. After *Be* the old hand inserts *it,* a plausible but unnecessary correction, as Chapman often omits a subject that may be supplied from the context.

88–90. Qq. print these three lines as two, *Resolving . . . in, And had . . . son.*

111. A, *expedition;* B, *exhebition.*

113. Qq. *foyld.* S alters to *soil'd,* an unnecessary change.

[1] This reading had already been given by Lamb, *Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets.*

129. A, *your friend ;* B, *a friend.*

IV, i, 3. A, *much better themselves ;* B corrects by inserting *then* before *themselves.*

33. A, *must like ;* B, *most like.*

68–9. Qq. print the words from *They* to *King* as one line.

125. A, *fel-mad ;* B, corrects to *fell mad.*

153. Qq. omit *Exeunt* after this line.

IV, ii, 25. A, *resolution what ;* B, *resolution that.* The context shows B to have the better reading.

85. I have inserted the name *Montigny* in the stage direction after this line to prepare for his speech, ll. 156–62.

90. Qq. omit *Exit D'Auvergne* after this line. I have supplied it, because his re-entrance is marked in the Qq. after l. 172.

110. Qq. *mortallitie.* The old hand tries to alter to *moralitie,* and notes in the margin: *A morall man, A civill man.* Deighton suggests *morality,* which is the reading of S and Ph. This is possibly correct, but see note, p. 616.

119. A, *the worthy ;* B, *that worthy.*

144. Qq. *Calydonian.* The correct form is *Chalybonian* (see note, p. 616) ; the Teubner edition of Plutarch gives χαλυδώνιος as a variant of χαλυβώνιος.

170–1. Qq. have *unmov'd* and *beloved* as the last words of these lines ; but it seems plain that they were meant to rhyme. I therefore read *unmov'd, belov'd.*

177. Qq. *on Strong Barre.* The old hand corrects to *one.*

183. Qq. *in treachery.* S corrects to *is.*

194. Qq. *misery.* The old hand has *Mysterye,* anticipating S and Deighton. The context shows *mystery* to be correct.

195. A, *enouge ;* B, *enough.*

201. I have inserted the stage direction in this line, since it is clear that Henry and Byron are left alone on the stage.

256. Qq. *my person ; wich is.* The old hand corrects *wich is* to *with.* S follows this, which is certainly the true reading.

263. B transfers *envy* to the beginning of l. 264. I have ventured to insert *but* before *envy,* thus restoring the metre, and improving, I think, the sense.

273. A, *A property ;* B, *Properties.* B is perhaps the better reading, but here, as in all doubtful cases, I have retained the reading of A.

294. Qq. *Shooes ever overthrow.* After much hesitation I have decided to read *shows,* i.e. 'pageants,' taking *overthrow* as intransitive, see *New English Dictionary* OVERTHROW † 5. A confusion in spelling between 'shoes' and 'shows' is not uncommon in Elizabethan printing. See *King John,* II, i, 144, where Ff. have *shooes,* which Theobald corrected to *shows ;* Greene, *Groatsworth of Wit* (p. 129, Grosart's edition) has *shooes* for *shows ;* Middleton's *Family of Love,* I, iii (Dyce's edition, vol. II, p. 127), has *showes* for *shoes.* I cannot persuade myself that the homely figure, 'too large shoes overthrow their wearer' is what Chapman intended to write here.

307. Qq. *it will beare.* The old hand corrects *that will bear,* anticipating Deighton.

309. A, *his best ;* B, corrects to *is best.*

310–1. A has *That* for the first word in both lines ; B, *As.*

V, i, 2. A, *That ;* B, *Which.*

9. A, *And ;* B, *For.*

38. A, *Till ;* B, *Untill.*

68. A, *Take ;* B, *Have.*

70. A, *lothes ;* B, *hates.*

82. A, *feared ;* B, *sacred.* See note, p. 618. I think A is the more likely of the two to be a misprint, and so follow B.

88. A, *impartiall ;* B, *imperiall.*

91. A, *Duke Byron ;* B, *Duke of Byron.*

99. B inserts *make* before *slack.*

112. Qq. *in the best sort.* I take *best* to be a misprint for *lest,* a common spelling of 'least', and correct accordingly, here and in l. 115, where Qq. also have *best.*

116. A, *That ;* B, *So.*

119. A, *unwares ;* B, *unawares.*

122. A, *not out ;* B, *nor out.* For *out* Deighton suggests *it,* i.e. 'the light', but *out* stands in contrast to *down.*

V, ii, 20. A, *Till ;* B, *Until.*

20–2. A misprints *Hen.* as the

name of the speaker. B corrects to *Har.*

60. A, *The fourth is ;* B, *Fourthly.*

76. A, *treaties ;* B, *treaty.*

87. A, *for him ;* B, *from him.*

117. B omits *then.*

122. B inserts *then* before *say*, and drops *I know.*

201. A, *What I have ;* B, *What have I.*

244. Qq. *the.* I read *their*, but perhaps *the* should be retained as an instance of the article used for the possessive pronoun.

V, iii, 1. Qq. give this speech to *Vit*[*ry*], an evident misprint for *Vid*[*ame*].

14. B omits *my.*

43. Qq. *hang'd.* S corrects to *chang'd.*

66. Qq. *engazd.* I see no sense in this, and suggest *englaz'd*, i.e. 'painted'. See note, p. 619.

73. The stage direction *Within*, wanting in A, is supplied by B.

135. A, *that injures ;* B, *and injures.* This coincides with the altered position of the parenthesis which in B includes only the words from *most* to *is*, l. 134. These changes may be the poet's own, but I prefer to retain A.

137. A, *restaines ;* B, *restraines.*

154. A, *his vices, nor for ;* B, *their vices, not for.* I believe B represents the change of a proof-reader who noticed at the evident misprint *nor* for *not* in A, and in the ardour of correction attempted another emendation, *their* for *his.*

184. I supply the missing stage direction *Exit Byron* after this line.

185–6. Qq. print the words *Never . . . death* as one line.

217. Qq. *render the kingdomes.* Deighton corrects *under, etc.*

226. A, *Authoriy ;* B, *Authority.*

240. I have supplied *Exeunt* after this line, but as there is no division of scenes in Qq, it is possible that the actors remained on the stage to join the procession to the scaffold.

V, iv, 23. Qq. give *Arch*[*bishop*] as the speaker. See note, p. 610.

45. Qq. *I bring a long globe and a little earth.* The text is plainly corrupt. Deighton proposes *being a blown globe of a little breath ;* Brereton suggests *lone* for *long.* I venture to read *being a large globe and a little earth.* See note, p. 621.

58. I have supplied the speech of Vitry's from Grimeston. In A the last word on the page (sig. Q_4 reverse) is *Blancart ;* then comes the catch-word *Vit*[*ry*]. But the next page begins *Byr. Do they flie me.* It is plain that a speech by Vitry has dropped out. Grimeston (p. 988) gives the answer to Biron's request to speak with La Force and Blancart, 'They tould him they were not in the city'. Chapman evidently meant to give some such speech to Vitry. In B owing to a difference of paging there is no catch-word *Vit*[*ry*] and therefore no indication of any omission.

71. Qq. *winde*, a misprint for *mind* as the source shows. See note, p. 621.

77. A, *yee* ; B, *you.*

100. Qq. *treason in a sentence.* The word *in* makes nonsense of the passage. Grimeston, p. 986, suggests the true reading *accused of treason, a sentence was given.*

136. Qq. *They had beene. They* is unintelligible. Grimeston, p. 988, 'the King had not beene living three yeares since', suggests the true reading. I believe Chapman wrote *He*, which the printer misread *They.*

137. I insert the stage direction after this line on the strength of Grimeston, who says, p. 988, that the Chancellor and Harlay left Biron after he had spoken the words given in ll. 131–6.

149. B omits *the* before *mountains.*

157. Qq. *low straines ;* S emends *streams.*

162. I insert the stage directions after this line.

178. A, *Thou seest I see not? Yet I speake as I saw.* B has a comma instead of the question mark. Neither is intelligible; but Grimeston, p. 990, 'Thou seest that I see nothing, and yet thou shewest mee as if I did see plainely,' helps us to restore the text. It is evident that Chapman wrote *speak'st* or *speaks*, that a compositor mis-

printed it *speake,* and that a proof-reader completed the confusion by inserting *I* before *speake.*

259. Qq. print this line as two, ending *strike* and *soule.* It is barely possible that this may indicate an intention to close Byron's speech with the word *strike* and to give the last two and a half lines to another speaker.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHABOT

INTRODUCTION

The Tragedy of Chabot, the last of Chapman's plays dealing with French history, was licensed by Sir Henry Herbert [1] on April 29, 1635, nearly a year after the poet's death. It was entered in the Stationers' Registers on October 24, 1638, and published in 1639 with the following title-page:

> *The Tragedie of Chabot Admiral of France:* As it was presented by her Majesties Servants, at the private House in *Drury* Lane. Written by *George Chapman*, and *James Shirley*. London. Printed by *Tho. Cotes*, for *Andrew Crooke*, and *William Cooke*. 1639.

Only one quarto is known, and the play was not reprinted until Dyce included it in his edition of Shirley in 1833. It was not reprinted in *The Tragedies and Comedies of George Chapman*, 1873, but appears in *The Works of Chapman—Plays*, in 1874. An exact reprint of the quarto was made by Dr. Lehman, Philadelphia, 1906.

Professor Koeppel (*loc. cit.*) has shown that none of the historians named by Langbaine as furnishing the plot of this play could have served as a source, and pointed out that the true source of the greater part of the play was Estienne Pasquier's *Les Recherches de la France*. Koeppel found the story of Chabot's fall in the ninth chapter of the sixth book of this work as it appeared in 1621, and assumed, naturally enough, that the play must have been written after this date. Ward (*English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 444) and Lehman (*op. cit.*, p. 30) follow Koeppel. But there are earlier editions of Pasquier's book. The story of Chabot appears for the first time in the edition of 1607; it is repeated with a number of interesting additions in that of 1611; and this latter account is repeated practically word for word in the edition of 1621. So far as Pasquier's account of Chabot goes, it received its definitive form in 1611, in the twelfth chapter of the fifth book, entitled *Du procès extraordinaire fait, premierement à Messire Philippe Chabot Admiral de France, puis à Messire Guillaume Pouyet Chancelier*. The differences between this account and the first version in the edition of 1607 seem to be due to Pasquier's having in the interval examined the reports of the two trials. The additions include a number of details which reappear in the play. Thus the edition of 1611 gives Chabot's titles as they appear, with one exception, in Act II, Scene iii; it alone gives the first words of the sentence and mentions Chabot's exactions on the Norman fishers (cf. III, ii, 233–5, and III, ii, 77–83); it alone gives the King's phrase 'mountains and marvels' (cf. IV, i, 324); it alone gives Chabot's answer to the King 'I thank God that in all my process there is no word of felony' (cf.

[1] Malone, *Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. iii, p. 232, n.

IV, i, 252–4); it alone gives the details of the sentence pronounced on Poyet (cf. V, ii, 185–95); and it alone states that Chabot was so wounded by his trial and unjust condemnation that he died soon after. In short, it is clear that *Chabot* cannot have been written before 1611, and may have been written any time thereafter, before or after 1621. There is nothing to indicate the exact time; the approximate date will depend in some measure upon the view we take of the nature of Shirley's connection with this play. Did he collaborate with Chapman in its composition, or did he revise an old play by the elder poet? If the former, we must date it some time between 1625, when Shirley's first play [1] was licensed, and 1634, the year of Chapman's death, in all probability nearer the latter than the former date, for it is incredible, if the two had collaborated in the composition of a play before the last year or so of Chapman's life, that it should not have been produced immediately.

But collaboration in the proper sense of the word is almost incredible between Chapman and Shirley. The great disparity of years between them—Chapman was born in 1559, Shirley in 1596—would be, perhaps, even less a bar than the complete unlikeness of their conceptions of the drama, particularly of tragedy, their methods of construction, their diction and versification. Chapman, as we have seen, believed firmly in the moral purpose of tragedy, 'sententious excitation to virtue'. To Shirley, as to his master Fletcher, a tragedy was primarily a stage-play, a thing of effects calculated to provoke surprise, and at its best to touch the sensibilities and arouse pity. Chapman was a laborious and not always a skilful play-wright; Shirley was easily the most deft and facile composer of the school of Fletcher. Chapman's diction is often obscure, often turgid, but always weighty with thought; Shirley's as clear, and often as shallow, as a mountain brook. Chapman's versification is regular, somewhat slow-moving, but sonorous and stately; Shirley's loose, easy, with an abundance of run on lines, at its worst little better than versified conversation, at its best of a delicate elegiac charm. A contemporary poet, Randolph, whether thinking of Chapman or not, hit off very neatly the difference between the two. 'Thy Helicon', he says, addressing Shirley:

> *Thy Helicon, like a smooth stream doth flow,*
> *While others with disturbed channels go,*
> *And headlong like Nile cataracts do fall*
> *With a huge noise.*

If we were to suppose the possibility of a collaboration between two writers of such widely different characteristics, it should be an easy task to analyse their joint work and determine their respective shares. But, with one exception, this has not even been attempted. Dyce, the first editor, says: 'Chapman seems to have written so large a portion of this play that I thought it scarcely admissible in a collection of Shirley'. Ward believes it nearly all Chapman's. Swinburne finds it as difficult to discover any trace of Shirley in *Chabot* as of Chapman in [2] *The Ball*. Only Mr. Fleay attempts the task of separation. He

[1] *Lovetricks*, for the Lady Elizabeth's men playing at the Cockpit in Drury Lane.

[2] As to the respective parts of Chapman and Shirley in this play, see the introduction to *The Ball* in vol. ii. I may say, in passing, that I believe Chapman's part in *The Ball* to be almost nil, and to have found its way there by quite another method than collaboration.

asserts [1] first that Chapman wrote the first two acts, with the prose speeches in III, i (III, ii in the present edition), and V, ii, and goes on to say that he thinks the play was written by Chapman about 1604 (which has been shown impossible, since it cannot be earlier than the 1611 edition of Pasquier), and that Shirley altered and re-wrote the latter part. But traces of Shirley seem to me as plain in the first two acts as of Chapman in the last three. The easy flow of the dialogue in II, i, for example, points at once to Shirley, while in the last scene of the play the elaborate simile of ll. 52–64 can only be from Chapman's hand. The latest editor, Dr. Lehman, states,[2] I believe, the true conclusion, ' that the play was originally composed by Chapman and revised by Shirley '. I had come independently to the same conclusion, and a careful study of the play has led me to believe that this revision was very careful and amounted occasionally to the complete re-writing of a scene. I shall go into details in the notes on this play, but will venture here to state the results I have arrived at. I believe three scenes of the eleven composing the play, namely I, i, II, iii, and V, ii, remain essentially as Chapman wrote them ; that II, i and III, i are practically new scenes by Shirley, displacing, in the first case at least, older work by Chapman ; and that all the rest of the play presents a ground work of Chapman, revised, cut down, and added to by Shirley. Finally, I would suggest, though with no great positiveness, that Chapman wrote this play late in 1612 or early in 1613, when he was reduced to poverty by the death of his patron, Prince Henry ; that he handed it over to the company of the Queen's Revels under the management of his friend, Nat. Field, and that it passed from them to the Princess Elizabeth's men, with whom this company united in 1613, and in whose possession it remained after they took the name of Her Majesties Servants in 1625. This was the company with which Shirley was identified ; all his plays, with but one exception, *The Changes*, from his début until his departure for Ireland in 1636, were composed for them. And this is the company that performed *Chabot*. What is more probable than the conjecture that shortly after Chapman's death, May 12, 1634, Shirley's attention was called to an old play by the famous poet still in their possession, and that he at once set to work to revise it for reproduction ? It needs but little acquaintance with Shirley's methods of composition, or the tastes of the theatre-going public in the fourth decade of the seventeenth century, to see what the nature of this revision would be. Shirley would cut down the long epic speeches, cut out as much as possible the sententious moralizing, fill in with lively dialogue, introduce, or at least strengthen, the figures of the Wife and the Queen to add a feminine interest to the play, and in general make it over for the stage of his day. And it is impossible to compare *Chabot* with such plays as *The Revenge of Bussy* or the Byron tragedies without feeling more and more strongly that this is exactly what has happened. The amount of its difference from Chapman's earlier work is the measure of Shirley's revision. But the original design and the groundwork of the play as it now stands is Chapman's, and a brief sketch of the main facts of Chabot's life and a summary of Pasquier's account of his trial will show the materials out of which he composed his work.

Phillipe de Chabot, Comte de Charni and de Busançois, was born

[1] *Biog. Chron*, vol. ii, p. 241. [2] Introduction, p. 25.

about 1480. He was educated along with Francis of Angoulême, the heir-apparent, and Anne de Montmorenci, his future rival, at the chateau of Amboise, where, according to Brantôme, Francis promised when he came to the throne to bestow upon his companions the offices they most desired, those of Admiral and Constable respectively. Chabot belonged to the inner circle of the friends and advisers of Francis I, distinguished himself in the early wars of the reign, and was taken prisoner with his King at Pavia. Shortly after his release he was created Admiral of France, succeeding Bonnivet, who was slain at Pavia. Honours and titles were heaped upon him, and not by his sovereign alone, for Henry VIII during one of his intermittent *ententes* with Francis created him a Knight of the Garter in 1532. Toward the close of the reign, however, he became involved in Court intrigues, in which he represented the liberal and national party as against the reactionary and pro-Spanish faction of the Dauphin, Diana of Poitiers, and the Constable. Montmorenci, who had become his bitter foe, took advantage of Chabot's magnificence of living to denounce him as a defrauder of the royal treasury. A series of charges were drawn up and submitted to Poyet, the Chancellor, a creature of Montmorenci, who promptly declared that they contained proof of twenty-five capital charges. In an interview with the King, Chabot stood so proudly on his defence and spoke so confidently of his innocence that Francis flew into a passion, threw him into prison, and ordered him to be tried by a special commission presided over by Poyet. The trial was a farce. Instead of the twenty-five capital crimes alleged by the Chancellor, only two charges could be substantiated, one of having imposed an irregular tax upon the herring fisheries of Normandy, the other of having appropriated certain revenues in his government of Burgundy. Upon these, however, Chabot was found guilty, sentenced to an enormous fine, to banishment, and confiscation of goods. Poyet revised the sentence, inserted with his own hand the words 'infidelités et déloyauté' among the list of Chabot's crimes, and added 'for life' to the sentence of banishment. The indignant judges at first refused to sign the revised sentence, but at last yielded to Poyet's insistence and threats, one of them adding the word 'vi' in almost imperceptible characters to his signature.

Francis at first approved the sentence, but soon yielded to the prayers of his mistress, D'Estampes,[1] who from the beginning had taken the Admiral's side, and permitted Chabot to bring further testmony before the commission, which at the first sign of the King's returning favour promptly pronounced him innocent of *lèse-majesté* or high treason, and permitted him to reappear at Court. On his first meeting with Francis the King inquired, 'Do you still boast your innocence?' to which Chabot answered manfully, 'I have learned that none is innocent before God and the King, but I have at least this consolation,

[1] Tavannes in his *Memoires* (*Nouvelle Collection des Memoires*, vol. viii, p. 100) asserts that D'Estampes out of rivalry with Chabot's wife had plotted his ruin, but was afterwards reconciled, and obtained his pardon on condition that his son married her niece. This version seems contrary to the facts, but some such report may have suggested the Queen's hatred of the wife of the Admiral in the play, and her later reconciliation and plea for Chabot's pardon. Yet neither Chapman nor Shirley can have seen Tavannes' *Memoires*, which although composed before 1630, do not appear to have been published until 1657.

that all the malice of my enemies could not find me guilty of any want of faith toward your Majesty'. Chabot was pardoned by letters patent on March 11, 1541, re-instated in his offices, and speedily avenged on his enemies. The Constable was disgraced, the Chancellor was sent to the Bastille. But Chabot never recovered from the shock of his trial, and died two years after his pardon, on June 15, 1543. Brantôme says [1] that before his death his pulse stopped and could no longer be felt by the most expert physician. Two years after his death the Chancellor was brought to trial, heavily sentenced, and declared incapable of holding office hereafter. The same judges who pronounced the sentence declared at the same time that the former sentence on Chabot had been from the beginning null and void. The King, who, according to one report, had wished for a sentence of death on Chabot that he might make a greater show of magnanimity by pardoning him, was far from satisfied with the severity of Poyet's sentence, and declared, 'In my youth I heard say that a Chancellor who lost his office ought to lose his head'.

Pasquier's account, on which, as we have seen, Chapman mainly, if not altogether relied, differs in several important particulars from the sketch given above. He eliminates all mention of the parts played by the Constable and the Duchess D'Estampes [2] in bringing about Chabot's fall and procuring his pardon. He reduces the whole story to a personal contest between a great nobleman, a loyal and devoted, if somewhat bold and over-confident, servant of the King, and an arbitrary monarch, weary of his former favourite, and determined at any cost to break his will and humble his pretensions. He contrasts the malice and servility of Poyet with the frank and independent loyalty of Chabot, and, in turn, with the fundamental generosity of the King, who after his first burst of passion had head and heart enough to recognize that the unbending Admiral was a truer and better servant than the pliant Chancellor, ready to stoop to the most disgraceful means to carry out a passing whim of his monarch. Finally he touched briefly, but pointedly, on the fatal blow inflicted, though unwittingly, by the King upon his old friend and servant: 'Le coup toutes fois du premier arrest l'ulcera [Chabot] de telle façon qu'il ne survesquit pas longuement'.

It is not difficult to realize the appeal that Pasquier's account must have made to a poet and thinker of Chapman's temperament and opinions. Here he found a vivid and dramatic presentation of his old theme, the struggle of the individual against his environment. The individual was a figure of heroic proportions, a great noble, a king's

[1] *Grandes Capitaines François*, chap. 61.

[2] Koeppel, followed by Lehman, suggests that Chapman's unpleasant experience in bringing a king's mistress upon the stage in the Byron plays had taught him a lesson, and that he consequently substituted the Queen for the mistress of Francis I as the intercessor for Chabot. But the real scandal in the first instance was not the mere introduction of the mistress of Henry IV, but the wholly unseemly staging of her quarrel with Henry's wife, a quarrel in which bitter words were succeeded by blows. Chapman could hardly have feared that the natural protest of the French Ambassador on the former occasion would have been repeated if he had introduced the long deceased mistress of Francis I in the not ungracious rôle of suppliant for a fallen favourite. I should attribute his omission of the part played by this lady to Pasquier's silence on her score.

favourite, a loyal servant, whose only fault was an over-confidence in his innocence, a fault which we may well believe Chapman would be the last to censure harshly. And since this individual was unjustly accused and, though outwardly triumphant, perished from the inward wounds received in the unequal combat, he became in Chapman's transforming imagination the embodiment of the two noblest virtues of the individual considered as a member of the state organism, loyalty and the love of justice. Chabot is a far more sympathetic figure than either Bussy or Clermont, and he is wholly free from the tragic guilt of Byron. In fact in *Chabot* we have a complete reversal of the situation and the problem of the *Conspiracy and Tragedy of Byron*. The problem of these plays is to determine the extent of the individual's rights as against the State; the problem of *Chabot* is to fix the limits of the power of the State, embodied in an absolute monarch, over the individual. But whereas in the earlier plays the champion of individual liberty is a reckless egoist, in the later he is a loyal subject who claims only the right to serve the cause of justice according to his own conscience within, and for the benefit of, the State. Where Byron takes all his rewards and honours as poor and partial payment of his merits, Chabot considers them only as means which enable him to serve more freely and effectively. He is not unthankful like Byron, but since the goal on which he has fixed his eyes is no selfish ambition, he will not permit his course to be impeded by personal favours bestowed on him by the King. Chabot's attitude toward Francis is very much that of the great Duke of Sully toward Henry IV. In fact, the incident of his tearing the bill signed by the King may have been suggested by the well-known story of Sully's tearing his master's mad promise of marriage to Henriette D'Entragues. But neither the Henry IV of history nor the ideal figure of Chapman's plays would have treated a loyal subject as Francis treats Chabot. Following along the lines suggested by Pasquier, Chapman represents Francis as engaging in the contest with Chabot out of a mere whim to show his power. He has no interest in the success of Montmorenci's cause, and shows no anger at the supposed outrage Chabot has committed upon the royal signature. There is at first no principle involved; but as the contest goes on and Chabot declines to yield, the two opposing principles come clearly into view. Upon the one side we see absolute monarchy, with its insistence upon unquestioning obedience; upon the other individual liberty, limiting the extent of obedience by the claims of conscience. The great third scene of the second act—a scene almost free from any touch of Shirley's hand—represents a contest of wills such as we see hardly anywhere else in Chapman. Chabot emerges unshaken from the contest, but his arbitrary master, roused to the highest point by his servant's opposition, resolves, since he cannot bend, to break him, thinking vainly that he can hereafter repair the injury and regain an instrument as trusty as before and more pliable. But, to quote the words which Chapman puts in the King's mouth a little later (IV, i, 289–90):

> *This was too wild a way to make his merits*
> *Stoop and acknowledge my superior bounties;*

and Chabot, although restored to the sunshine of the royal favour, feels the ice of death creep over his heart, and dies at last at the King's feet with a prayer that his master may have no less faithful servants.

If the Byron plays were a solemn proclamation that the days of unrestrained individualism were over, *Chabot* is no less solemn a warning to the absolute monarchs of the new age. Its text might be found in a couple of lines from the prayer of Henry in *Byron's Tragedy* (IV, ii, 79–82):

O how much
Err those kings, then, that play with life and death.

Chapman, like most thinking men of his day, believed in absolute monarchy, but he held that the monarch could be absolute without being arbitrary. He has carefully avoided painting Francis as the typical tyrant of Elizabethan drama, and has made his tragic guilt consist simply in the fact that he prefers his own unreasoned will to his subject's demand for justice. The lesson of the tragedy is the necessity for the free play of the individual within the limits of the state organism, or, to put it more concretely, the duty of the absolute monarch to respect the liberty of the loyal subject. This was a lesson at once needed and unheeded by Chapman's own kings, James and Charles, and its neglect was one of the prime causes which brought about within a generation the tragic downfall of the ancient monarchy of England.

Such, it seems to me, was Chapman's dominant idea in the composition of this play, and it is immensely to Shirley's credit, that, courtier and royalist as he was, his revising hand has left the strong and simple lines of the original conception so clearly visible in the work which appeared under both their names.

THE TRAGEDY OF CHABOT

NOTES

Dramatis Personae

The first quarto prints the names of the actors under the heading *Speakers*. This list was reprinted by [1] Dyce and again by Shepherd. It is, however, so confusing and incomplete that I have judged it best to transfer it to the Text Notes (p. 649) and to substitute a new and correct list of the *dramatis personae*. I add here a few words as to some of these.

Montmorency. Anne de Montmorenci, 1492–1567, was educated along with Francis I and Chabot, and was taken prisoner with them at Pavia. In 1535 he repelled Charles V's invasion of Provence, and was rewarded with the office of Constable of France. In the latter years of the reign of Francis he headed the pro-Spanish and reactionary party at the French Court, and fell from power after his quarrel with Chabot in 1541. He returned to power under Henry II, was captured at St. Quentin in 1557, and was killed at St. Denis fighting against the Huguenots. He appears to have been a violent, ambitious, and unscrupulous nobleman, and there is little or nothing in the accounts of his life to justify the favourable portrait presented to us in this play.

Poyet. Guillaume Poyet, ca. 1474–1548, son of an advocate at Angers, distinguished himself in the legal profession, and became Advocate-General in 1531 and Chancellor in 1538. He took part in the attack on Chabot, inspected the charges brought against him, and presided at his trial. When Montmorency was disgraced, Poyet shared his fall and was sent to the Bastille. After three years' imprisonment he was tried, condemned, and heavily sentenced.

Allegre. D'Alègre was the name of a prominent family of Auvergne, but I can find nothing to connect any member of this family with Chabot.

The Queen. Eleanor of Austria, dowager Queen of Portugal and sister of Charles V, became the second wife of Francis I in 1530. Her sympathies would naturally have been with Montmorency and against Chabot.

The Wife. Castelnau, *Memoires*, vol. 2, p. 563, edition of 1731, gives her name as Françoise de Longrie. Her mother, Jeanne D'Angoulême, was a bastard half-sister of Francis I, so that Chabot was connected by marriage with his King.

I, i. This scene seems to me almost pure Chapman, though it may have been cut, and perhaps arranged, by Shirley.

I, i, 68–72. This simile is a favourite one with Chapman ; cf. *All Fools*, I, i, 47–8

> *A cozening picture, which one way*
> *Shows like a crow, another like a swan;*

and *Ovid's Banquet of Sense* (1595), where a statue is described—

> *So cunningly to optic reason wrought*
> *That afar off it show'd a woman's face,*
> *Heavy and weeping, but more nearly view'd,*
> *Nor weeping, heavy, nor a woman, show'd.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 22–3.

[1] See Text Notes, p. 648.

I, i, 96–101. These lines appear, with a few slight changes, in *A Hymn to Christ upon the Cross* published 1612 (*Poems*, p. 147). The passage in *Chabot* seems to me a somewhat improved version, but I am not sure that this helps us to date the play more closely, since the poem in question may have been written some time before 1612.

I, i, 119. The comparison of an alliance of policy or marriage to the Gordian knot occurs in *Bussy*, IV, i, 226–7.

I, i, 122–8. Cf. *Bussy*, II, i, 98–9:

his curled brows
Which he had oft wrapt in the sky with storms.

I, i, 137. *Aversation:* a Chapman word. It occurs in his translation of the *Iliad* (XXII, 213[1]), and in *The Revenge of Bussy*, III, iv, 8.

I, i, 190. *Circles being call'd ambitious lines.* There is probably a pun here on the etymological meaning of *ambitious*, from *ambire*, and its ordinary sense.

I, i, 193. This metaphor, which likens the mind of a courtier to a pliant piece of leather, is found in a somewhat altered form in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 56–7.

I, i, 196–202. This contrast between a *standing lake* and a river gathering strength as it flows reappears in Chapman's *Of Friendship*, one of the poems attached to *Petrarch's Seven Penitential Psalms*, 1612 (*Poems*, p. 156). The simile of the river is found also in *De Guiana*, 1596 (*Poems*, p. 50). I fancy that the short line in this passage (l. 200) points to an omission, for the simile in *Chabot* is much shorter than in the parallel passages.

I, i, 209. The subject of *drown* is *envy*.

I, i, 221. *Statists:* a recurrent word in Chapman. See *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 253, and *Caesar and Pompey*, I, i, 91.

I, i, 242. I take this line to be an ejaculation—half aside perhaps—called forth by Montmorency's reluctant consent to the plot against Chabot. It might be paraphrased: 'Why that's right; we shall make something out of him [Montmorency] yet'.

I, ii. Shirley's hand is visible, I think, at the beginning of this scene and elsewhere, but the bulk of the scene is undoubtedly Chapman's.

I, ii, 28. *Your either's:* an archaic use, but later by many years than the example (1548) of the inflected use of *either* as a pronoun given in the *New English Dictionary*; cf. Chapman's *Odyssey*, IV, 79:

Your either person in his presence brings.

I, ii, 42–8. A millstone is said to be 'picked' when its surface has been freshly indented so that it may grind better. Cf. a line in Chapman's *Hymn to Christ upon the Cross:*

Blunts the pick'd quarry so, 'twill grind no more.
Poems, p. 144.

I, ii, 98. *Até*, the Grecian goddess of strife, daughter of Zeus, who hurled her from heaven for having conspired with Hera against Hercules. See *Iliad*, XIX, 91, *seq.*, and 126, *seq.*:

All things are done by Strife, that ancient seed of Jove,
Até, that hurts all.
. . . . . .
Até, that had wrought
This anger by Saturnia, by her bright hair he caught
. . . . *Thus, swinging her about,*
He cast her from the fiery heaven.
Chapman's *Iliad*.

I, ii, 121, 123. *Wo'not.* This ancestor of our modern colloquial 'won't' does not appear in any other play by Chapman. Its presence in the text may be regarded as a sure sign of Shirley's revising hand. Shirley, like

[1] *Homer's Iliad and Odyssey*, p. 260.

his master Fletcher, is fond of using colloquial contractions, such as 'wo'not', 'sha'not', 'sha't', 'don't', 'wo't', etc. Most of these have been unfortunately expunged from his text as edited by Dyce, and the student must turn back to the old copies to find them. In one play, *The Duke's Mistress*, I have counted ten instances of 'wo'not', eleven of 'sha'not', four of 'wo't', and three of 'sha't'. I have preserved all such forms in this text, as well as in the other play published as by Chapman and Shirley, *The Ball*, in the second volume of this edition.

I, ii, 124–45. There is no mention of this case of the *honest merchant* in Pasquier, who attributes Chabot's fall to the fickleness of the King—'aussi commença-il [Francis] avecq' le temps de se lasser de luy [Chabot], & en fin il luy despleut tout à fait'. Chapman, or Shirley, may have heard of this case from other accounts of Chabot's trial, or it may have been invented to motivate his fall otherwise than in the chief source. Incidents of this sort were not uncommon in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts. The *league* mentioned in l. 125 is the treaty signed at Nice in 1538, by which peace was maintained between France and Spain until 1542.

I, ii, 153–4. With the diction of these lines cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, III, i, 61–3:

> *So have I seen a fire-drake glide at midnight*
> *Before a dying man to point his grave,*
> *And in it stick and hide.*

I, ii, 155. With these words Chabot tears the bill; cf. the next scene (II, i, 7–9).

II, i. This scene in metre, diction, and ease of dialogue, seems to me wholly the work of Shirley. It must have been written to replace a similar scene in the original play, unless, as is quite possible, the incident of Chabot's tearing the bill with the King's name is an invention of Shirley's. It does not appear in Pasquier. Signs of Shirley's hand are seen in such heavy *enjambements* as appear in ll. 11 and 27, and in the dissolution of the final *-ion* in a word occurring within the line, l. 35. Shirley seems to have caught this trick from Massinger, with whom it is very frequent. I note thirteen instances of such a dissolution in Shirley's *Cardinal*.

II, i, 38–9. This reminiscence of *Julius Caesar*, I, ii, 135–6, seems to me rather like Shirley than Chapman.

II, i, 43–7. This mention of the Queen's jealousy of Chabot's wife is introduced evidently to lead up to the sudden and unexpected conversion of the Queen into a partisan of the Admiral. Such sudden changes, theatrically effective, rather than psychologically true, are characteristic of the later drama. I think it possible that the parts of the Wife and the Queen were entirely composed, or greatly enlarged, by Shirley to add a feminine interest to Chapman's play.

II, ii. This scene is essentially Chapman's, although Shirley's revising hand is occasionally visible. Thus the first ten lines may be Shirley's, but the speech of Allegre (ll. 11–26) is characteristically Chapman's. Note the phrase *enter'd minion*, (l. 13) and compare *enter a courtier*, *Bussy*, I, ii, 83. Note the elaborate and involved construction of ll. 14–19 which evidently puzzled the compositors, or proof-reader, of the quarto (see Text Notes, p. 650). Note the classical reference to the Cyclops (l. 20) as the artificer of Vulcan, a repeated reference in Chapman, *Bussy*, IV, ii, 37; *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 4.

II, ii, 53–7. Compare this figure of innocence protecting against wild beasts with the same idea in *Bussy*, IV, i, 182–4. The image of the shield was suggested by a phrase put by Pasquier into Chabot's mouth: 'Qu'il faisoit pavois de sa conscience'.

II, ii, 63. This use of *digest* is characteristic of Chapman. See *Bussy*, IV, i, 164; *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 2; *Caesar and Pompey*, II, v, 9.

II, ii, 84–5. Cf. a parallel passage in *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 40–4, and another in Chapman's early poem, *The Shadow of Night*, 1594 (*Poems*, p. 7). Here, addressing Hercules, he says:

Bend thy brazen bow against the sun,
As in Tartessus when thou hadst begun
Thy task of oxen.

In the gloss on this passage (*Poems*, p. 9), he says : ' Here he [i.e. the poet, Chapman himself] alludes to the fiction of Hercules, that in his labour at Tartessus fetching away the oxen, being (more than he liked) heat with the beams of the Sun, he bent his bow against him, etc. *Ut ait Pherecides in* 3. *lib. Historiarum.*'

II, iii. This scene is essentially Chapman's. It is possible that a cut made by Shirley has led to the confusion at l. 134 (see Text Notes p. 651), but I can see no other trace of the younger dramatist.

II, iii, 11. Spoken with a contemptuous gesture.

II, iii, 17–8. Cf. *Summum jus summa injuria.* Cicero, *De Officiis*, I, x, 33, cites this as a proverb already threadbare.

II, iii, 26. The subject of *should thunder* is ' they ' understood, i.e. *honours and fortunes*, cf. l. 24. This omission of the subject when it can be supplied from the context is frequent in Chapman.

II, iii, 50. *Forc'd issues :* this trial of strength which has been forced upon me.

II, iii, 68–74. This list of Chabot's honours and offices is, with one exception, taken direct from Pasquier, p. 569 : ' Car il estoit Chevalier de l'Ordre, Admiral de France, Lieutenant General du Roy au pais & Duché de Bourgongne, Conseiller au conseil Privé, & en outre Lieutenant General de Monsieur le Dauphin aux Gouvernements de Dauphiné et de Normandie '. The title ' Count Byzanges ', l. 69, is an anglicising of Chabot's title of Comte de Buzançois (see Laboreur-Castelnau, vol. ii, p. 567). The *Order* (l. 68) is that of Saint Michael, see note on *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 99. This verbal fidelity to the source is a sure mark of Chapman.

II, iii, 89–92. With this passage compare *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 219–23. The verbal similarity shows them to be by the same hand.

II, iii, 100–1. ' Comparing my bounties and your services in order to measure their respective depths.'

II, iii, 107–15. The King's threat and Chabot's answer come direct from Pasquier, p. 569 : ' Un jour entre autres il [Francis] le menaça de le mettre és mains de ses Juges, pour luy estre fait son procés extraordinaire. A quoy l'Admiral ne remettant devant ses yeux combien c'est chose dangereuse de se joüer à son Maistre, luy respondit d'une façon fort altiere, que c'estoit ce qu'il demandoit, sçachant sa conscience si nette, qu'il ne pouvoit estre faite aucune bresche, ny à ses biens, ny à sa vie, ny às on honneur. . . . Cette response despleust tant au Roy, que soudain il fit decerner une commission contre luy '.

With l. 112 cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, III, i, 36 :

Free minds, like dice, fall square whate'er the cast.

II, iii, 124. *Swinge :* one of Chapman's favourite words.

II, iii, 127–39. The King's argument in brief is that a statesman who has pursued the common way of the King's favour in quest of riches, honours, offices, must, like other statesmen of the time, have his faults (l. 139 ; cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, IV, i, 195–8) and cannot rightly pretend to that impeccable justice which Chabot claims. The text, I think, has been cut about l. 135 (see Text Notes, p. 651). I have arranged it to make sense by putting *inform him*, i.e. ' let him know ', in parenthesis, but I am not sure that this was its original construction. In l. 140 I take *reason* as a verb, ' reason with yourself ', ' weigh it well '.

II, iii, 144–5. Compare similar figures in V, i, 36–9, and V, iii, 182–4. There is a somewhat similar figure in Shirley's *The Duke's Mistress* (1636), III, iii :

You kill
My ambition with a frown, and with one angry
Lightning shot from your eye turn me to ashes.

II, iii, 151. *Grave toys :* trifles exaggerated to criminal acts by the lawyer's perverse ingenuity.

II, iii, 156. *Hits i' th' teeth:* reproaches the receiver with the gift.

II, iii, 165. 'In giving merits their due rewards.'

II, iii, 172. A moist palm was a sign of liberality, as a dry and itching one was of avarice and greed; cf. *Othello*, III, iv, 31–8, and *Julius Caesar*, IV, iii, 9–12.

II, iii, 185. *Pavian thraldom:* Francis was taken prisoner by the Spanish at the battle of Pavia, 1525, and suffered a harsh imprisonment at Madrid. He was only released on the most humiliating conditions.

II, iii, 209. The Chancellor pretends to think that the King is laying a trap for him.

II, iii, 225–6. This metaphor, which likens justice to a royal eagle in fiery flight, reminds one of *Bussy*, III, ii, 4–5:

Thou shalt be my eagle,
And bear my thunder underneath thy wings.

See note *ad loc.*

III, i. This scene seems to me almost wholly the work of Shirley. The simplicity and clearness of diction and construction, the lively dialogue, the occasional heavy *enjambements* (see ll. 125, 149, 150), and the abbreviations 'don't', l. 6, 'sha' not', l. 19, 'wo' not', l. 101, all point to the younger dramatist. The elaboration of the Queen's jealousy of the wife, and the Queen's sudden change of heart, are also in the style of the later drama. The whole scene, in short, is at once too simple, too lucid and too sentimental to be the work of Chapman.

III, i, 29–31. There may be a reference here to the glass furnaces erected in or near London by Sir Robert Mansell some time between 1616, when he received a share in the monopoly of glass making, and 1623, when he confessed to the failure of these furnaces. They doubtless excited much interest among the London citizens.

III, i, 36. *Planet-struck:* I have noted this expression, meaning 'struck with sudden fear,' 'bewildered,' twice over in one of Shirley's plays, *The Maid's Revenge*, III, i, and V, iii. It does not, so far as I know, occur anywhere in Chapman.

III, i, 45. *My lord*, i.e. Montmorency, who goes to summon the wife into the Queen's presence, while the latter continues her conversation with the Treasurer.

III, i, 109–10. Cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, I, ii, 172:

So hares may pull dead lions by the beard.

See also *King John*, II, i, 137, where this expression is spoken of as a proverb.

III, i, 156–7. *To vie . . . passion:* the phrase is taken from the language of gaming. See note on *Byron's Tragedy*, IV, ii, 107.

III, i, 163–5. This dogma of unquestioning obedience is certainly Shirley's, not Chapman's. Compare as a contrast Strozza's well-known speech in *The Gentleman Usher*, V, iv, 56–60, quoted on p. 552.

III, i, 191. This line seems an echo of a passage in *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 45–6:

Truth' pace is all upright, sound everywhere,
And like a die sets ever on a square.

III, i, 215–6, 218–26. The friendly spirit displayed by Montmorency for Chabot in these lines and the regret he feels for the false position in which Court intrigues have placed him is, of course, quite unhistorical. See the Introduction to this play.

III, ii. This scene is almost wholly Chapman's. The elaborate prose speeches are much more in his style than Shirley's; and the fidelity with which the author reproduces his sources is also a mark of the older writer. Shirley has touched up the scene here and there, and seems to have imitated it in *The Traitor*, III, i. If this be so, Shirley must have known *Chabot* in MS. before 1631.

III, ii, 58–9. With the pun on *Brutus*, cf. *Hamlet*, III, ii, 109–10.

III, ii, 61. *Chopped logic:* a once familiar phrase in which the verb has the old sense of 'chop', i.e. 'barter', 'exchange'. The phrase, however, always implies irreverent or unbecoming argument with a superior, as of a child with a parent, or a subject with a king. Cf. *All Fools*, I, ii, 51.

III, ii, 77–83. Pasquier, pp. 570–1, cites the beginning of the sentence upon Chabot. It declares, with much verbiage as to the Admiral's disloyalty and oppression, that he has 'sous ombre de son Admirauté, pris & exigé és annees 1536 & trente et sept vingt sous sur les pescheurs de la coste de Normandie, qui es dites annees ont esté aux harengaisons, & la somme de six livres sur chacun bateau qui estoit allé aux macquereaux'. Pasquier remarks that no greater misdeeds were alleged against Chabot, and that this abuse might easily have been remedied by a royal edict without any scandal.

III, ii, 80. *Poor Johns:* I find this slang term for sailors in Shirley's *The Duke's Mistress*, II, i.

III, ii, 89. *Embers:* four periods of fasting of three days each, appointed by the Council of Placentia (1095) for the Wednesday, Friday and Saturday after (*a*) the first Sunday in Lent, (*b*) Whit-Sunday, (*c*) Holy Cross Day (Sept. 14), (*d*) St. Lucia's Day (Dec. 13).

III, ii, 97. *Giantism against heaven:* a true Chapman phrase. So in *Bussy*, III, ii, 144–7, a favourite's insolence is compared to the warfare of the earth-born giant upon Jove; see note *ad loc.*

III, ii, 99–103. Chapman is following here the language of the sentence as quoted by Pasquier, which mentions the Admiral's 'infidelitez, desloyautez, & desobeissances envers nous, oppression de nostre pauvre peuple, forces publiques, exactions induës, commissions, impressions, ingratitudes, contemnement & mespris, tant de nos commandements, que defenses, entreprises sur nostre authorité, & autres fautes, abbus, & malversations, crimes & delits', p. 570.

III, ii, 112–4. Compare the anecdote recounted by Bacon, *Apothegms*, No. 2.

III, ii, 133. This line looks to me suspiciously like an insertion by Shirley.

III, ii, 137–9. *Parturiunt montes, nascetur ridiculus mus.*
Horace, *Ars Poetica*, l. 139.

III, ii, 190–207. The Chancellor's savage attack upon Chabot is based upon Pasquier's account of the trial. When it was discovered that no charges of any importance could be brought against the Admiral, the judges were disposed to treat him mildly, 'mais le Chancelier voyant que le roy affectionnoit la condemnation de leur prisonnier, commença de se roidir contre son innocence, aux yeux de toute la compagnie', p. 570.

III, iii, 208–24. Pasquier says that before the sentence was signed, 'le rapporteur du procés luy en apporta la minute, non pour la corriger tout à fait, mais bien pour voir s'il y avoit quelques obmissions par inadvertence. Toutesfois pour contenter son opinion, se donnant plaine carriere, le change selon que sa passion le portoit, & estant de ceste façon radoubé; l'envoye à tous les autres Conseillers pour le soubsigner. Ce que du commencement ils refuserent de faire, mais les violentant d'une continuë, & de menaces estranges, ils furent contraincts de luy obeir: Voire que l'un d'eux mit au dessous de son seing, un petit V du commencement, & vers la fin un I, ces deux lettres jointes ensemble faisans un VI, pour denoter qu'il l'avoit signé par contrainte', p. 570.

III, ii, 233–5. It is interesting to note that the details of the sentence, with the punishment inflicted on Chabot are not given here; probably because Chapman did not find them in Pasquier, who only cites the opening phrases of the sentence. Chabot, as a matter of fact, was condemned to pay a fine of 1,500,000 livres, and to suffer banishment and confiscation of his goods. Poyet altered the sentence so as to make it read 'banishment for life without hope of recall'.

The penalty of death which Chapman alludes to in l. 238 is unhistorical; but Pasquier, p. 571, says: 'Ce grand Roy, comme il est grandement vray-semblable, souhaitoit en l'arrest condemnation de mort, pour accomplir

puis apres un trait absolu de misericorde, envers celuy dont il ne pouvoit oublier l'amitié '.

IV, i. In this scene the work of Chapman and Shirley is so blended as to point directly to the hypothesis that Shirley revised and rewrote Chapman's play. I take the first 120 lines or so to be mainly Shirley's. The lines in which the Wife entreats Francis to refuse the Queen's petition, not knowing that she is praying for Chabot's pardon, form a curious reversal of a scene in Shirley's *The Duke's Mistress*, where Ardelia begs the Duke to grant his wife's prayer, not knowing that that unfortunate lady is praying for her own death. Such reversals of a theatrically effective situation are common among the later dramatists. The general style, both in diction and metre, of these early lines seems to me to point to Shirley. But later on the hand of Chapman is clearly visible, especially in the verbal borrowings from his source and in some striking parallels to his undoubted work. Yet I think it likely that the latter part of the scene also was revised by Shirley.

IV, i, 14–6. Dyce in his edition of *Chabot* pointed out the likeness of this simile to a passage in Peele's *David and Bethsabe*—Second chorus (*Works* vol. ii, p. 29–30, Bullen's edition) :

> *Like as the fatal raven . . . . .*
> *. . . . . .*
> *Flies by the fair Arabian spiceries,*
> *Her pleasant gardens and delightsome parks,*
> *Seeming to curse them with his hoarse exclaims,*
> *And yet doth stoop with hungry violence*
> *Upon a piece of hateful carrion.*

Mr. Bullen points out that the original of this simile is found in Du Bartas:

> *Ainsi que les corbeaux d'une penne venteuse*
> *Passans les bois pleurans de l'Arabie heureuse,*
> *Mesprisent les jardins et parcs delicieux,*
> *Qui de fleurs esmaillez vont parfumant les cieux,*
> *Et s'arrestent, gloutons, sur la salle carcasse*
> *D'un criminel rompu n'aguere à coups de masse.*
> *L'Arche—Première Partie du Second Jour de la Seconde Semaine.*

Sylvester's translation of Du Bartas renders this passage as follows:

> *Even as the Rav'ns with windy wings o'erfly*
> *The weeping Woods of Happy Araby,*
> *Despise sweet Gardens and delicious Bow'ers*
> *Perfuming Heav'n with oderiferous flowres,*
> *And greedy, light upon the loathsome quarters*
> *Of some late Lopez, or such Romish Martyrs.*
> Sylvester, *Works* (Chertsey Worthies, vol. i, p. 136).

The ' Lopez ' of this passage is the famous Dr. Lopez, Queen Elizabeth's physician, a Portuguese Jew, hanged for high treason on June 7, 1594.

Mr. Bullen points out another imitation in the anonymous play which he published for the first time under the title of *The Distracted Emperor* in *Old English Plays*:

> *But as the ravens, which in Arabia live,*
> *Having flown all the field of spices o'er,*
> *Seize on a stinking carcase.*
> *Old English Plays*, vol. iii, p. 237.

It is interesting to trace a simile of this sort running from the morning of Elizabethan drama in Peele to its sunset in Shirley. Owing to the uncertainty as to the dates of *David and Bethsabe* and the *Distracted Emperor*, it is difficult to say which of these plays borrowed from the other, or whether both of them drew independently from Du Bartas. Sylvester's translation

of this portion of the Huguenot poet's work does not seem to have appeared before Peele's death, which occurred before 1598.

IV, i, 17–22. This speech of the King's, with its echoes of a passage previously assigned to Shirley (II, i, 37–43), must be the work of that poet.

IV, i, 46. *Wo'not:* another mark of Shirley's hand.

IV, i, 57. *Fable:* the use of this word in the sense of 'byword' occurs in Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress*, I, ii; I do not think it is ever so used by Chapman.

IV, i, 74. 'Prevent a marble memorial bearing an honest eulogy from being erected as my epitaph.'

IV, i, 85. *Made against:* influenced against, won over to the conspiracy against.

IV, i, 123. From here on to the close of the scene I think Chapman's hand is repeatedly, if intermittently, to be discerned; such phrases as *our curious justicer*, l. 127, and *the applausive issue*, l. 130, are surely his.

IV, i, 136–7. On a somewhat similar expression, 'though Kings' sons dance in nets they may not be seen', Greene's *Pandosto* (*Works*, vol. iv, p. 293), Mr. Hazlitt notes, 'alluding to the old story of the fisherman's daughter, who was ordered to dance before a great lord, so that she might be seen, yet not seen, to which purpose she covered herself in one of her father's nets'.

IV, i, 165. 'Let the crown', i.e. the King, 'end the matter', i.e. by issuing orders for the execution.

IV, i, 212–277. The interview between the King and Chabot has been enlarged from the very brief account given by Pasquier, p. 571: 'Le Roy le manda querir pardevers soy, & sans user de plus longs propos, luy dit. Pour contenter vostre opinion j'ay fait faire vostre procés, & avez veu le succés qu'en avez eu pour trop vous croire: Maintenant je veux contenter la mienne, & d'une puissance absoluë vous restablir en tel estat qu'estiez auparavant l'arrest. A quoy l'Admiral repartit; Pour le moins, Sire, je loüe Dieu qu'en tout mon procés il n'y a un seul mot de felonnie [cf. l. 254] que j'aye commise, ou voulu commettre contre vostre Majesté. Ceste parole arresta tout court le Roy, lequel pour en estre esclaircy decerna nouvelle commission à autre juges pour sçavoir s'il n'avoit point esté attaint & convaincu de ce crime'.

IV, i, 295–354. The interview between the King and the Chancellor is expanded in the same way from a few lines in Pasquier, p. 571: 'Le Roy ayant veu l'arrest commença de se mocquer des juges, & sur tout de se courroucer contre le Chancelier qui luy avoit promis montz & merveilles, [cf. l. 324]. . . . [Le Roy] voulut le procés estre fait au Chancelier, à la requeste de son Procureur General en sa Cour de Parlement de Paris'.

IV, i, 354. *Our Advocate:* this is the same person, of course, as the Proctor-General of III, ii. That he should be called 'Advocate' here and elsewhere in this scene and in V, ii, points, I think, to a revision which has not been consistently carried out.

IV, i, 364–76. This speech, in its elaborate simile, involved construction, and moral earnestness, is pure Chapman.

IV, i, 400. 'To play a prize' was a common Elizabethan phrase for a public contest of skill in swordsmanship, acting, or other art, for a prize or wager. The Advocate promises Francis that he will exert himself against the Chancellor as if for such a contest.

IV, i, 405–9. After hearing the report of the commission appointed to revise the trial of Chabot, the King restored him to his good name and to the royal favour by letters-patent, dated March 29, 1541. A later sentence, 1545, annulled the first altogether. See Pasquier, pp. 571–2.

IV, i, 419–33. Another characteristic Chapman speech. With lines 421–3 compare *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iii, 65–7:

> *rude thunder yields to them*
> *His horrid wings, sits smooth as glass englaz'd;*
> *And lightning sticks 'twixt heaven and earth amaz'd.*

The simile in ll. 426–33 is eminently in Chapman's manner.

IV, i, 439–54. Koeppel (*loc. cit.*) points out the close verbal resemblance between this speech and Pasquier, p. 572 : ' Belle leçon a tout Juge pour demourer en soy, et ne laisser fluctuer sa conscience dedans les vagues d'une imaginaire faveur, qui pour fin de jeu le submerge ' [cf. ll. 450–4]. Pasquier continues : ' Je vous ay recité deux histoires dont pourrez recueillir deux leçons : L'une que quelque commission qu'un Juge reçoive de son Prince, il doit tousjours buter à la justice, [cf. ll. 442–4] & non aux passions de celuy qui le met en oeuvre, lequel revenant avecq' le temps à son mieux penser, se repent apres de sa soudaineté, & recognoist tout à loisir celuy estre indigne de porter le tiltre de Juge, qui a abusé de sa conscience pour luy complaire '. As Koeppel says, this verbal resemblance proves beyond doubt that Pasquier's chapter was the source used for *Chabot*; it further proves that this speech in particular was the work of Chapman. Such a versification of his original, borrowing at times its very words, occurs over and over again in *The Revenge of Bussy* and the Byron plays.

V, i. This scene, originally by Chapman, has been revised by Shirley. It is impossible, I think, to divide the scene between the two, since evidences of the double authorship are visible throughout. I call attention to some of these in the following notes.

V, i, 16–9. This simile of the river is a favourite one with Chapman. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, ii, 188–92, and *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 152–8. I fancy the original simile in this passage has been shortened by Shirley, to which the confusion in the text is possibly due; see Text Notes, p. 652.

V, i, 29–32. Compare *Bussy*, V, iv, 90–3. This desire to meet death standing is characteristic of Chapman's heroes.

V, i, 36–9. This passage, reminiscent of II, iii, 144–5, and parallel to V, iii, 182–3, has also a parallel in Shirley, *The Duke's Mistress*, III, iii (a passage already quoted on page 642).

I am inclined to take the present passage as the work of Shirley.

V, i, 39–81. This passage I take to be mainly, if not altogether, the work of Shirley. Note his abbreviation *wo'not* in l. 42, the rapidity and ease of the dialogue, the heavy *enjambements*, especially in the King's speech, ll. 51–61, and in general the somewhat sentimental tone of the passage—such a phrase as *Alas, poor Chabot*, l. 80, is not in Chapman's vein.

V, i, 81–103. Chapman's hand is visible in the last lines of this scene. I think the reference to the *centaur's blood*, l. 86, is his, and the Father's speech, ll. 89–98, is wholly in his manner, and contains one of his peculiar adjectives, *numerous*, in the sense of 'musical'; cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 46–47 :

> *As if my feet were numerous, and trod sounds*
> *Out of the centre with Apollo's virtue.*

See also *Byron's Tragedy*, I, ii, 58.

V, ii. This scene is mainly, if not wholly, the work of Chapman. The prose speeches are certainly his, and, I think, the greater part of the verse as well, although Shirley may have added and revised some lines.

V, ii, 15–6. *Omnia ex lite fieri :* cf. Chapman's version of this maxim in *The Widow's Tears*, I, iii, 34–5 :

> *All things by strife engender.*

V, ii, 22–33. The idea of generation by corruption, burlesqued in these lines, was familiar to Chapman.

V, ii, 55–8. Compare the Advocate's (or Proctor-General's) eulogy of Poyet, III, ii, 5–24. This ' epic repetition ' is characteristic of Chapman.

V, ii, 87. *Cold terms :* law terms in which little business is done.

V, ii, 89. *Bury itself in buckram :* hide itself in its own bags. *Buckram* is

used by the Elizabethan dramatists as a synonym for a lawyer's bag made of this material.

V, ii, 118. *Tiger of Hyrcanian breed:* cf. *Macbeth*, III, iv, 101.

V, ii, 153–76. This long speech is wholly in Chapman's manner. With the phrase, *high-going sea*, l. 156, cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, II, i, 150. In *The Duke's Mistress*, V, i, we have the phrase *high-going waves*.

V, ii, 169–72. The Chancellor's appeal to Chabot, though not mentioned in Pasquier, is an historical fact, and may have been known to Chapman. Castelnau-Laboreur, *Memoires*, vol. ii, p. 572, prints a long letter from Poyet to Chabot, addressing him as Monseigneur and imploring him to beg the King to allow him to retire to his house rather than be led to prison; cf. ll. 175–6. The same authority records that after his sentence was pronounced, Poyet said that he thanked God for his infinite mercy and the King for his justice, and that he prayed God to give him grace to make a prayer agreeable to Him and profitable to the King; cf. ll. 198–9. Such fidelity to historical details is very characteristic of Chapman.

V. ii, 179. *The mouse in the fable:* I have been unable to trace any form of the fable here alluded to.

V, ii, 185–95. Pasquier, p. 571, notes that among the mass of testimony brought forward against Poyet 'les plus signalez & picquans furent les extraordinaires deportemens dont il avoit usé envers les juges au procés de l'Admiral'. The details of his sentence, somewhat altered, are also from Pasquier, p. 572: 'Il fut privé de l'estat de Chancelier, & declaré inhabile à tenir office Royal; & encores condamné en la somme de cent mille livres envers le Roy, & à tenir prison jusques à plein payement, & confiné jusques à cinq ans en tel lieu & seure garde qu'il plairoit au Roy'.

V, iii. There is a sub-stratum of Chapman in this scene, but it is heavily overlaid with Shirley.

V, iii, 52–64. This elaborate simile is, I fancy, a fragment preserved from Chapman. I take the first lines of this speech, however, and the closing exclamation, *so Chabot, Chabot,* to be Shirley's.

V, iii, 65. *Wonder in apprehension:* with this phrase, meaning, apparently, 'a wonderful thing to apprehend, or consider', compare *The Duke's Mistress*, III, i, *strange apprehension.*

V, iii, 138–44. For the King's dissatisfaction with the sentence passed on Poyet see the Introduction to this play, p. 635.

V, iii, 163. *Fear his apprehension:* fear the consequences of his apprehension, i.e. of the intensity with which he has felt the shock. I owe this note to Mr. Brereton.

V, iii, 167. Cf. V, i, 29–32, and the note *ad loc.*

V, iii, 168–9. Cf. *Byron's Conspiracy*, III, ii, 2–3.

V, iii, 179–80. Cf. *Caesar and Pompey*, I, ii, 292, and the note *ad loc.*

V, iii, 200–9. There can be little doubt that these closing lines are Shirley's. Yet it is possible that the obscurity of the last four lines is due to his taking over a bit of Chapman which he did not understand, and which he rewrote in such a way as to give more sound than sense. The phrase, *starve succession*, l. 227, apparently means 'kill one's successor'; cf. Trajan's saying, quoted by Bacon, *Apothegms*, No. 100, 'there was never king that did put to death his successor'. But what this has to do with the despair of kings as to their relations with their heirs, or either with the story of Chabot, I am quite unable to decide.

TEXT NOTES

In the preparation of this text I have made use of the following editions, denoted in these pages by the symbols which here accompany them. The first Quarto, 1639[1] (Q.); Dyce's edition[2] (D.); Shepherd's edition[3] (S.);

[1] This is the only old edition. It seems to have been given to the press by the Queen's Men during Shirley's absence in Ireland. It was probably printed from an acting copy and the text is in many places very corrupt. I have consulted the copies at the British Museum and the Bodleian, five in all.

[2] *The Dramatic Works and Poems of James Shirley*, vol. vi, 1833.

[3] *The Works of Chapman—Plays.*

Lehman's reprint [1] (L.). Of these Dyce alone has really edited the text; Shepherd in the main depends on Dyce, and Lehman's useful reprint offers only a few suggested emendations. I have followed the Quarto, modernizing spelling and punctuation, and marking all alterations in the text.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Under the heading of **Speakers**, Q. gives the following list, which is so confused and faulty that I have transferred it to this place.

Asall.	Chabot.
Allegre.	Judges.
King.	Officers.
Queene.	Secretary.
Treasuror.	Ushers.
Chancellor.	Constable.
Admirall.	Courtiers.
Father.	Porter.
Generall.	Guard.

Of these characters the Admirall is, of course, the same as Chabot; the General does not appear in the play, unless we assume that the word Porter is a misprint for Procter and that the true reading is Procter-General. The Wife of Chabot is not mentioned in this list, which goes to show, I think, that this character was introduced by Shirley when revising the play. Further omissions are those of the Notary and the Captain of the Guard.

The Quarto divides the play into acts but not into scenes.

I, i, 56. Q. *any things;* D. *anything.*

83. S. inserts *as* before *horrid.*

115. For the last word of the stage direction after this line Q. has *attend.*

119. Q. *gardian;* D. emends *gordian.* L. says that the Q. from which he printed has *'hrigian* in this line. I have not noticed the omission of the *P* in the copies I have consulted.

127. Q. *which for it selfe Sir, resolve to keepe.* D. inserts *I* before *resolve.*

133. Q. *earth;* D. *earth[ly].*

135. Q. places the words *my wife's* at the beginning of l. 136. So do S. and D. I think the arrangement in the text gives a better metre.

155. I have inserted the stage direction, *Exit Chabot,* after this line.

158. In the stage direction in this line Q. has only *Exit;* D. *Exeunt the King and All.*

170. Q. *increase.* S. *incense,* a plausible conjecture, cf. II, iii, 7; but I think the old reading is intelligible.

183. Q. *men free borne slaves;* so D. S. emends *free-born,* which seems the true reading, since the sense is 'too servile equity turns free-born men into slaves'.

187. Q. *in both;* so D. S. emends *it both,* which seems the true reading, since *it* refers to the phrase *informs his actions simply.*

189. Q. *natures;* D. *Nature's;* S. *nature.* I think the noun is plural, referring to the heavenly bodies, the stars.

206. Q. *I seeking;* so D. and S.; but I think it plain that *In* is the true reading, *I* having been caught from the next line.

220. Q. *shadder.* D. emends *shudder.* Perhaps we might read *shatter.*

I, ii, 10. Q. *service;* so D. and S. It seems plain to me that an *s* has dropped off the end of the word. Metre and syntax, I think, demand *services.*

12. Q. *less degraded;* so D. and S., but evidently a comma is necessary between the words.

33. Q. *ingenious;* D. *ingenuous.* See text note on *Bussy,* III, ii, 107.

[1] *The Tragedie of Chabot*—Publications of the University of Pennsylvania—Series in Philology and Literature, vol. x, Philadelphia, 1906.

52. Q. *While inforc'd shew ;* so D. S. emends *White in forced show,* which seems to be the true reading.

60. Q. *ambitious boundlesse ;* so D. and S. ; but it seems clear that *ambitious* is a misprint of the commonest sort, *u* for *n*, for *ambitions*, which word occurs immediately below in l. 66. The alteration involves the placing of a comma after *boundless*.

67. Q. *no hazard ;* so D. and S. Perhaps we should read *not hazard*.

68. *Realities*, a misprint in this text for the true reading of Q., *realties*, i.e. ' royal powers '.

98. Q. *A he ;* D. emends *Até*.

106. Q. *But now the rather all powers against it.* L.'s copy of Q. has *the powers*. I should like to read *all* [*my*] *power's* (i.e. power is) *against it ;* but have hesitated to introduce this conjecture into the text.

121, 123. Q. *wonot*. D. and S. print *will not*, thus obliterating a colloquialism characteristic of Shirley. I have followed Q. throughout in preserving such contracted forms, and shall not call attention to them again.

146. L.'s copy of Q. has *I were*. The copies I have consulted read *Twere*.

II, i, 23. Q. *As in this braine more circumscrib'd all wisedome ;* so D. S. emends *his brain were, etc.*, which seems the true reading.

27. Q. *lately*. S. alters to *late*.

29. Q. *Urge ;* D. emends *Urged*. The Q. reading is probably a misprint for *Urgd*.

46. *Can*. Q. prints this word at the beginning of l. 47 ; so D. and S. But the arrangement in the text seems to me more like Shirley's metre, and this scene is mainly, if not altogether, by Shirley.

II, ii, 6. Q. has an interrogation mark at the end of this line. As often in Elizabethan printing this indicates an exclamation.

14. Q. *Since tis but patience sometime they thinke ;* so D. and S. But it seems clear that the subject of *thinke* must be *he*, as in l. 11. I therefore read *he* and *thinks*, and interpret the whole passage, ll. 11–19, as follows : ' Yes, for he is afraid, being but a newly established favourite, to be too insolent in his demeanour toward the King, until the time comes when he dare act with the fiery zeal his faction would like to see in him. Till then he believes in being patient, for the stream of the royal favour will not continue to flow in two channels [i.e. himself and Chabot], but must sooner or later leave one of them [presumably Chabot] dry '.

33. Q. *Though ;* so D. and S. ; but it seems an evident misprint for *through*.

46. Q. *other*. S. *others*, an unnecessary emendation which has crept into my text.

51. Q. *arriv'd*. Should we read *arm'd ?*

53. Q. *walke*. L. prints *wake*, but the *l* in the copies I have seen is very faint, and may be quite obliterated in L.'s copy. *Walke* is certainly the true reading.

56–7. Q. *My innocence is, which is a conquering justice,*
As weares a shield, that both defends and fights.
D. retains this nonsense ; S. emends by dropping the first *is* in l. 56. I accept this, and further emend *As* to *And*. This seems to me to make perfect sense *; innocence* is in apposition with *that*, l. 53.

77. Q. *The judgement, and favour*. S. inserts *the* before *favour*, an unnecessary change which has crept into my text.

87. Q. *He cares for gaine not honour ;* so D. and S. But a careful examination of the context will show that *not* must be a misprint for *nor*. Montmorency, at bottom a generous nature, is so moved by Chabot's last words that he exclaims that the Admiral cares neither for gain nor honour (i.e. office or fame) ; to which the Chancellor replies, ' If that be true, how has he managed to acquire both gain and honour '. It is plain that *gain* and *honour* are connected, not contrasted as in the Q.

II, iii, 16. Q. *kingdomes ;* D. and S. *kingdoms ;* but Francis did not

have several kingdoms. The word is plainly in the possessive case after *strength*.

32. Q. *Kings ;* so D. S. prints *kings'*, which is plainly correct.

48. Q. *That mony, cares, etc.* D. and S. print *money, cares*. But the true reading is plainly *many cares*. Chabot is telling how he has spent cares, pains, and years in acquiring his present threatened fortunes. He is not boasting of the money he has laid out.

54. Q. has a question mark, equivalent to an exclamation, at the close of this line. D. and S. retain it, but I think the passage reads better without it.

102–3. The question mark after l. 102 was inserted by D. I have retained his reading, but think it possible that we should read *licences of yours May give me*. Such an omission of the subject relative pronoun is common in Chapman.

119–20. Q. *Weigh yet, with more*
soule than danger,
And some lesse passion.
So D. S. emends *than* to *the*, which is clearly correct, as *soul* is contrasted with *passion*, and *danger* must be the object of *weigh*. I have omitted to mark. the emendation of S. in my text

132. I have inserted a question mark at the close of this line ; Q., D. and S. have a comma, but I believe the sense is improved by this change. The whole passage from l. 126 to l. 142 is difficult and perhaps corrupt.

134. Q. *effects and cannot informe him* ; so D. and S. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) suggests that the words *cannot informe him* were a marginal comment, which has crept into the text, telling the printer that some one could not inform him [the printer] what word was missing after *and*. This is ingenious, but it seems clear that *cannot* must belong to the original text, since *use*, l. 135, depends upon it.

140. Q. *in this reason ;* so D. and S. ; but it seems plain that *reason* is a verb, equivalent to 'reflect' ; *this* means 'this case', 'this situation'.

154. Q. *of ;* so D. and S. ; but it is plainly an old spelling for *off*. For *stick off* see *Hamlet*, V, ii. 268.

182. Q. prints *my Lord* as a separate line ; so D. and S. ; but it plainly belongs at the close of l. 182.

205–6. Q. prints as three lines ending *life, life, act.*

207. Q. *finer*. D. emends *fibre*.

III, i, 44. I have inserted the stage direction *They retire* in this line. It is plain from what follows that the Father and Wife withdraw, but do not leave the stage. See the new stage directions after l. 57 and in l. 88.

58. Q. *contempts ;* S. *contempt's*, which is certainly wrong.

56. *I desire*. Q. prints as a separate line.

57. I have added the stage direction after this line.

88. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.

98. Q. *this ;* L. suggests *his ;* but no change is needed.

111, 112. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.

130. Q. *every ;* so D. S. emends *ever*.

151. Q. *still ;* so D. S. emends *till*.

153. Q. *talke ;* D. emends *take*.

163. Q. *Suffer are bound to suffer ;* D. emends the first word to *Subjects*.

169. D. adds the direction [*Kneels* to this line.

208. D. adds the stage direction after this line.

III, ii, 1. Q. *Mr. Proctor*. So also in l. 30.

10. Q. *Poyeni ;* D. and S. *Poyein*. I prefer to use the original Greek form ποιεῖν.

16–7. Q. *so notable in the progress* ; so D. and S. It seems to me that *in the progress* clearly belongs to what follows.

47. Q. *annuall*. D. emends *animal*. I have inserted *use* after *spirits* ; some such verb appears to have been lost.

62. Q. *advance*. D. emends *advanced*.

101. Q. *neither infround or respected his disloyalties*. D. emends *informed or respected*, joining *his disloyalties* with what follows. L., p. 119, would read *informed or suspected his disloyalties*. I much prefer the reading of D, which is nearer that of the source. See note on III, ii, 99–103, p. 644.

107. Q. *Lord.* D. emends *lords*, to agree with *yourselves.*
109. Q. *least.* L. prints *lost.*
123. Q. *conscience.* L., p. 119, takes this to be a misprint for *conscious*, but *conscience* is plainly a noun meaning 'consciousness' and the object of *urge*, l. 125. L.'s explanation of the passage seems to me faulty.
142. Q. *shaddow.* D. emends *shadows.*
162. Q. *chines crackes.* D. alters to *crack:* but the old grammatical form should be retained.
164. D. inserts *but* before *The subject.*
169–81. The syntax of this speech is confused to a degree remarkable even for Chapman. I fancy some lines were struck out in revision. Probably the same is true of the Chancellor's speech, ll. 190–207.
204. Q. *rob'd and.* A word has dropped from the end of the line. D. suggests *violate.*
220. Q. *On this side, and on this side, this capital I.* L. inserts *V.* after the first *side.* Cf. IV, i, 332–5.
IV, i, 18. Q. *What could:* so D. and S. It seems plain that *What* is a misprint for *That.*
80. I have inserted the stage direction in this line to prepare for the subsequent entrance of Asall, l. 120.
85. Q. *made.* Perhaps we might read *mad.*
98–9. Q. prints *He is . . . mine* as one line.
102–3. Q. *Lawes To partiall doome.* D. emends *law's too partial.*
119. I have inserted the stage direction here. Cf. a similar situation in *Macbeth*, II, iii, 125. Q. has *Exeunt* after *lady*, but this direction should come after l. 121. D. emends it so as to show that the King remains.
123–5. One of the Bodleian copies, *Malone*, B. 166, gives this speech to the King.
147. Q. *fame*; so D. and S. It seems clear that the context demands *flame.*
166. Q. prints *I joy* as the first words of l. 167.
169. A defective line. Possibly this speech has been cut.
185 Q. *bounties, and as, etc.*; so D. and S.; but *and* seems to me certainly intrusive.
271. Q. *mine.* S. misprints *time.*
313, 15, 16, 18, 29, 32. Q. has only 1. and 2. for *1st Judge* and *2nd Judge* in these lines. In l. 326 Q. has *Iud.* for *Judges.*
322. Q. *For every boat, and that fished*, etc. D. emends by dropping the intrusive *and.*
343. Q. *parly.* D. emends *party.*
345. Q. *a thirst.* Perhaps we should read *athirst.*
370. L. prints *out* for Q. *our.*
403. Q. *whom.* D. emends *home.*
V, i, 17. Q. *left.* D. emends *lift.*
19. Q. *her.* D. emends *their.* I fancy this speech, ll. 15–23, has been cut in the revision.
61–2. Q. prints *He . . . newes* as one line; *I perceive* as another.
64–6. Q. prints as five lines ending *expect, Admirall, life, had, him.*
69. Q. *With crushing, crushing.* Probably a printer's error, though Shirley is given to such repetitions.
101. Q. *bring health.* D. inserts *him* after *bring.*
V, ii, 13. Q. *Mr. Advocate.* So also in ll. 34, 60, 92.
47. Q. *foretell*; D. *foretel:* S. *fortel.*
52–61. Q. prints as verse; but I think it one of the prose passages with a strongly marked verse rhythm in the earlier part which are common in Chapman.
92–4. Q. prints as three lines of verse, ending *satisfaction, how, Admirall.*
124. Q. *Austria.* D. emends *Astræa.*
137. Q. *guilt upon the Kings heires, a traytor, etc.* D. emends *guilt upon the King. Here's a traitor.*
148. Q. prints *the court* as the last words of l. 147.
151. Q. prints *And this* as the first words of l. 152.
166. D. reads *There's doomsday in my conscience*, which S. accepts. But no emendation is necessary. We might perhaps punctuate *There doomsday is—my conscience, etc.*
168. Q. *Prickt.* D. emends *Prick.* The Q. is probably a misprint for *Pricke.*
176. A defective line. D. inserts *mean* before *village.* If any alteration is needed, which I

doubt, I would read *afar* for *far*.

185. Most copies of Q. read *you high misdemeanours*. L., however, prints *your*.

198–9. Most copies of Q. omit the name of the speaker. L. prints it as *Cha.*, i.e. *Chancellor*.

199. Q. *I spend*. D. emends *I'll spend*.

V, iii, 10. Q. *hurt*. D. emends *heart*.

36. S. omits *can blast*.

48. Q. *sometime*. D. *some time*.

69. D. supplies the stage direction.

93. Q. *best life, violence*. D. inserts *no* before *violence*.

106. Q. *dispares* ; *D. despairs*.

108. Q. *trenched*. D. emends *trencheth*.

134. I have added to the stage direction in this line to explain the King's speech, ll. 138–47.

143. I am not sure that this line is correct. We might either read *unequal*, i.e. unjust, or punctuate *Chabot. With an equal, etc.* But as the passage is intelligible I have preferred to let it stand.

167. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.

178. Q. *It already falling*. D. inserts *is* before *already*.

180. Q. *were deafe, so heavens, etc.* So D. and S. Brereton (*loc. cit.*) suggests *deafe to heaven's, etc.* This seems to me an admirable conjecture,

182. Q. prints as two lines, ending *live, Prince*.

197. Q. prints *but* as first word of l. 198.

202. D. adds the stage direction.

211–29. Q. gives this speech to *Qu.*, i.e. Queen. D. makes the necessary correction.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY

INTRODUCTION

Cæsar and Pompey is probably the least known of Chapman's tragedies. Lamb cited three passages from it, but without comment; and most later historians of the drama pass over it hastily. Swinburne alone, I think, does justice to its treasures of fine thought and high expression. One reason, no doubt, for its comparative neglect has been the bad condition of its text. It is not only obscure beyond even what we may expect in Chapman, but corrupt, badly printed, and full of puzzles. The only modern edition of the play has added to these a peculiarly irritating and confused set of abbreviations for the speakers' names. All in all I know few harder pieces of reading in Elizabethan drama than *Cæsar and Pompey*, whether in the old quartos or in Shepherd's edition of Chapman's plays.

Yet there is much of interest in this tragedy, not only to the student of the drama, but also to the lover of fine poetry. And it possesses an especial value for the light it throws upon the dramatic methods, the personality, and the belief, religious and philosophical of Chapman himself. There are certain facts to be stated, and certain problems to be propounded, if not solved, before a discussion of this peculiar value of the drama is in order.

A difficulty confronts us at once in regard to the date of the play. It was licensed by Herbert and entered in the Stationers' Registers on May 18, 1631, as follows: *Master Harper entred for his Copye under the handes of Sir Henry Herbert Knight & Master Harrison a Playe called Cæsar and Pompey by George Chapman.* It was published the same year.[1] This date, however, is so near the close of Chapman's life, and so long after the composition of all his other plays that we could hardly believe this play was composed anywhere near that time, even apart from Chapman's statement in the Dedication that it was written long since and had not the 'timely ripeness' of his present age. This is not very definite, but I doubt whether it is possible to settle, even approximately, the date[2] of composition. My own opinion, based upon somewhat intangible evidence of style and rhythm, is that the play was composed about the time of, probably a little later than, the *Revenge of Bussy*, i.e. in 1612–13.

Chapman states in the Dedication that 'this martial history' never 'touched at the stage', a phrase which has generally been interpreted to mean 'was never acted'. On the other hand, the title-page of the

[1] For the title-page, see p. 677.

[2] Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, pp. 64–5) says not later than 1608, based upon an old play of 1594 mentioned by Henslowe under the date of November 8, 1594. Schelling (*Elizabethan Drama*, vol. ii, p. 22) puts it somewhat later than 1607, and Swinburne (*George Chapman*, p. 117) guesses that it is about the date of *Bussy*, i.e. 1604. This, I think, is much too early; Swinburne's instinct probably led him nearer the truth when he remarked that it 'bears more affinity to the *Revenge of Bussy* and the *Byron* plays in the main quality of interest and the predominance of speech over action.

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second quarto, 1653, declares that it was acted at Blackfriars. This statement might, no doubt, be taken as a bookseller's flourish to promote the sale. In 1653, nearly twenty years after Chapman's death, there were probably few lovers of the stage in London who could contradict the assertion. Certainly it should not be permitted to outweigh unsupported the author's own words. But it happens that the statement of this quarto is corroborated by strong internal evidence, the stage directions of the play itself. As a rule Chapman is very sparing of stage directions. The first edition of *Bussy*, for example, is notably deficient in them. It is only in the second edition, a revision for stage purposes, that they appear in any number. A few Latin phrases usually serve Chapman's turn. But *Cæsar and Pompey* is remarkable among Elizabethan tragedies for the number and fulness of its stage directions. Consider the elaborate stage setting indicated at the beginning of I, ii, the costumes and 'make-up' in II, i: *Fronto all ragged in an overgrown red beard, black head, with a halter in his hand. . . . Ophioneus with the face, wings, and tail of a dragon; a skin coat all speckled on the throat.* Note the directions for action scattered throughout the play: *Enter Pompey running over the stage with his wife and children* (II, i); *Alarm, excursions of all; the five kings driven over the stage, Crassinius chiefly pursuing; at the door enter again the five kings. The battle continued within* (IV, ii); *enter the two Lentuli and Demetrius bleeding and kneel about Cornelia* (V, i); *He falls upon his sword, and enter Statilius at another side of the stage with his sword drawn* (V, ii). There is but one conclusion possible, I think, namely, that the play as it now stands was printed from a stage copy which had been carefully marked for performance. Possibly the great amount of 'business' indicated by these and similar directions was designed to enliven a play notably deficient in action.

What are we to think of this in the light of Chapman's statement in the Dedication? The simplest explanation would be that he did not tell the truth and meant to pass off on his patron an old and probably unsuccessful stage-play as a virgin work 'never clapper-clawed with the palms of the vulgar'. But we should hesitate, I think, to accuse a poet like Chapman, 'of reverend aspect, religious, and temperate', of downright falsehood, if there is any other possible explanation. We can hardly accept the hypothesis that Chapman took up an old play —as Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 65) seems to think—and rewrote it as a closet drama. How could we account in this case for the presence of the elaborate and numerous stage directions. Surely these, if occurring in the old play, would have been omitted in the fair copy of Chapman's revision. Moreover, with the possible exception of parts of two scenes, the play is Chapman's work from beginning to end; the prose parts to which Fleay alludes, bits of II, i, and of V, i, are, to say the least, embedded in pure Chapman matter. If they are not his, and the second I believe to be certainly and entirely so, they are more likely to have been added to Chapman's work by some one preparing his play for the stage, than to have been allowed by the poet to stand when he struck out all the rest of the old play. The only hypothesis, I think, which acquits Chapman of inveracity is that he wrote this play with no thought of the stage, and that it was nevertheless obtained by the players[1] at Blackfriars and rehearsed for performance, at which time

[1] Perhaps the King's Men, on the suggestion of Field.

the directions would naturally be inserted. If we are to take Chapman's words literally, we must imagine that he interfered, withdrew the play before any performance, kept it by him for years, and toward the close of his life, sent the interpolated manuscript to the printer, hoping to turn an honest penny by an almost forgotten work. This hypothesis, of course, leaves out of account the statement of the second quarto, but where we must convict either the poet [1] or a later publisher of false statement, I prefer to acquit the poet.

The sources of *Cæsar and Pompey* have been pointed out by Professor Koeppel (*Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897) and by Dr. Kern (*Cæsar and Pompey und Ihre Quellen*, Halle, 1901). They are in the main three of Plutarch's *Lives*, those of Cæsar, Pompey, and Cato Minor. In addition Kern shows that Chapman made repeated drafts upon one of his favourite books, Plutarch's *Morals*. It has been suggested by Fleay (*Biog. Chron.*, vol. i, p. 65) that *Cæsar and Pompey* has some connexion with a play mentioned by Henslowe as performed for the first time on November 8, 1594, by the Admiral's Men. This play in turn has been identified [2] with the academic tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey* or *Cæsar's Revenge*, published in 1607. I have discussed this latter identification [3] elsewhere, and shown, I think, its impossibility, and I have pointed out above the extreme improbability of Chapman's play being a revision of that acted by the Admiral's Men. All such identifications based upon mere similarity of names have too slight a foundation to warrant any superstructure of hypothesis, especially in the case of a play dealing with the story of Cæsar, then as ever a common theme for dramatists.[4]

In composing his Roman tragedy Chapman had before him models by the greatest playwrights of the age—Shakespeare, *Julius Cæsar* 1601, *Antony and Cleopatra* 1607–8, *Coriolanus* 1609, and Ben Jonson *Sejanus*, 1603, and *Catiline*, 1611. It is plain, however, that Chapman, with his usual independence of attitude, disregarded the work of his contemporaries, and struck out along lines more congenial to his peculiar temperament. Shakespeare's method is well known. He followed his source, Plutarch, with great reverence, transcribing at times whole speeches and hardly venturing to rearrange, much less to alter, the actions recorded by the historian. His chief interest lay in the characters from whom these actions proceeded, and he bent all his powers to their interpretation. His aim was to render the historical figures of Brutus, Antony, Coriolanus, and Cleopatra, credible, comprehensible, and dramatically alive; and he succeeded so well that the mere mention of these names calls up to every reader of English the characters of Shakespeare's plays rather than the figures of history. Jonson's method was as unlike Shakespeare's as his aim. Far more widely read in the classics than Shakespeare, he did not tie himself down to

[1] Possibly the phrase 'touched at' may mean 'aimed at', 'was intended for'. If so, there may have been a few performances before Chapman secured the return of the play, and in this case the two statements are not contradictory. But this is not the natural meaning of the phrase.

[2] Craik, *English of Shakespeare*, p. 46, and Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. ii, p. 548.

[3] *Modern Language Review*, October, 1910.

[4] See my article above mentioned for a list of Elizabethan plays on Cæsar.

any single source. His notes to *Sejanus* show that in addition to his chief source, Tacitus, he made use of Dion Cassius, Suetonius, and Velleius Paterculus, along with a host of others. His *Catiline* is not founded on Plutarch, but goes back to the contemporary accounts of Sallust and Cicero. His aim, as might be expected from the author of *The Alchemist* and *Bartholomew Fair*, was not to create or interpret character, but to present in dramatic form a realistic picture of a certain phase of life, to reproduce the atmosphere and environment of ancient Rome. And his success in his own line is as complete as Shakespeare's. If Shakespeare's characters are living men while Jonson's are, for the most part, puppets, there is on the other hand more knowledge of Roman public life and a more lively realization of its environment in two[1] scenes of Jonson than in all Shakespeare's plays.

Chapman, on the other hand, aimed at quite another goal in the composition of *Cæsar and Pompey*. As in his earlier tragedies he set himself here to embody in dramatic form an ethical idea, and that there might be no doubt as to this central and dominating idea, he announced it on his title-page. The play is a tragedy 'out of whose events is evicted this proposition: *only a just man is a freeman*'. Intent upon this aim he cared as little as Jonson for the creation of character, as little as Shakespeare for the reproduction of atmosphere; and he ventured upon liberties with the facts of history such as neither Shakespeare nor Jonson had allowed himself. It is not from ignorance or carelessness that Chapman introduces into the first act a full dress debate in the Senate on the eve of the Civil War, in which Cæsar, actually absent in Gaul, takes a conspicuous part, but that he may, by contrasting him with Cæsar as well as Pompey, magnify Cato, the personification of the dominating idea of the play. Against all reproach for such violations of historical truth Chapman would have defended himself by repeating his critical dictum in the Dedication to *The Revenge of Bussy* that the subject of a poem is 'not truth, but things like truth'. Any alteration of the mere facts of history that would tend to heighten his central figure, enforce his thesis, and so conduce to 'excitation to virtue and deflection from her contrary', was in Chapman's eyes not only permissible, but laudable.

Yet it is plain, notwithstanding his critical theories and his practical application of them at the very beginning of this play, that Chapman was unable wholly to free himself from the blind adherence to sources, the tendency to represent the whole original story in dramatic form, which laid its chains upon all his contemporaries. His central figure is Cato, and Cato represents the idea to enforce which the play was written. Yet as the drama rises to its climax Chapman dismisses Cato from the scene (II, iv), not to recall him for two acts, and during this interval the whole interest of the play shifts to the struggle between Cæsar and Pompey, becomes outward, objective. The central idea of the just man standing alone, fearless and free, against all encroaching tyranny, is quite forgotten, or only in so far recalled as Pompey himself is used to embody this idea. Chapman, I suppose, was seduced by the enthralling interest of such events as the battle of Pharsalia and the murder of Pompey. He could not resign himself to discard them from his play, and, when he decided to retain them, he

[1] *Sejanus*, II, i; *Catiline*, II, i.

set himself, like a true son of the Elizabethan drama, to represent them in action, rather than to report them by messenger. But there can be no doubt that the artistic unity of the play suffers from this decision.

Very evident proof of Chapman's wavering between his own theories and the dramatic practice of his day is afforded by his treatment of the character of Pompey. At first following the conception of Plutarch he represents Pompey as striving for supreme power under the pretence of defending the liberty of the republic. He fills Pompey's mouth with fine speeches asserting his love for Rome, but shows plainly enough, whenever Pompey is touched to the quick, that he is actuated mainly by bitter personal jealousy of Cæsar. Note especially his savage attack on his rival in the Senate (I, ii, 230–270) and his refusal of the offer of peace because he will not 'rest in Cæsar's shades' (III, i, 99–105), Like Plutarch's Pompey he is forced against his better judgment into delivering the decisive battle, and wrecks his cause rather than incur the charge of personal cowardice. But when the battle is over Chapman's interest recurs to his central idea, and he calls upon Pompey to become as it were the understudy for the absent Cato and to represent the idea which Cato embodies. And straightway this unheroic, but very human, figure is transformed into a Stoic of the purest type. He proclaims that in spite of defeat he is still himself in every worth, and assures his equally philosophic wife that he treads this low earth as he trod on Cæsar. This is not the Pompey of Plutarch nor of history. It is not, we may say frankly, a credible or even possible character. It is a stop-gap of the playwright hastily caught up to fill a dramatic void.

Chapman has succeeded better with the figure of Cæsar. Making the proper allowances for Chapman's method of work, his love of long speeches and his obscure and contorted style, it is not too much to say that he has come nearer the Cæsar of Plutarch than Shakespeare has done. Shakespeare's portrait of Cæsar as an elderly, pompous, and valetudinarian tyrant is singularly unconvincing. Chapman's conception of him as the favourite of Fortune—*some have said she was the page of Cæsar*, I, ii, 167—eloquent, energetic, generous, loth to spill blood, quick to repair an error, and supremely confident in his destiny, is a much truer likeness of 'the mightiest Julius'. Most of the traits of Chapman's character are drawn, of course, from Plutarch; but there are one or two passages, notably the speech on the morning of the battle (III, ii, 110–38), in which Chapman breaks free from his sources and seems to exercise a real gift of divination, hinting, at least, at the true character of Cæsar as it has been drawn by later historians, the man who made himself master of his country to save her from impending ruin and to re-establish her power on a more permanent foundation.

It is needless to say, however, that Chapman's sympathies are not with Cæsar. The true hero of the tragedy is, of course, Cato the republican. In depicting the character of Cato Chapman has cut away all non-essentials and fastened firmly upon his fundamental and distinguishing trait. This trait, I think, may be best expressed by the phrase 'spiritual independence,' that self-sufficiency of the individual soul, which is the essence of the Stoic doctrine. Of all Chapman's heroes it is to the 'Senecal man', Clermont D'Ambois, that Cato bears the closest resemblance. But while Clermont is shown entangled in the meshes

of a private intrigue of a nature to obscure, if not to degrade, his stoical principles, the chief feature of Cato's character stands out against a stormy background of great historic events. The aim of the poet is to show how, far from being swept away by the tide, Cato fights his way through and reaches his last great decision in the same complete self-possession that marked his first action. No clash of warring factions, no fall of empires, no loss of outward hopes—such is Chapman's teaching—can deprive the just man of his spiritual freedom :

Si fractus illabitur orbis
Impavidum ferient ruinae.

This freedom, it is interesting to note, rests in Cato's case upon profound religious conviction. There is an effective contrast drawn in the play between Cæsar's superstitious belief in the gods as the disposers of outward events and Cato's reliance upon their eternal and unchanging justice. And since the just man partakes of the nature of the gods—

for his goodness
Proceeds from them and is a beam of theirs—

the gods are by their very nature bound to defend him who represents their cause. But if in their inscrutable wisdom they withdraw their countenance, and suffer the good cause to go to ruin, the just man is bound like them ' to fly the world '. It is in the strength of such convictions that Cato acts throughout the play. He scorns the danger that threatens him from Cæsar's ruffians, and rises in the Senate to oppose Cæsar and Pompey alike. On the outbreak of civil war he joins the camp of Pompey as the least formidable enemy to the freedom of the republic, but without in the least renouncing his independence of attitude. He does not even take orders from Pompey ; it is at the command of the Senate, which alone, in his opinion, has a right to lay commands upon a citizen, that he departs from the camp to secure the ' neighbour confines ' from the hazards of war. And when the war is over and the ancient freedom of the state destroyed, he decides calmly to end his own life rather than submit to a tyranny.

This independence of Cato is recognized and admired by all who come into contact with him. He has ' his little Senate ', his son, his disciple, his attendant philosopher, who serve Chapman as a sort of chorus to applaud his character to re-echo his principles, sometimes even, by opposing them, to elucidate and fix more deeply in our minds his dominant beliefs. The more active figures of the play are equally ready with their tribute. Metellus, the tool of Cæsar, admits Cato's inaccessibility to flattery or fear ; Pompey acknowledges his ' infinite merits ' ; and Caesar, standing over his corpse, confesses that his life was ' rule to all lives ' and that his own conquests are blasted by Cato's grave scorn. If, as Chapman thought, ethical instruction were the true aim of tragedy, it would be hard to find in Elizabethan drama a truer and nobler tragic hero than Chapman's Cato.

So deep is Chapman's interest in his hero, and so completely does the poet sympathize with the Stoic's ruling principle of independence, that toward the close of the play he unconsciously identifies himself with Cato, and puts into the mouth of his hero words that we can only interpret as the poet's own utterances on the deepest mysteries of life and death. It is quite in keeping with the historic and dramatic character of Cato to refuse to take his life as a gift from Cæsar, and to defend

suicide on the ground that the just man not only may, but must 'enlarge his life from all rule tyrannous'. But when the Roman Stoic goes on to profess his belief, not merely in the immortality [1] of the soul, but in the resurrection of the body, in the recognition of friends in the next world and the retention after death of the 'forms of knowledge learned in life', the anachronism of ideas becomes so glaring that we at once recognize that Chapman the dramatist has been absorbed by Chapman the poet-philosopher. And if, as we all feel, a deeper pathos is added to the words of Prospero and Hamlet—affirming that our little life is rounded with a sleep, or brooding in hopeless terror on what dreams may come—by our belief that here, at least, we catch the voice of Shakespeare as a rare undertone to the utterance of his creatures, so, in like manner, an added glory of faith and hope is given to the last words of Chapman's hero by the fact that he is here the true mouthpiece [2] of the poet himself.

It is this revelation of the inner heart of Chapman, unparalleled elsewhere in his dramatic work, that lends a strong personal interest to the tragedy of *Cæsar and Pompey*. And, on the other hand, the lustre which Chapman's own faith sheds about the last hours of Cato gives to this tragedy a peculiar place among his plays. Outwardly it is like his other serious plays, a tragedy of the conflict between the individual and his environment. Cato, like Bussy, Byron, Clermont, and Chabot, struggles with exterior and hostile forces, is beaten down, and dies. But there is no trace in *Cæsar and Pompey* of the pathos that hangs about the last scenes of Chapman's other tragedies. The play, though in form a tragedy, is in reality, the epic of a spiritual triumph. Cato to the outer sense is conquered; to the inner eye he rises from the conflict as more than conqueror. There is an external likeness, due, of course, to the facts of history, between the closing scenes of *Cæsar and Pompey* and Shakespeare's *Julius Cæsar*. Brutus, like Cato, has fought to save the republic, has lost, and lays hands upon himself rather than yield to the conqueror; but in how different a spirit is this last act performed. Brutus is a weary and broken man—'night hangs upon my eyes; my bones would rest', he sighs; he has just strength enough to snatch himself from the bondage that awaits him, and seeks in the grave a refuge from the agony of the past and the impending shame of the future. Cato, on the other hand, has never been stronger in body and spirit than in his last hours. It is not fear of being led in triumph that impels him to suicide, but a high scorn of seeming even to consent to Cæsar's conquest by consenting to accept his life from the conqueror. He beats down with irresistible force the arguments and prayers of those who would have him live, and his last words as he falls on his sword ring like the trumpet call that announces the entry of a monarch into some new dominion:

> *Now wing thee, dear soul, and receive her, heaven.*
> *The earth, the air, the seas I know, and all*
> *The joys and horrors of their peace and wars,*
> *And now will see the Gods' state and the stars.*

[1] See V, i, 141–50; IV, v, 89–136; V, i, 134–40.

[2] Kern's remark that in IV, v, 89–136, Cato defends the Christian doctrine of the resurrection by the Aristotelian conception of the necessary harmony between form and matter, a conception familiar to Chapman from his university training, seems to establish the identity of Cato and Chapman.

There is no place here for pathos. 'Nothing is for tears, nothing to wail,' the lines of *Samson Agonistes* rise instinctively to the lips. In Cato's end as in Samson's there is

Nothing but well and fair,
And what may quiet us in a death so noble.

CÆSAR AND POMPEY

NOTES

DEDICATION. The Earl of Middlesex : Lionel Cranfield, 1575–1645, first Earl of Middlesex. A London citizen remarkable for his administrative ability, he was presented to James I's attention by Northampton, and rose rapidly, not only by his own merits, but by the favour of Buckingham. He became Treasurer, and was made Earl of Middlesex in 1622. Incurring Buckingham's displeasure during the latter's absence in Spain, the Duke induced the Commons to impeach him in 1624. He was convicted, though apparently on slight evidence, of mismanagement and corruption, heavily fined, and remanded to private life. He retired to his country-place, Copt Hall, in Essex, where in Fuller's phrase he 'entertained his friends bountifully, neighbours hospitably, poor charitably'. I find no other trace than this dedication of his connexion with Chapman.

Causelessly impair it : derogate without just cause from its aesthetic worth.

Scenical representation : performance of a play on the stage.

The only section . . . thus much : 'the mere fact of its division into acts and scenes makes me insist upon to such a degree'.

Numerous elocution : metrical language, poetry.

Some work : it is not likely that this refers to any particular work of Chapman's. At any rate he published nothing between 1631, which we may assume as the date of this dedication, and his death in 1634.

Dramatis Personæ

Sextus : the younger son of Pompey, present with his mother at the murder of Pompey.

Athenodorus : a Stoic mentioned in *Cato*, 10. Cato visited him in Pergamus, and, bringing him back to Rome, installed him in his house, where he spent the rest of his life, Strabo, *Geography*, XIV, v, 14. He takes the place in Act V of Apollonides the Stoic and Demetrius the Peripatetic, who were with Cato during his last days in Utica, *Cato*, 65, 67, 69, 70.

Statilius : mentioned in *Cato*, 65, as 'a young man who aimed at being an imitator of the indifference [i.e. the stoicism] of Cato'. He fell, along with Brutus and the younger Cato, at Philippi.

Cleanthes : a freedman of Cato, who acted as his physician, *Cato*, 70.

Minutius : Minutius Thermus, a colleague of Cato and Metellus in the tribunate, 63 B.C.

Metellus : Q. Metellus Nepos, an adherent of Pompey, elected tribune in 63 B.C. Chapman makes him a tool of Cæsar, but in Plutarch, *Cato*, 20, 26–29, he appears as an advocate of Pompey, assisted at this time by Cæsar.

Marcellus. It is not possible to determine what character Chapman had in mind, since this personage appears only in one scene, I, ii, and does not open his mouth there. A Marcellus is mentioned in *Cato*, 18, as a friend of Cato's from his boyhood; C. Claudius Marcellus was consul in 49 B.C. the year in which the war between Cæsar and Pompey began, *Pompey*, 58.

Gabinius : Aulus Gabinius, 'a man from the lap of Pompeius', *Cato*, 33. In 67 B.C. he proposed the law which gave Pompey command against the pirates, *Pompey*, 25.

Vibius : L. Vibullius Rufus, taken prisoner by Cæsar at Corfinum and again in Spain, and dispatched by Cæsar as a bearer of terms to Pompey, *Civil*

War, III, 10. Plutarch calls him Ἰούβιος, which probably accounts for Chapman's use of the form *Vibius*.

Demetrius: not a Roman noble, but a freedman of Pompey, *Pompey*, 40. Chapman makes him a stoic philosopher (IV, iii), and an eye-witness of Pompey's murder, neither of which corresponds to Plutarch's account.

The two Lentuli: mentioned in *Pompey*, 73, as taken on board with Pompey on his flight to Lesbos. Chapman makes them attendants of Cornelia at Lesbos.

Crassinius: Caius Crassinius, or Crassinianus (*Cæsar*, 44; *Pompey*, 71), a centurion in Cæsar's army.

Acilius: an Acilius, a soldier of Cæsar's, is mentioned in *Cæsar*, 16, as distinguishing himself in the sea-fight off Massilia; but he could hardly have been present in the campaign against Pompey. Marcus Acilius is mentioned in the *Civil War III*, 16, as a lieutenant of Cæsar.

Achillas: an Egyptian, who sat in the council that decided on the murder of Pompey, and superintended the execution of the deed, *Pompey*, 77, 78.

Septimius: a centurion in the Egyptian army, who had formerly served under Pompey, the first of the murderers to strike him, *Pompey*, 78, 79.

Salvius: a centurion in the Egyptian army, associated with Septimius in the murder of Pompey, *Pompey*, 78–9.

Marcilius: a slave of Cato. The name is not mentioned by Plutarch.

Butas: Kern's emendation for *Brutus*. Cato employed him as 'chief in all public matters', *Cato*, 70.

Drusus: a mute character who only appears in the stage direction before V, i. As he is introduced with the maids of Cornelia, I take him to be her servant, but no such name appears in Plutarch's narrative.

Ophioneus: see note on II, i, 57.

The two consuls: the consuls for the year 49 B.C. were L. Cornelius Lentulus and C. Claudius Marcellus.

Cornelia: daughter of Metellus Scipio, betrothed to the younger Crassus, who was slain by the Parthians, and later the wife of Pompey.

Cyris: Chapman seems to have invented this strange name for Pompey's daughter. A daughter by his third wife, Mucia, was called Pompeia; the infant daughter of his fourth wife, Julia, died a few days after her mother's death in childbed.

Telesilla and **Lælia:** mute figures who appear only in V, i, apparently the serving-maids of Cornelia.

The Argument: *both the consuls slaughtered with their own hands.* This is an invention of Chapman's. Lentulus was murdered in Egypt shortly after the death of Pompey; nothing certain is known as to the death of Marcellus, but he seems to have fallen in the war. See Cicero, *Philippic, XIII*, 14.

I, i. The place is evidently Cato's house; the time immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War; but Chapman borrows some details from an earlier period. See note on ll. 40–4.

I, i, 16. *Cross . . . aquiline virtue.* A *cross* is a coin stamped with the figure of a cross. Chapman uses the word *aquiline* as a laudatory epithet in contrast with the *puttocks*, l. 14, nourished by Cæsar's bounty.

I, i, 18-23. Cf. *An Invective against Ben Jonson:*

> *their blood standing lakes,*
> *Green-bellied serpents and black-freckled snakes*
> *Crawling in their unwieldy clotter'd veins.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 432.

I, i, 40-4. This account of the anxiety of Cato's friends and family is taken from *Cato*, 27. It belongs properly to a time long before the outbreak of the Civil War, when Cato was preparing to oppose the suggestion of Metellus to recall Pompey and his army from Asia.

I, i, 48. *Castor and Pollux Temple*: a temple on the south side of the Forum, where the people were to meet to vote on the proposal of Metellus.

I, i, 53. *The Bench:* Chapman's translation of Plutarch's βῆμα, used here for the Latin *rostra* from which speakers addressed the assembly in the Forum.

I, i, 67-70. This passage is translated, as Kern has shown, from Plutarch, *De Superstitione*, 3: *Qui deos metuit, omnia metuit, terram, mare, aërem, coelum, tenebras, lucem, rumorem, silentium, somnium.* It is interesting to note that Chapman has inserted the phrase *for guard of any goodness* to explain the nature of the 'fear of the gods' which he is speaking of, i.e. distrust in their protection of goodness.

I, i, 80-2. 'May this fear, or distrust of the gods' watchful care of goodness, no more infect your mind than the gods themselves are infected by fear in their defence of the good'.

I, i, 85. *Minutius Thermus*, Cato's colleague, roused him from sleep and accompanied him to the Forum on the occasion of his opposition to Metellus.

I, ii. This scene is a compound of Plutarch's account of the session of the Senate immediately before the outbreak of the Civil War, *Cæsar*, 30, and of the debate in the Forum on the proposal of Metellus, *Cato*, 27–9. Chapman borrows many incidents from the latter to give distinction to the person and behaviour of Cato, who does not seem to have played a conspicuous part in the former.

I, ii, 1-3. Cæsar appears to have supported the proposal of Metellus, *Cato*, 27; but, as the time, 62 B.C., was four years before his command of the army in Gaul, without the ulterior purpose that Chapman here assigns him.

I, ii, 16-17. 'When Cato saw the temple of the Dioscuri surrounded by armed men and the steps guarded by gladiators . . . he turned to his friends and said: "O the daring and cowardly men to collect such a force of soldiery against a single man unarmed and defenceless"', *Cato*, 27.

I, ii, 18. With this ironic speech, cf. Monsieur's words in *The Revenge of Bussy*, I, i, 180.

I, ii, 20. The stage direction in this line comes from *Cato*, 27, as are the applauding voices in the lines immediately following.

I, ii, 30-1. Cf. *Bussy*, III, ii, 25–26.

I, ii, 34-49. The alleged reason for the proposal of Metellus was that Pompey should protect the city from Catiline, *Cato*, 26; but the chief conspirators had already been executed, so that the reference to their imprisonment, ll, 38–39, is one of Chapman's deliberate inaccuracies.

I, ii, 40. Cato's speech in favour of punishing the conspirators is mentioned by Plutarch, *Cato*, 23. As reported by Sallust, *Catiline*, 52, it has little likeness to the speech in the text.

I, ii, 72. *Beat one sole path:* cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 16: *the only ring our powers should beat.*

I, ii, 73-130. Cæsar's speech in favour of imprisonment rather than death for the Catilinarian conspirators is mentioned by Plutarch, *Cato*, 22, and *Cæsar*, 7; but Chapman appears also to have taken a hint from the oration as reported by Sallust. Compare ll. 81–84 with *Catiline*, 51. His long eulogy of his own deeds was, of course, never delivered in public, but Chapman has taken the statistics given in ll. 110–116 from *Cæsar*, 15.

I, ii, 117-29. A difficult passage which may be paraphrased as follows: 'This service which I have just recounted may show that I love my country enough to be acquitted of any suspicion of selfish interest, contrary to the public good, in the proposal I make for dealing justly [i.e. by imprisonment rather than death] with the accused. This motion is for justice in an individual instance, and the general power of the state is maintained by just dealing in individual cases. Yet my proposal, imprisonment rather than death, is only incidental in order that the cause assigned by Metellus for bringing back Pompey's army [i.e. to crush the conspiracy] may not seem of too great importance to permit the sparing of the prisoners' lives. And if these are spared, we find in them a good reason for bringing back Pompey's army'. Chapman has probably given an intentionally obscure and casuistical turn to this speech.

I, ii, 135-38. ' He loves his country, as I strongly hope, too well to wish to rule her as a monarch, since the task of government appears hard enough when performed, as at present, by so many, i.e. by the Senate and the elected officials '.

I, ii, 151. *Not suspected the effect:* ' the effect is not to be, should not be, suspected '.

I, ii, 155-6. ' Would put my supposed desire for absolute rule into the power of others [i.e. by allowing them to vote against the means to accomplish this desire], and my powers [i.e. my army], unforfeited by any fault of mine, under the control of the will of others '.

I, ii, 157. *My self-love:* the object of *to quit* [i.e. ' acquit '] *or think of*, l. 160.

I, ii, 161-3. *Three triumphs . . . Asia:* Pompey celebrated three triumphs, first for his victories over the Marians and their adherents in Africa, then for his victories in Spain, and lastly for his conquests in Asia. Plutarch, *Pompey*, 45, says: ' It was the chief thing toward his glory, and what had never before happened to any Roman, that he celebrated his third triumph over the third continent. For though others before him had triumphed three times, Pompey by having gained his first triumph over Libya, his second over Europe, and this the last over Asia, seemed in a manner to have brought the whole world into his three triumphs '.

I, ii, 167-74. Plutarch, *De Fortuna Romanorum*, 6, says this was the belief of Cæsar himself: *Adeo certus animi erat Cæsar, Fortunam sibi naviganti, peregrinanti, belligeranti, aciem instruenti adesse: cujus essent partes mari tranquilitatem imponere, aestatem hiemi, celeritatem tardissimis, vires segnissimis.* I owe this reference to Dr. Kern.

I, ii, 180. *Transferr'd with affectation:* transported by desire.

I, ii, 191-96. Cæsar's proposition in these lines is based upon the proposal contained in the letter read by Antony before the Senate, *Cæsar*, 30. See the same paragraph for the vote in the Senate as to Pompey and Cæsar's dismissing their armies.

I, ii, 193. *To take, etc.:* ' in taking away my office and the army which accompanies it, etc.'.

I, ii, 202-12. Here Chapman once more reverts to the debate on the proposition of Metellus. The speech of Metellus, the objections of Minutius and Cato, and the stage direction after l. 209, come from *Cato*, 28, except that it was Cato who snatched the bill, and Minutius who laid his hand on the mouth of Metellus to prevent his speaking. Cæsar's command to bear Cato to prison comes from another part of Cato's career, when he was opposing the agrarian laws introduced by Cæsar as consul, *Cato*, 33.

I, ii, 218-19. *Were form . . . place:* ' were the upright form of Cato's mind equipped with the titles and offices it deserves '—so, at least, I understand the passage.

I, ii, 234-5. Cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 55.

I, ii, 241-5. The allusion to Cæsar's temperance, and the disease, epilepsy, which necessitated his frugal diet, is from *Cæsar*, 17. The explanation of the cause of this disease in ll. 246–56 seems based on a somewhat confused remembrance of the theory of Hippocrates in *De Morbo Sacro*, where also the statement occurs as to the frequency with which goats are attacked by epilepsy, l. 256. See *De Morbo Sacro*, pp. 47–9, edited by Dietz, Leipzig, 1827.

I, ii, 272-7. Cf. *A Justification of Perseus and Andromeda:*

> *I oft have read of one*
> *So sharp-eyed he could see through oak and stone,*
> *Another that high set in Sicily*
> *As far as Carthage numbered with his eye*
> *The navy under sail, which was dissite*
> *A night and day's sail with winds most fore-right.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 197.

The source of these lines is Plutarch's *De Communibus Notitiis*, 44, 5: *Lynceus ille dicitur visu per saxum et quercum penetrasse; et quidam in*

specula Siciliae sedens conspexit Carthaginiensium naves e portu enavigantes, diei noctisque cursu inde distantes. The mention of Lynceus in this passage gives Chapman his adjective *Lyncean* in l. 282.

I, ii, 284. Flora's connexion with Pompey is mentioned in *Pompey*, 2.

I, ii, 285. *Galba and Sarmentus:* parasites mentioned by Juvenal, *Satire* V, 3–4. Chapman translated this satire in or before 1629, when it was published along with his *Justification of a Strange Action of Nero.*

I, ii, 288. *Agamemnon . . . king of men:* it should, of course, be 'king of kings'. Ahenobarbus applied this title to Pompey before the battle of Pharsalia, *Pompey*, 67.

I, ii, 292. *I hear it thunder:* Pompey dissolved the assembly which was electing Cato prætor under the pretence that he heard thunder, *Cato*, 42. As often Chapman here borrows an incident from a quite different connexion to heighten this scene.

I, ii, 297-300. The speeches of the consuls are from *Pompey*, 58–9.

II, i. This is the most perplexing scene of the play. It is almost impossible to reconcile with the idea that Chapman wrote this play with no view to a stage performance. Not only do the elaborate stage directions contradict this idea, but the whole tone of the scene is that of comic relief of such a nature as was demanded by the audience in an early period of the Elizabethan drama. Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, i, 65, thinks that this scene has been retained from the old play mentioned by Henslowe. This would seem to be supported by the fact that a great part of the scene is written in 'hasty prose', which, according to the Dedication, Chapman avoided in writing this play. Yet the diction of the scene is on the whole strongly reminiscent of Chapman, in the prose as well as in the verse portions. The opening speech is certainly his; the name, *Ophioneus*, and the allusion to the *old Stoic Pherecides*, point to Chapman; and the comment on the diversity of religions, ll. 38–41, must be his. Cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 17–23. Fleay suggests that the old play itself may have been by Chapman; but there is no evidence of this.

On the whole, I am inclined to think that this scene represents Chapman's hasty rewriting—much of the prose sounds like blank verse in the rough—of some old scene—his own or another's—of farcical conjuration, such as the comic scenes in *Dr. Faustus*. If so, he must have meant it as a bit of comic relief in a tragedy destined for the stage, but afterwards, perhaps when he gave up the notion of offering this play to the actors, he dropped the idea of lightening his play in any such manner. This would account for the complete disappearance of Fronto from the action after this scene.

I, i, 20. *Knacks to know a knave:* the anonymous play, *A Knack to Know a Knave*, was acted at the Rose on June 10, 1592. Fleay holds that we have here an allusion to this play. To follow the usual practice and fix the date of this allusion shortly after the production of the play to which it alludes would be to throw *Cæsar and Pompey*, or this bit of it, at least, back to the very beginning of Chapman's career. This seems manifestly impossible, and I am inclined to think that we have here no allusion to the anonymous play, but simply a casual use of the common phrase which served as its title.

II, i, 57. *The old Stoic Pherecides:* Chapman refers to this philosopher in his Gloss to *The Shadow of Night, Poems*, p. 9. He was one of the oldest of Greek philosophers, anticipating by several centuries the school of the Stoa. His lost work, *Pentemychos*, seems to have been a theogony tracing the development of all things from Zeus. In the progress of this evolution Zeus contended with and overcame certain evil forces, among whom was a serpent-god Ophiuneus, Chapman's *Ophioneus*, who was cast down into the under-world. There is a good account of the teaching of Pherecydes in Gomperz, *Greek Thinkers*, I, 85, seq.

II, i, 69. *Fronto? A good one:* the proper name, *Fronto*, means 'one who has a broad forehead'; but since one of the meanings of *frons* is 'impudence', this name would be *a good one* for such a rascal.

II, i, 75. The plover, like so many other birds, the goose, the woodcock, the ninny-hammer, etc., seems to have served at one time as a type of folly.

II, i, 76. *Colts-foot ;* an infusion made of the leaves of the plant of this name. In *The Nice Valour*, III, ii, it is spoken of as a beverage popular with young men.

II, i, 144-5. According to Rabelais, II, 30, Epistemon saw Alexander in hell ' amending and patching on clouts upon old breeches and stockings, whereby he got but a very poor living '. Cyrus was a cowherd in hell. The idea goes back to Lucian's *Menippus ;* but the union of the names Alexander and Cyrus may show that Chapman had read Rabelais, who tells how Alexander stole a crown that Cyrus had received as an alms from Epictetus.

II, i, 161. *Roses :* ribbons gathered in a knot in the form of a rose and worn on the shoes. See Johnson's note on *Hamlet*, III, ii, 288.

II, ii. I think this scene, in which a Nuntius after the fashion of Seneca reports what has happened off the stage, may have been written as a substitute for the preceding scene. Its proper place would seem to be at the beginning of the act.

II, ii, 5–11. ' Those who were without Rome hurried from all parts and crowded into the city, and the inhabitants of Rome hastened to leave the city. . . . The consuls fled without even making the sacrifices which were usual before wars ', *Pompey*, 61.

II, ii, 20–33. This long simile is from the *Iliad*, XX, 164–73 :

> *As when the harmful king of beasts (sore threaten'd to be slain*
> *By all the country up in arms) at first makes coy disdain*
> *Prepare resistance, but at last, when any one hath led*
> *Bold charge upon him with his dart, he then turns yawning head ;*
> *Fell anger lathers in his jaws, his great heart swells, his stern*
> *Lasheth his strength up, sides and thighs, waddled with stripes to learn*
> *Their own power ; his eyes glow, he roars, and in he leaps to kill,*
> *Secure of killing.*
>
> Chapman's *Iliad*, pp. 241–2.

See also *Pharsalia*, I, 205–12, where the simile is applied to Cæsar.

II, ii, 34–39. The reference is to Pompey's successful attack on Cæsar at Dyrrachium, *Pompey*, 65, a further account of which is given in the succeeding scenes.

II, iii, 10–20. Cæsar's speech is based upon the reflections ascribed to Cæsar by Plutarch during the night after this battle, *Cæsar*, 39. The phrase, *bearing before me*, is somewhat obscure, but is explained by the original : ' Considering that he had before him a goodly country, rich and plentiful of all things '.

II, iii, 21–72. This interview with Vibius is an instance of the freedom with which Chapman sometimes handles his source. Plutarch, *Pompey*, 65, only states that Cæsar sent Vibius, a friend of Pompey, with a proposal for peace equivalent to that in ll. 61–6. This message was apparently sent before the fight at Dyrrachium. Chapman has invented the capture of Vibius, Cæsar's dismissal of him without a ransom, and his interview with Pompey in the next scene.

II, iii, 27. *Quick in his engagement :* alive and engaged, or entangled, among his enemies. With this use of *engagement*, cf. *Bussy*, V, iv, 9, where *engaged* is the reading of Q_1.

II, iii, 29–31. ' Cæsar said to his friends as he was retiring, " To-day the victory would be with the enemy, if they had a commander who knew how to conquer " ', *Cæsar*, 39.

II, iii, 35. *Put on :* venture, like a stake on the board.

II, iii, 53. *Mine own stay's practice :* an obscure phrase, which in the light of the context may be taken as equivalent to ' the exercise of my steadfastness '.

II, iii, 86. *Sabinus*, a general in Cæsar's army. The name does not occur in this connexion in Plutarch's *Lives*, but in the *De Fortuna Romanorum*, 6, he is mentioned as commanding, with Antony, the forces at Brundusium.

II, iii, 113–5. This is only an inflated way of wishing for the speedy coming of the night in which Cæsar may undertake his dangerous voyage.

II, iv, 4–6. Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 39, gives the number of standards taken by Pompey as thirty-two ; and, in *Pompey*, 65, the number of slain as 2,000. Elsewhere, *Cæsar*, 41, he speaks of Cato's grief for the slain : 'After seeing those who had fallen in the battle to the number of a thousand, he wrapped up his face and went away with tears in his eyes'.

II, iv, 7–34. The speeches of Gabinius and Demetrius represent the complaints made by Pompey's adherents that he did not follow up his first success. It is rather curious that Chapman did not make use of some of the striking sarcasms recorded by Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 41. The brief speech of Statilius seems to be Chapman's own comment on the situation. The speech of Pompey is drawn almost verbally from *Cæsar*, 40.

II, iv, 40–4. Cato's request is based upon Plutarch's account of a resolution of the Pompeian Senate, following a proposal of Cato, *Pompey*, 65, and *Cato*, 63. The latter chapter records Cato's belief that terms of reconciliation would be offered by Cæsar, cf. ll. 50–2.

II, iv, 62–70. Cato did not depart for Utica before the battle of Pharsalia, but was left by Pompey in charge of the stores at Dyrrachium, *Cato*, 66. Chapman has departed from history to make Cato a more independent figure. He has also, as Kern notes, altered the attitude of Pompey toward Cato from that of jealous suspicion to one of absolute confidence, in order to exalt the character of Pompey to the plane of Cato himself.

II, iv, 89–111. The interview between Brutus and Pompey is built up from a brief mention in Plutarch, *Pompey*, 64 : 'Brutus, son of the Brutus who was put to death in Gaul, a man of noble spirit who had never yet spoken to Pompey or saluted him because Pompey had put his father to death, now took service under him as the liberator of Rome'. Cf. l. 109. Earlier in the same chapter Plutarch says that Pompey's cavalry, 'the flower of the Romans and Italians, was seven thousand, distinguished by family and wealth and courage'. There is no mention of its being brought to him by Brutus ; this is an invention of Chapman's.

II, iv, 117. This is the well-known dictum of Protagoras.

II, iv, 120–7. Chapman invents five kings to represent the many kings and princes who assembled in Pompey's camp, *Pompey*, 64. He makes a somewhat curious choice of names, as Epirus and Cilicia were at this time Roman provinces.

II, iv, 129–42. This elaborate simile is taken direct from *Plutarch's De Fortuna Romanorum*, 4. Chapman has another version of it in *Pro Vere, Autumni Lachrymæ*, 1622 :

> *O England, let not thy old constant tie*
> *To virtue and thy English valour lie*
> *Balanced (like Fortune's faithless brevity)*
> *'Twixt two light wings ; nor leave eternal Vere*
> *In this undue plight. But much rather bear*
> *Arms in his rescue and resemble her*
> *Whom long time thou hast serv'd (the Paphian Queen)*
> *When (all asham'd of her still-giglet spleen)*
> *She cast away her glasses and her fans*
> *And habits of th' effeminate Persians,*
> *Her ceston and her paintings ; and in grace*
> *Of great Lycurgus took to her embrace*
> *Casque, lance, and shield, and swum the Spartan flood,*
> *Eurotas, to his aid.*
>
> *Poems*, p. 248.

With l. 139 cf. *Byron's Tragedy*, I, i, 141–2.

II, iv, 146–54. The tempest described in these lines is introduced merely to prepare the way for the next scene ; hardly, I think, as an omen foretelling the fall of Pompey, as Kern seems to take it.

II, v. Chapman has added to the dramatic intensity of his work by placing

Cæsar's attempt to cross the sea to fetch the rest of his army after his defeat at Dyrrachium. As a matter of fact, it preceded this battle, and is so described by Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 38. The stage direction, *Cæsar disguised*, is from this chapter, as is also the description of the River Anius, ll. 24–33, and Cæsar's words to the Master, ll. 44–5. Chapman wisely omits the circumstance that Cæsar was after all forced by the storm to return. On the other hand, he puts into Caesar's mouth, ll. 37–8, a saying of Pompey's in somewhat similar circumstances : ' It is necessary to sail ; there is no necessity to live ', *Pompey*, 50.

II, v, 3–4. Cf. *Hymnus in Noctem :*

> Then like fierce bolts, well ramm'd with heat and cold
> In Jove's artillery.
>
> *Poems*, p. 4,

and *Bussy*, IV, ii, 36–7.

II, v, 7–11. These lines are somewhat obscure, but may, I think, be paraphrased thus : ' O Night, jealous of all the beauties and glories in which the gods have struck [i.e. struck out, evoked] the four elements from thy chaos [i.e. the primeval chaos of Night], blush that you drown them thus [i.e. bring back chaos in thy storm] in this hour which Fate has foreordained for Cæsar'. With the use of *digestions* and *chaos* in l. 9, cf. *Revenge of Bussy*, V, i, 1–3.

III, i, 17. ' That whatever decay has been brought about by my advancing years '.

III, i, 36. Cf. *The Widow's Tears*, V, iii, 45–6 :

> *Truth' pace is all upright, sound everywhere,*
> *And, like a die, sets ever on a square,*

and *Chabot*, II, iii, 112.

III, i, 38–9. These lines rhymed in Elizabethan pronunciation.

III, i, 56. *So past a man :* this phrase modifies *serv'd*, l. 51.

III, i, 69. *We both concluded :* the sense would be plainer, if we read *were* for *we* ; but perhaps the passage may be understood as follows : ' We [i.e. Cæsar and I] both came to an agreement in his free remission of my ransom '.

III, i, 70. *For your respect :* ' out of his regard for you '.

III, i, 83–4. These numbers are from *Pompey*, 69, where Cæsar's troops are given as 22,000, and Pompey's ' somewhat more than double '. In *Cæsar*, 42, the infantry alone is reckoned as 22,000 with Cæsar, 45,000 with Pompey.

III, i, 93. *Cato prophesied :* Pompey is said to have remarked this on an earlier occasion, when Cæsar first entered Italy, *Pompey*, 60. Here the reference is to Cato's words in II, iv, 50–2.

III, i, 97–8. *A sleight of some hid strategem :* possibly we should read *a sleight or some*, etc. ; but the passage is intelligible as it stands.

III, i, 116–7. Ward, *History of English Dramatic Literature*, II, 427, n., calls these lines an ingenious misquotation of Lucan :

> *Victrix causa deis placuit, sed victa Catoni.*
>
> *Pharsalia*, I, 128.

III, i, 119–32. These lines are from *De Fortuna Romanorum*, 11, a section which Chapman had already plundered. See note on *Byron's Tragedy*, V, ii, 178–271. The passage runs as follows : *Nimirum magnus ille Romanorum genius, non ad diem unam spirans, aut exiguo tempore vigens, ut Macedonum ; neque in terra tantum potens, ut Laconum ; aut mari, ut Atheniensum ; neque sero commotus, ut Persarum ; neque subito sopitus, ut Colophoniorum : sed jam inde a principio cum urbe adolescens, unaque crescens et augens rempublicam, constanter adfuit terra marique, in bellis et pace, adversus barbaros et Græcos.*

III, ii, 3–32. The Soothsayer's account of his sacrifice and his inference therefrom is enlarged and altered from *Cæsar*, 43.

III, ii, 22–6. Cf. the parallel passage in *The Tears of Peace*, 1609:

But as Earth's gross and elemental fire
Cannot maintain itself, but doth require
Fresh matter still to give it heat and light;
And when it is enflam'd mounts not upright,
But struggles in his lame impure ascent,
Now this way works, and then is that way bent,
Not able to aspire to his true sphere
Where burns the fire eternal and sincere.

Poems, p. 123.

III, ii, 34–5. 'There was seen in the heavens a fiery torch, which seemed to pass over Cæsar's camp, and assuming a bright and flamelike appearance to fall down upon the camp of Pompey', *Cæsar*, 43; cf. IV, i, 12–13. This omen is also mentioned in *Pompey*, 68.

III, ii, 40–7. 'At daybreak as Cæsar was going to move to Scotussa [a place in Thessaly north of Pharsalia] and the soldiers were engaged in taking down the tents . . . the scouts came with intelligence that they spied many arms in the enemy's encampment moving backwards and forwards, and that there was a movement and noise as of men coming out to battle. After them others came announcing that the vanguard was already putting itself in battle order', *Pompey*, 68.

III, ii, 49–55. This account of the panic, alluded to again in IV, i, 8, is from *Cæsar*, 43.

III, ii, 59–65. This omen is mentioned in *Cæsar*, 47.

III, ii, 75–82. The dialogue between Cæsar and Crassinius occurs in *Pompey*, 71, and *Cæsar*, 44, with slight verbal differences. I quote from the latter: 'Cæsar . . . said: "What hopes have we, Caius Crassinius, and how are our men as to courage?" Crassinius . . . said: "We shall have a splendid victory, Cæsar; and you shall praise me whether I survive the day or die"'.

III, ii, 92–9. 'Cæsar observing that the expected day had arrived on which they would have to fight against men, and not against hunger and poverty, quickly gave orders to hang out in front of his tent the purple colours [*τὸν φοινικοῦν χιτῶνα*, i.e. the *vexillum*], which is the signal for battle among the Romans', *Pompey*, 68.

III, ii, 101–7. Cæsar's plan of battle is from *Cæsar*, 44. The word *battle* in l. 106 is equivalent to 'main division', or 'centre', as in the original.

III, ii, 107. The stage direction in this line comes from *Pompey*, 68, immediately after the passage cited above.

III, ii, 116–22. The allusion is to the geese that saved the Capitol when the city of Rome was held by the Gauls, Livy, V, 47.

IV, i. As Kern has pointed out, this scene stands in sharp contrast to the first scene of Act III. There the Pompey of Chapman's invention, the calm, self-controlled Stoic, decides quietly and cheerfully to hazard the decisive battle with Cæsar. Here we have the Pompey of Plutarch, driven against his will by the taunts of his followers to risk a contest, of whose successful issue he has little hope, in order to free himself of the charge of cowardice.

IV, i, 19–20. 'Rejecting the clear warning omens of the gods with the nauseous humours of a rude and mad multitude'.

IV, i, 21–3. An obscure passage. I think it means that Pompey's followers indulge in wild anticipations of easy victory because of their previous slight success, *one poor fortune*, over Cæsar's small force, *few* when compared even with half his present army. According to Chapman, Cæsar's army has been increased since the first fight by the force left at Brundusium.

IV, i, 24–8. These lines are expanded from a remark of Plutarch, *Cæsar*, 39, as to the savage temper and endurance of the enemy, i.e. Cæsar's troops, 'as if they were wild beasts'.

IV, i, 37–9. From *Pompey*, 67. Domitius is L. Domitius Ahenobarbus Spinther, Lentulus Spinther, one of the *two Lentuli* of the *Dramatis Per-*

sonæ; and Scipio is Metellus Scipio, father of Cornelia, Pompey's wife. *Universal bishop*, l. 39, is Chapman's rendering of *Pontifex Maximus*, an office held by Cæsar for many years.

IV, i, 40–4. 'Pompey approved of the physician who never gratifies the desires of his patients, and yet he yielded to military advisers who were in a diseased state, through fear of offending, if he adopted healing measures', *Pompey*, 67.

IV, i, 51–4. An obscure passage. The first clause is an ejaculation, *Shall I bear*, etc., and is marked as such by the question mark, equivalent to an exclamation mark, in the Q. I take the phrase, *enlarge . . . self-fortunes*, to be the protasis of a conditional sentence, meaning 'let the risk of lives and fortunes, in which my own are included, be twice as great'.

IV, i, 60. *Good, my lord:* Kern holds that these words are addressed to Vibius, but they are more probably directed to Brutus, the natural leader of the '*young Patricians*', cf. II, iv, 92–3. The order of battle in these lines is from *Pompey*, 69, except that Brutus takes the place of Domitius as leader of the cavalry on the left wing.

IV, ii, 4. Cf. note on IV, iii, 7–14.

IV, ii, 7–11. See note on the Argument, p. 664. The *charge that Cæsar gave* is mentioned in *Cæsar*, 45, where it is said that he bade his soldiers thrust their javelins at the eyes and faces of the young patricians.

IV, ii, 12. The death of Crassinius, as described in the stage direction after this line, is from *Cæsar*, 44. On the other hand, the hand-to-hand combat of Cæsar and Pompey is Chapman's invention, evidently with an eye to the entertainment of the audience. This is one of the many proofs derived from the stage directions that this play was at one time meant for public performance. Cf. also the direction for the removal of a corpse at the close of the scene.

IV, ii, 16. *His broken eyes:* cf. V, i, 48–9.

IV, ii, 15–29. Cæsar's speech over the body of Crassinius and his extempore epitaph seem to be Chapman's invention.

IV, iii. The allusion to a disguise in the stage direction at the beginning of this scene is from *Pompey*, 72. For the most part, however, the scene is Chapman's invention, and the stoical temper exhibited by his Pompey in defeat is in strong contrast to the lethargy of despair described by Plutarch.

IV, iii, 7–14. These lines are built up on scattered hints from Plutarch. In *Pompey*, 66, he says that after the battle at Dyrrachium some of Pompey's followers were sending their slaves and friends to Rome to get possession of houses near the Forum with the intention of becoming forthwith candidates for office. In *Pompey*, 72, there is a description of the Pompeian camp which corresponds almost verbally to Chapman's lines.

IV, iii, 34. I take it that in this line Pompey first interrupts the reproachful speech of Demetrius, and then, recovering his fortitude, bids him continue.

IV, iii, 35–54. The speech of Demetrius and the answer of Pompey may have been suggested to Chapman by Plutarch's report of a conversation between Pompey and the philosopher, Cratippus, after Pharsalia, in which Pompey 'expressed some doubts about Providence', *Pompey*, 75.

IV, iv. This short scene is mainly built up from *Cæsar*, 46: 'When Cæsar saw the bodies of the slain and the slaughter still going on, he said with a groan: "They would have it so". . . . Asinius Pollio says that the chief part of those who were killed were slaves . . . and that not more than six thousand soldiers fell. . . . Cæsar pardoned many men of distinction, among whom was Brutus. . . . Cæsar is said to have been very much troubled at his not being found, but when Brutus, who had escaped unhurt, presented himself to Cæsar, he was greatly pleased'.

IV, iv, 9. The obscure phrase, *that left their bloods to ruth*, means, I suppose, 'whose spilled blood moves you to pity'.

IV, iv, 40–1. 'That it is not my fault that I have lost the one, i.e. their love, nor is it in the true Roman spirit that they have lost the other, i.e. their lives, inasmuch as they sacrificed them needlessly'.

IV, iv, 45. *Your father, Cato :* i.e. father-in-law, as in IV, i, 63. Brutus had married Portia, Cato's daughter.

IV, v. With this scene the centre of interest shifts from Pompey to Cato, who has been absent from the stage since II, iv. Organically this scene should belong to the fifth act, which is mainly devoted to the death of Cato, and the first scene of that act, which concludes the story of Pompey, should come here, but the practice of interlacing threads of interest is common in Elizabethan dramaturgy.

The stage direction at the beginning of the scene is from *Cato*, 68.

IV, v, 15. The *book* mentioned in the stage direction after this line was Plato's *Dialogue on the Soul*, i.e. the *Phaedon*, *Cato*, 68.

IV, v, 20–35. These lines are a mere versification of the answer of Cato to the Utican senate, who wished to supplicate Cæsar on his behalf : ' Cato said . . . entreaty belonged to the vanquished, and deprecation of vengeance to those who were wrongdoers ; that he had not only been unvanquished all through life, but that he was victorious as far as he chose to be, and had the superiority over Cæsar in things honourable and just, and that Cæsar was the party who was captured and conquered, for what he used to deny that he was doing against his country long ago he was now convicted of and detected therein ', *Cato*, 64.

IV, v, 39–42. An obscure passage, but it may be paraphrased thus : His [Cæsar's] parts, which are so much admired, are outward shows, *tongue, show, falsehood*, which lead to bloody death ; they are vainglory, villainy, and, rated at their best, they could be maintained with what a truly worthy man would cast away as insignificant, *parings*. Mr. Brereton suggests that *parings* means ' the fragmentary good qualities of Cæsar, scraps from the manhood that once was his '.

IV, v, 45. The long philosophical argument which begins with this line and goes on till the close of the scene is founded on Plutarch's brief report of the debate on the evening before Cato's suicide : ' After supper the drinking went on with much gayety and enjoyment, one philosophical subject after another taking its turn, till at last the enquiry came round to the so-called paradoxes of the Stoics, that the good man alone is free [cf. l. 47] and that all the bad are slaves. Hereupon the Peripatetic making objections. . . . Cato broke in with great vehemence, and with a loud tone and harsh voice maintained his discourse at great length, and displayed wonderful energy, so that no one failed to observe that he had resolved to end his life ', *Cato*, 67. Chapman has, however, greatly expanded the argument, and after putting into Cato's mouth a genuine stoical defence of suicide, ll. 54–66, goes on to a statement of views on the immortality and resurrection of the body which would have astounded any philosopher of classic times. There can be little doubt, I fancy, that ll. 90–136 embody Chapman's interpretation and defence of the dogma of the resurrection.

IV, v, 67–72. This idea of the superiority of the ' just man ' to the law made for the common herd is a commonplace with Chapman. It receives its most emphatic statement a little later on from Cato, V, ii, 8–10.

IV, v, 105. *Full creature :* cf. *Bussy*, V, ii, 41, the reading of Q_1. See p. 568.

IV, v, 113–4. The sense of these lines may easily be misunderstood : *which* refers not to the *soul*, but to the *parts*, l. 112, i.e. soul and body ; *otherwise* means here ' in the contrary case ', i.e. if it is not absolute and beastlike death to which man is subject ; *retains* is the so-called northern plural, agreeing with its subject, *parts*.

IV, v, 127. *Him that sings :* Homer. The two following lines are a condensation of a passage in the *Iliad*, VIII, 18–26 :

> *Let down our golden chain*
> *And at it let all deities their utmost strengths constrain*
> *To draw me from the earth to heaven : you never shall prevail,*
> *Though with your most contention ye dare my state assail.*
> *But when my will shall be disposed to draw you all to me,*
> *Even with the earth itself and seas ye shall enforced be.*
>
> Chapman's *Iliad*.

Lines 130–6 are a curious specimen of the allegorizing treatment of Homer, popular among scholars of the Renaissance, as it was among later Greek commentators. Chapman gives another interpretation of this passage in *The Shadow of Night, Poems*, p. 6. There is a naive pride in the way Chapman puts into the mouth of Athenodorus, ll. 137–9, an encomium on Chapman's own excellence as an allegorizing commentator.

IV, v, 142. With this line Chapman drops the argument and reverts to his source. After having depressed the company by his evident intention of suicide, Cato attempted to cheer them up and divert their suspicions by talking on other subjects. Cf. *Cato*, 67.

V, i. This scene is laid in the island of Lesbos, where Cornelia and Sextus Pompey had been staying during the campaign of Pharsalia. Chapman gives her as attendants, in addition to her maids and the slave, Drusus, the two Lentuli, who, as a matter of fact, only came to Lesbos along with Pompey after Pharsalia, *Pompey*, 73. But this departure from history, is slight in comparison with other freedoms that Chapman has here allowed himself. In the first place, in order to obtain unity of place and of effect, he places the murder of Pompey at Lesbos immediately after his reunion with Cornelia instead of on the shore of Egypt. Again he has totally transformed the character of Cornelia. Instead of the passionate emotional woman, swooning at the sight of her husband and breaking out into wild lamentations, as is recorded by Lucan, *Pharsalia*, VIII, 50–108, and Plutarch, *Pompey*, 74, he has made her a *philosophress*, l. 147, of the Stoic school, and a fit match for Pompey, as Chapman pictures him in the latter part of this play.

V, i, 7–8. *That highest heaven, etc. :* the ' primum mobile '.

V, i, 14. *These letters :* ' the pleasing intelligence that she [Cornelia] had received both by report and by letter had led her to hope that the war was terminated near Dyrrachium, and that all that remained was for Pompey to pursue Cæsar ', *Pompey*, 74.

V, i, 20–4. This passage is very obscure, and as it is punctuated in the Q. and in S. is quite unintelligible. I give first the Q. reading :

> *Why write great learned men ? men merely rapt*
> *With sacred rage, of confidence, beleefe ?*
> *Undaunted spirits ? inexorable fate*
> *And all feare treading on ? 'tis all but ayre,*
> *If any comfort be, 'tis in despaire.*

I think if we consider the situation, and disregard the punctuation of the Q., we may arrive at a fairly satisfactory interpretation. Cornelia has just received good news of her husband, news that inclines her more than ever to trust the gods, ll. 15–9, ' Why ', she exclaims, ' do learned men [i.e. the sceptical philosophers], rapt with sacred rage [i.e. carried away by enthusiastic conviction of their own teachings], write concerning confidence, belief, and the undaunted spirits that trample upon fate and fear, that all these things are vain as air, and that there is no comfort save in despair [i.e. in absolute negation of Providence] '. I have repunctuated to bring out this meaning. My friend, Dr. Kennedy, suggests another interpretation : ' Why do learned men, rapt with sacred rage, undaunted spirits, treading on fate and fear, write concerning confidence and belief. These are vain as air ; in despair alone is man's true comfort '. This is a possible interpretation, but it does not seem to me to suit the context, nor can I believe that Cornelia in her present mood of joyful hope would say that man's only comfort is in despair.

V, i, 37–42. Cf. IV, i, 34–9. The *Phaonius* of l. 41 is Favonius, ' Cato's ape ', who appears repeatedly in Plutarch's *Pompey*, 60, 67, 73, although there is no mention of his having been a candidate for office. The spelling, *Phaonius*, is found in North's *Plutarch*.

V, i, 80–162. This whole passage telling of the meeting of the disguised Pompey and his attendant with Cornelia, their dialogue, and Cornelia's cheerful reception of her husband, is as different as possible from the account in

Plutarch, *Pompey*, 74, 75. Here, again, Chapman departs from his source to exalt the Stoic fortitude of his characters.

V, i, 179. 'That a *rest*, or balance, might remain due from God to them', a striking anticipation of the last lines of Browning's *The Patriot:*

> *'Paid by the world, what dost thou owe*
> *Me'? God might question; now instead,*
> *'Tis God shall repay: I am safer so.*

V, i, 192–3. Cf. II, i, 153–4.

V, i, 211–3. A difficult passage. I take *that*, l. 211, as the subject of *rarefies*, l. 213, and *for earthy greatness* as equivalent to 'for the sake of mundane greatness'.

V, i, 217–21. Kern points out that this story of Empedocles is found in Plutarch's *De curiosotate*, 1, *Empedocles vero physicus quodam montis hiatu, unde gravis et insalubris in planitiem exhalabat auster, obturato, creditus est pestem ea regione exclussisse.* The same story reappears in *Adversus Coloten*, 32.

V, i, 243. The characters introduced in the stage direction after this line are the murderers of Pompey as named by Plutarch, *Pompey*, 78.

V, i, 244. Ægypt: i.e. Ptolemy, the King of Egypt. His father, Ptolemy Auletes, had been restored to his throne by Gabinius, Pompey's friend, a few years previously. Cf. l. 245.

V, i, 253. The stage direction after this line is from *Pompey*, 79.

V, i, 259. 'See, heavens, what you suffer to be done'. So, at least, I understand the passage.

V, i, 264. After the murder of Pompey his head was cut off to be shown to Cæsar, and his trunk left lying on the shore, *Pompey*, 80.

V, ii. The last scene of the drama connects logically with the last scene of the preceding act. Now that the wars of Cæsar and Pompey are over and Pompey is disposed of, Chapman's interest reverts with redoubled force to Cato, the true, if not the titular, hero of the play, who has been too long kept off the stage. For lofty thought embodied in noble and sonorous verse this scene surpasses all others in the play. It is based, naturally, upon Plutarch's account of the last hours of Cato's life, but Plutarch supplies only the framework. Chapman, while on the whole following his source, rearranges or alters incidents to suit his own purposes and the noble poetry of Cato's monologues, and of the speech of Athenodorus, ll. 70–86, is Chapman's own. The whole purpose of the scene is a defence, in dramatic form, of the thesis which Chapman put on the title-page of this play: *Only a just man is a free man*, and this purpose, it seems to me, the poet triumphantly accomplishes. Had the whole play been written in this vein, it would have been worthier at once of Chapman's genius and of his noble subject.

V, ii, 6. *Give it off:* 'give up, renounce my claim to be master of my own life and death'. Cf. the use of *give over* in l. 63.

V, ii, 10. *Their subjection:* the forced submission of the outlaws of l. 9.

V, ii, 15. With this use of *idol*, i.e. εἴδολον, 'image', cf. *Bussy*. IV, i, 16.

V, ii, 17–8. *To dispose . . . rogues:* 'that we may order all our affairs according to the pleasure and after the fashion of errant rogues'.

V, ii, 22–5. Cato's noticing the absence of his sword and his inquiry as to who had removed it come from Plutarch, *Cato*, 68.

V, ii, 34. *Keeps the store:* possesses all abundance.

V, ii, 51–5. Chapman has properly enough softened down his source here. Plutarch, *Cato*, 68, relates that when the sword was not brought, after some delay Cato called his slaves one by one and demanded it, and 'striking the mouth of one of them with his fist, he bruised his hand, being in a great passion, and calling aloud that he was surrendered defenceless to the enemy by his son and his slaves'. The phrase, *I'll break your lips ope*, seems to be Chapman's intentional substitute for the blow recorded by Plutarch.

V, ii, 79. *That ambition:* i.e. to reform the world.

V, ii, 82. *Press'd to a living death.* Cf. the line in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 38, repeated in *The Tears of Peace:*

A slave bound face to face to Death till death.
Poems, p. 124.

V, ii, 91–100. Cato's inquiry for Statilius is recorded by Plutarch at a somewhat earlier period than here, *Cato*, 66. The answer given in Plutarch, namely, that Statilius had declined to abandon Cato, is quite different from that in the text, which is apparently given to provide a striking entrance for this character, a little later on, stage direction after l. 162. The *three hundred Romans*, l. 92, are the three hundred Roman merchants and moneylenders whom Cato had constituted as a senate in Utica, *Cato*, 59, repeatedly mentioned by Plutarch. Lucius Cæsar was a kinsman of Julius, and was, no doubt for this reason, sent from Utica to obtain terms for the city after Cæsar's victory at Thapsus. See *Cato*, 66.

V, ii, 106–17. Cato's advice to his son is an expansion of the brief statement of Plutarch, *Cato*, 66, that he forbade his son to meddle in political matters, 'since circumstances no longer allowed him to act like a Cato, and to act otherwise was base'.

V, ii, 130. *That may fit my freedom.* See Text Notes, p. 681.

V, ii, 137–50. This speech on recognition in the next world and the immortality of the individual soul, no doubt, expresses Chapman's own opinions.

V, ii, 151–6. 'The sword was sent in by a child, and when Cato received it he drew it and looked at it. Seeing that the point was entire and the edge preserved, he said, "Now I am my own master"', *Cato*, 70.

V, ii, 161. The stage direction after this line and the ensuing dialogue as far as l. 172 represent a slight alteration of the source on Chapman's part for the sake of stage effect. Plutarch, *Cato*, 70, relates that Cato, 'having some difficulty in dying, fell from the bed, and made a noise by overturning a little abacus that stood by, which his attendants perceiving, called out and his son and his friends immediately ran in'.

V, ii, 172–7. This is taken direct from *Cato*, 70, except l. 77, which is Chapman's paraphrase of the Stoic paradox, debated at supper on the night before Cato's death, that the good man alone is free, and that all the bad are slaves.

V, ii, 179–85. Cæsar's entry and speech are founded on *Cato*, 72: 'As Cæsar made most account of Cato, he advanced his force by quick marches. When he heard of his death, it is reported that he said this: "Cato, I grudge thee thy death, since thou hast grudged me thy safety"'. Cf. also ll. 213–4.

V, ii, 187. Plutarch, *Brutus*, 40, relates that just before the battle of Philippi Brutus told Cassius that he had formerly blamed Cato for killing himself, as thinking it an irreligious act, but that now he was of another mind.

V, ii, 189–212. In order to round off his play, Chapman brings the murderers of Pompey into Cæsar's presence at Utica. According to Plutarch, *Pompey*, 80, Cæsar turned away from the man who brought him the head of Pompey as from a murderer. He put to death Pothinus, the eunuch who had been an accomplice before the fact in the murder of Pompey, not for this deed, however, but because of a later conspiracy against Cæsar, while the latter was in Alexandria. Achillas, the chief of the murderers, was murdered in the course of the Alexandrian war. Cf. *Cæsar*, 49, and *Pompey*, 80. Chapman's statement that Cæsar ordered the murderers to be tortured to death is an invention of his own to satisfy the Elizabethan demand for poetical justice.

V, ii, 211. 'Let the treatment of my slaves serve as a precedent'. From this it would appear that certain slaves of Brutus had been put to extraordinary tortures, which he suggests as a precedent for those to be inflicted on the murderers. I find no mention of the torture of Brutus's slaves in Plutarch.

V, ii, 218–24. Cæsar's charge to the Uticans comes from Plutarch, *Cato*, 71 but according to the biographer the citizens did not need any such order

Before Cæsar entered the city they gave Cato a splendid funeral, and interred him near the sea, ' where a statue of him now stands with a sword in his hand '.

TEXT NOTES

There are two early quartos of this play, both of the year 1631. The first, represented by the Malone copy at the Bodleian and by a copy acquired in 1907 for the British Museum, has the title-page : *The Warres of Pompey and Cæsar. Out of whose events is evicted this Proposition, Only a just man is a freeman. By G. C. London. Printed by Thomas Harper, and are to be sold by Godfrey Emondson and Thomas Alchorne,* MDCXXXI. The second has the title-page : *Cæsar and Pompey : A Roman Tragedy, declaring their Warres. Out of whose events, etc.*, as in the former copy, except that the author's name is given in full, *George Chapman*. The freshness of the blocks seems to show that the former was the earlier impression, and as I have not found any variation between the two in the text, I take it that the title-page alone was changed as the edition was going through the press. The former is much the rarer of the two. The play was republished in 1653, with a title-page exactly corresponding to the second of the two forms already noted as far as the word *freeman*, after which it reads : *As it was Acted at the Black-Fryers. Written by George Chapman. London. Printed in the Yeare* 1653. *By the true Copie.* No name of publisher or salesman appears on the title-page, and so far as I can see, this edition does not represent a new imprint, but simply presents the old sheets bound up with a new title-page.

Cæsar and Pompey was next reprinted in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, vol. iii. Pearson, 1873. This is professedly an exact reproduction of the original, but it contains some few mistakes. I shall, as usual, refer to it as P.

The next and, up to the present, the latest, edition is that of Shepherd in *Chapman's Works—Plays*. This is a modernization of P., differing at times for the worse. I refer to this edition as S.

In general the text of this play is rather troublesome. There are evidences of revision and omission, and a number of printer's errors, some of which I trust that I have been able to correct. The play is divided into acts only ; at the beginning of each appear the words *Scene I* ; but there is no further division, and naturally no indication of place. I have attempted to indicate the natural division into scenes, and to indicate the place of each. The list of *Dramatis Personae* given in the present edition is the first ever printed. In it I have given the correct forms, *Sextus*, for the son of Pompey, and *Septimius* for his murderer. See text note on Act V, Scene I.

I, i, 15. Q. *For fall of his ill-disposed purse.* A syllable has evidently dropped out of the line. Brereton [*loc. cit.*] proposes to read [*so*] *ill-disposed* ; I suggest *fallings*, i.e. ' droppings '.

39. I insert the stage direction [*To Athenodorus*].

41–2. In Q. the parenthesis includes the words from *for* to *danger*, l. 44. But it is plain that the phrase, *his wife . . . mourn*, depends on *knew*, l. 40, and belongs outside the parenthesis.

82. Possibly we should read *more that* for the Q. *more then* ; but see the preceding note on this passage, p. 665.

I, ii. In the stage direction before this scene I have substituted, as throughout the play, the modern form *Antony* for the Q. *Anthonius*.

I, ii, 1 and 4. I have marked the speeches beginning with these lines as asides. The whole dialogue as far as l. 15 is, of course, an aside between Cæsar and Metellus.

18. Q. *Hold, keep out.* Q. assigns this speech to 1, which S. expands to 1*st Co.*, as if 1*st Consul*, cf. l. 197. This is, of course, wrong, as the Consuls are friends of Cato, and the speaker is evidently trying to prevent his entrance, cf. I, i, 51–5. The

speeches in this passage assigned in Q. to 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 [ll. 18, 19, 20, 23, 25, and 27] are by various characters not precisely designated; 1 is apparently one of the *ruffians* of I, i, 51; 2, one of the people; 3 is, perhaps, a senator addressing the ruffians; 4, 5, and 6 may also be senators, or, perhaps, rather citizens. S. designates them all as *1st, 2nd*, etc., *Co.* I think it simpler to designate them as *citizens*, a term which includes at once the ruffians and Cato's friends among the people and Senate.

80. I have inserted the stage-direction *rising*.

110–1. Q. includes the words *I slew* to *soldiers* within the parenthesis, putting a semicolon after *them*.

193. Q. *To take.* Perhaps we should read *You take*, and put a period after *his*; but see preceding note on this passage, p. 666.

201. Perhaps we should read *armies* for Q. *armes*; but if *arms* be pronounced as a dissyllable, the metre will be correct.

209. I have inserted the stage direction, *he snatches the bill*, from the source, Plutarch, *Cato*, 28.

213. *Come down, sir.* Q. assigns this speech to *Gen.*; but there is no character in the play to whom this abbreviation will apply. Following a suggestion of Mr. Brereton, I take it to be a misprint for *Sen.*, i.e. *Senators*. The words are then addressed to Cæsar, who has drawn his sword on Cato. The stage direction in ll. 212–3, *He draws and all draw*, comes in Q. after the two lines into which l. 213 is there divided; S. shifts it to come after Pompey's words, thus making him the first to draw. But it is plain from the context that Cæsar draws first, and his 'mercenary ruffians' follow his example.

256. Q. *subject'st.* S. alters to *subject*; but the double superlative should be retained.

258. Q. *ingeniously.* See note on *Bussy*, III, ii, 107, p. 565.

283. Q. *beleeu'd.* I take this to mean *believ'd*, i.e. trusted in; but there may be some corruption in the text.

291. Q. *My Lords*; S. needlessly alter to *My lord.* Cato is addressing both Cæsar and Pompey.

297. I have inserted the stage direction *to Cæsar*.

II, i, 19. Q. *thinke I am knave.* S. inserts the *a* which has dropped out before *knave*.

25–82. Q. prints this passage as if it were verse, but it is plainly prose.

33. Q. *A villaine*; P. misprints *O villaine.*

50. Q. *command the elements.* This is plainly wrong. We may read either *I command*, or *commanding*. I prefer the latter.

74. I have supplied the stage direction *aside*.

77–8. Q. *as if there were*; S. needlessly alters *were* to *was*.

81–95. This speech is assigned by Q. to *Fro.* P. misprints *Gro.*

83. Q. has a dash [—] in this line. I take it that a cut has been made here, which has left the line imperfect.

96–8. Q. prints as verse, the lines ending with *profession, coat*, and *on.* S. prints the last two of these lines as one. But I think the passage is prose.

107–17. Q. prints this passage as doggrel verse. I take it to be prose. The same holds good of the following speeches of *Ophioneus* to the close of the scene.

154–5. Q. *Though thou*; P. misprints *Thou thou.*

II, ii, 11. Q. *bloody frights.* Perhaps we should read *sights, fights*, or *rites* for *frights*; but I have preferred to let the text stand.

43. After this line I have inserted *Exit Nuntius*, and marked a new scene.

II, iii, 1–2. Q. Crass. *Stay cowherd, fly ye Cæsar's fortunes?*
Cæs. *Forbeare, foolish Crassinius, we contend in vaine.*
Context and metre show that we should read *cowards* and transpose *foolish* from l. 2 to l. 1.

39. Q. *Counsailes.* S. prints *counsels*; but I think the sense demands *councils*, i.e. of war. So also in l. 42.

68. Q. *'Tis offerd, Sir, 'bove the rate.* S. emends *above.*

78. *This prepares.* Q. prints as the first words of the next line.

105. Q. *what suspection.* For this very doubtful word I suggest *suspect,* a noun used elsewhere by Chapman (*Gentleman Usher,* IV, iv, 103), which also restores the metre.

110–2. The passage as punctuated in Q. is very confusing :

Their stay is worth their ruine, should we live,
If they in fault were? if their leader! he
Should dye the deaths of all;

S. retains the question mark in l. 111, but this merely indicates an exclamation, and, like the exclamation mark in the same line, is meant to give emphasis to the passage.

113. After *all* Q. has only a comma.

II, iv, 54. Q. *Lost no* ; so S. ; but it seems clear that we should read *Lose no.*

58. After this line I have inserted the stage direction, *going.*

79. I have inserted *to Athenodorus* to make it plain whom Pompey is addressing.

86. In the stage direction Q. misprints *Sat.* for *Sta.*

104. Q. *ingenious.* Cf. note on I, ii, 258, above.

II, v, 86. Q. *were all, yet more?* As in II, iii, 111, the question mark merely denotes emphasis. So in l. 40 Q. has *master?*

44. Q. *fraight.* S. prints *straight,* but I think it is a mere variant for *freight.*

III, i, 15. Q. *as the time encrease.* Read *increas'd.* Chapman probably wrote *encreast,* from which the misprint of the Q. would be easy.

69. Q. *we both concluded.* Perhaps we should read *were both* ; but see note above, p. 670.

90–1. *Come . . . much.* Q. and P. print these words as one line. P. and S. omit *much,* following some copies of Q. [1 Malone, 241, and Brit. Mus., C. 12, g. 5]. But the word appears in all other copies that I have seen, and is evidently required by the context.

92. P. misprints *Tom.* for *Pom* [*pey*].

95. Q. gives the first part of this line to *Omn*[*es*] ; but it is plain that Brutus does not join with the Consuls in these words.

98. Q. *Of some hid.* Perhaps we should read *Or some.* In some copies of Q. the *f* is faint ; in [1] Malone, 164, it is wanting.

138. Q. *crown'd.* So P. and S. ; but the context seems to require *crown* to correspond with *drown* in l. 136.

III, ii, 76. Q. *in an spirit.* P. and S. print *any,* which is, no doubt, right.

90. Q. assigns this line to *Anth.* P. misprints *Cnth,* and S. alters to *Cr*[*assinius*].

101. I have inserted the stage direction *To Antony.*

109. Q. *A blest even.* P. misprints *O blest.*

117. Q. *fowles.* P. misprints *fowles,* and S. alters to *souls* ; but see note above, p. 671.

127. Q. *blest means.* S. needlessly alters to *best.*

IV, i, 20. Q. *ruder* ; S. emends, *metris causa,* to *rude.*

43. After *patients* Q. has a question mark, but the clause is not interrogative ; *who,* l. 41, refers to Pompey. See note, p. 672, above.

53. After *self-fortunes* Q. has a question mark, but this seems plainly an error, perhaps caught from the question mark after *own,* l. 52, which I have altered to an exclamation mark.

IV, ii, 4. Q. puts a question mark after *show'd,* but this makes nonsense of the sentence.

27. Q. *soule of funeral* ; the emendation *scroll,* i.e. 'inscription,' I think makes sense of an otherwise unintelligible passage.

IV, iii, 29. Q. puts a question mark after *ruin'd* ; but it plainly belongs after *detraction,* l. 31.

34. Q. puts a question mark after *you,* but I think a dash is better, as Pompey interrupts this speech.

67–9. Q. puts question marks after *own,* l. 67, *me,* l. 68, and *acceptance,* l. 69. Only the last is needed.

[1] One of the copies at the Bodleian.

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84. Q. *accepted*, S. emends *excepted*, which is plainly right.

90. Something seems to have dropped out of this line.

IV, iv, 9. The copy in the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, has *blood*; all others *bloods*, which I have therefore retained.

14. Q. *Of all slaine, yet, if Brutus only liv'd.* S. cancels the comma after *yet*; I think it better to cancel the comma after *slaine*.

IV, v, 123. Q. *Holds their proportion.* P. misprints *Holds this*.

V, i. In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene Q. has *Septimius*. S. retains this, but I have altered to *Sextus* as the context shows that this is the son of Pompey, not his murderer. The latter enters after l. 243 where Q. has *Enter Achillas, Septius*. *Septius* is an evident abbreviation for *Septimius*, and I have made the necessary alteration. It is not at all likely that such a scholar as Chapman confused Sextus Pompey with Septimius the murderer.

6. After *full* Q. has a period.

13. Q. *making*, an evident misprint for *waking*, which P. prints.

42. In this line Q. has the stage direction *Septimius* [read *Sextus*] *with a letter*. This does not indicate an entrance, but only that Sextus comes forward and joins in the dialogue.

51. Q. *Lost in*; so S. But I think we should read *Left*, i.e. 'left off, broke off'.

57. After this line I have inserted the stage direction *Enter a Sentinel*. S. does not note this entry, and assigns the speeches in ll. 60, 63–4, etc., to *Se.*, the same abbreviation that he uses for *Sextus*, thus making a confusion which does not exist in the Q., which assigns them to *Sen.*

75. Q. *yet*. So S.; but I feel sure *yet* is a misprint for *that*, probably written *yt*.

79. In the stage direction after this line I have inserted the word *disguised*.

80–2. Q. prints as verse, the lines ending *the, comming*, and *letters*.

84–6. Q. prints as verse, the lines ending *seemes, by their*, and *husband*.

94. *Augurs, madam . . . alias*. P. prints these words in italics They are roman in Q.

120–1. P. wrongly assigns this speech to *Cor*[*nelia*]. In l. 120 S. reads *possess* for Q. *profess*, an error which has crept into this text.

159. I have inserted the stage direction, *Revealing himself*.

161–5. These lines of regular verse are printed as prose by S.

172. Before *ever* Brereton would insert *hath*. This seems to me unnecessary; *more* may be pronounced as a dissyllable.

196–7. Q. has a comma after *quiet*, and a semicolon after *farre*. I think the sense demands a transposition of these points.

211–4. Something may have been lost in l. 211. After *piecemeal*, l. 212, Q. has a period. I prefer a comma, taking *for* as a preposition. See note, p. 675 above.

244. Instead of *Ach*[*illas*] as in Q., P. prints *Arch.* as the name of the speaker.

256. I have inserted the stage direction, *Exeunt, etc.*, after this line.

259. Q. prints *See heavens your sufferings*. This is intelligible, but I think the context shows that Pompey is appealing to the heavens, and I have punctuated accordingly.

265. I have inserted the stage direction, *Exeunt Murderers with Pompey*, after this line.

V, ii, 46. Following Dr. Kern's suggestion, I have altered the name in the stage direction after this line from Q. *Brutus* to *Butas*. See *Cato*, 70; so also in ll. 59, 162, 173, 178.

120–1. Q. *Have I ever showne Loves least defect to you? or any dues.* The question mark after *yet* destroys the connexion, since *dues* is in the possessive plural after *defect*.

127. Q. assigns this speech to *Por*[*tius*]. P. misprints *Cor.*, and S. abbreviates *Co*. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.

130. Q. *that may fit.* Perhaps we should read *that may let,* i.e. hinder.

151. Q. *Lay downe.* S. emends *Lay't* [i.e. the sword] *down.* I doubt if this is necessary.

158. Q. *receive her heaven.* So S., but plainly Cato is invoking *heaven* to receive *her,* i.e. his soul.

177. I have inserted the stage direction *Dies.*

181. Q. *are basted.* P. *blasted,* which is, no doubt, correct.

188. In the stage direction after this line Q. has *Achilius.* S. reads *Acilius,* confusing the soldier of Cæsar with the murderer of Pompey, Achillas.

189. I have inserted *three* after *All* to show that it is the three murderers who kneel.

195–6. Q.

to torture
Them with instant rapture.

Evidently something has been lost before *Them.* Brereton suggests *Bear.* I think the word *with* may have originally begun the line, and have been struck out by a proof reader who took it for an anticipation of the *with* before *instant.*

201. Q. gives the words *cruel Cæsar* to *Omn*[*es*]. I read *Omnes* 3, as in l. 196.

202. It is just possible that the phrase *Hale them out* which is printed as a stage-direction may have been meant as a speech. It occurs in Q. in the middle of the line, but in italics, so that it is probably a stage direction, and I have accordingly transferred it to the margin.

ALPHONSUS EMPEROR OF GERMANY

INTRODUCTION

Alphonsus Emperor of Germany was published in 1654, twenty years after Chapman's death, with the following title-page: The Tragedy of Alphonsus Emperor of Germany. As it hath been very often Acted (with great applause) at the Privat house in Black-Friers by his late Majesties Servants. By *George Chapman* Gent. London, Printed for Humphrey Moseley,[1] and are to sold at his Shopp at the Princes-Arms in St. *Paul's* Churchyard 1654. It is probably to be identified with a play, *Alfonso*, performed at Blackfriars before Queen Henrietta Maria and the Prince Elector, i.e. Charles Lewis of the Palatinate, son of Elizabeth, the 'Winter Queen', on May 5, 1636, mentioned in a list of plays extracted from the Books of Enrollments by Cunningham.[2] This performance was almost two years after Chapman's death, and can have no bearing on the authorship of the play, as Cunningham's statement that *Alfonso* was by Chapman is not supported by anything in the list he prints, but simply expresses his own identification of the play with that published by Moseley as a work of Chapman's.

In the age of the Restoration this play, so lately printed, seems to have attracted some attention. Langbaine [3] assigns it to Chapman; Winstanley [4] to Peele; Anthony à Wood,[5] with a fine impartiality to both Peele and Chapman. The attribution of this play to Peele by Winstanley and Wood has, perhaps, more value than has usually been ascribed to it. From Langbaine's statement,[6] 'I am not ignorant

[1] For Moseley's activity as a publisher, see Masson, *Life of Milton*, vol. vi 400–402. His enthusiasm for the drama seems to have outrun his discrimination, for he attributed the anonymous *Merry Devil of Edmonton* to Shakespeare (entry in S.R., September 9, 1653), Massinger's *Parliament of Love* to William Rowley (entry in S.R., June 29, 1660), and *The Faithful Friends* to Beaumont and Fletcher, an ascription rejected by all critics but Oliphant. Further, he ascribes to Shakespeare in collaboration with Davenport a play, *Henry I and Henry II* (entry of 1653), doubtless the same as the *Henry I* licensed eight years after Shakespeare's death by Herbert as a play of Davenport's, April 10, 1624 (*Variorum Shakespeare*, vol. iii, 229, where Malone speaks in a footnote of Moseley as a fraudulent bookseller, and to Shakespeare alone three lost plays, *Iphis and Ianthe*, *Duke Humphrey*, and *King Stephen*. It looks very much as if Moseley were ready to put the name of a famous poet on the title-page of a play with but little inquiry as to the authenticity of the work, and in view of this we can give but little weight to his ascription of *Alphonsus* to Chapman.

[2] Printed in his *Extracts from Accounts of the Revels at Court*, *Shakespeare Society*, vol. vii, p. xxiv.

[3] *Account of the English Dramatic Poets*, pp. 59 and 401.

[4] *Lives of the Most Famous English Poets*, p. 97.

[5] *Athenae Oxonienses*, under the lives of Peele and Chapman respectively.

[6] *Op. cit.*, p. 401.

that . . . *Alphonsus* is ascribed to him [Peele] in former catalogues, [i.e. bookseller's lists of plays printed or in MS.] which has occasion'd Mr. Winstanley's mistake ; but I assure my reader that that play was writ by Chapman, for I have it by me with his name affixt to it', two things are clear, first that a tradition, certainly older than the publication of the play in 1654, ascribed the play to Peele, secondly that the only authority for Langbaine's positive assertion of Chapman's authorship was the title-page of Moseley's edition. If we consider the relative fame of Chapman and Peele at the time of the publication of the play, we shall, I think, be inclined to lean rather toward the tradition than toward Moseley's ascription. Peele had so nearly vanished into oblivion that Phillips[1] could speak of him as 'a somewhat antiquated English Bard of Queen Elizabeth's date, some remains of whose pretty pastoral poetry we have extant in a collection called *England's Helicon*' ; whereas Chapman, *teste* the same Phillips, still ranked as 'not the meanest of English poets of that time', i.e. of the age of Elizabeth. There can have been no ulterior motive for the tradition ; the motive which induced Moseley to put Chapman's name on the title-page of *Alphonsus* was, no doubt, the same as that which led him to ascribe the *Merry Devil* to Shakespeare, the desire to set off an anonymous play with the name of a famous playwright.

After Langbaine the play seems to have been completely forgotten for a century and a half. It was not included in any of the collections of old plays, and was apparently unknown even to such an indefatigable student of the Elizabethan drama as[2] Lamb. It was Elze's edition, Leipzig, 1867, with its elaborate introduction that first brought *Alphonsus* before the modern reader. Elze's interest lay naturally enough in the 'wonderfully accurate knowledge of the political organization of the German Empire and . . . the details which vividly pourtray the public and domestic life of Germany'. He takes Chapman's authorship for granted, though he believes the poet must have been aided by a German friend or one of the comedians who had performed in Germany, and asserts that 'the play is written throughout in Chapman's well-known manner'. This statement can only be answered by a complete and peremptory denial. *Alphonsus* is not written throughout in Chapman's manner, nor are there any detached scenes or isolated passages which in any way recall his manner. The student of Chapman's works is confronted on almost every page with Chapman's fondness for certain ideas, similes, and turns of phrase. I have already drawn attention to numbers of these in the notes on the preceding plays in this volume. This trick of repetition makes it easy to identify the work of Chapman ; it is by this, in large part, that the anonymous *Sir Giles Goosecap*[3] has been assigned to him. In *Alphonsus* I have not been able to find a single parallel to a passage in one of Chapman's undisputed works. There may be, although personally I cannot believe it

[1] *Theatrum Poetarum*, 1675, p. xvii.

[2] The anonymous author of an article in the *Retrospective Review* in 1821 (vol. iv, p. 381) must have read *Alphonsus*. He speaks of it as 'a bloody and clumsy production', but was discriminating enough to note what no one seems to have done before him, that it was 'entirely divested of the descriptive and didactic poetry which so often graces the [other] plays'.

[3] *The Authorship of Sir Giles Goosecap*, *Modern Philology*, vol. iv, pp. 25–37

a bare possibility that *Alphonsus* is a work of Chapman's youth,[1] 'written before he had found his own tragic style', or the product of his old age,[2] 'when the fire of his imagination had cooled and left him calm and collected for the arrangement of the business and incidents of the drama'; but either hypothesis must be defended by other arguments than those of stylistic resemblance to Chapman's undoubted work, and such arguments, apart from the ascription of the play to Chapman by its first publisher, I have as yet been quite unable to discover. In fact, in recent years there has been, with hardly an exception, a general consensus that the play is spurious. Herford[3] confesses to 'grave doubts whether it was Chapman's work'; Fleay[4] ascribes it to Peele; Koeppel[5] produces strong internal evidence against the authorship of Chapman; Ward[6] suggests that Chapman's share may have been limited to a revision of a play originally composed by a German writer—a view for which I see no evidence; Boas[7] finds it 'hard to believe that Chapman had a hand in it'; Robertson[8] holds that the play 'can be shown to be almost certainly, in large part, Peele's'; and finally Schelling,[9] while rejecting the ascription of the play to Peele, believes that it is unwisely attributed to Chapman and that its authorship is indeterminable.

Of all these writers, Professor Koeppel alone gives a tangible reason for his disbelief in Chapman's authorship. He points out first that not only is no source known for this play, but also that the remarkable license with which the playwright handles a well-known period of history implies the probable absence of any source, points to a free play of invention on his part, and stands in sharp contrast to Chapman's close adherence to the sources of his tragedies. Of the truth of this last statement the notes and introductions to the preceding plays in this volume have given abundant evidence. Barring *Bussy D'Ambois*,[10] for which no source has yet been discovered, Chapman's method in tragedy is to choose some historic theme capable of tragic treatment, to transfer it from the narrative in which he found it to the dramatic form, retaining many of the details and often much of the diction of his original, making few alterations in the order or sequence of events, and these few always for a plainly discernible dramatic purpose. In spite of his disclaimer in the Dedication to the *Revenge of Bussy* that a poet is not bound to preserve the historical truth, Chapman never departs far from his source. His original contribution to the tragedies is to be found in the philosophic conception which underlies and directs his treatment of the borrowed plots, in his grandiose presentation of certain striking incidents, such as the death of Byron, and most of all

[1] Ward, *English Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 428.
[2] *Retrospective Review*, iv, 337, followed by Elze, p. 36 and apparently by Swinburne, Chapman's *Works—Poems*, p. xlix, and Stoll, *John Webster*, pp. 94, 213.
[3] *Literary Relations of England and Germany*, p. 172, *n.*
[4] *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 156.
[5] *Loc. cit.*, p. 78.
[6] *Op. cit.*, vol. ii, 428.
[7] Boas, *Bussy D'Ambois*, p. viii.
[8] *Did Shakespeare write Titus Andronicus*, p. 126.
[9] *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, 136, 228, 437.
[10] Even in *Bussy* it is not unlikely that for the main outline of the story Chapman followed some unknown source; his account of Bussy's betrayal and death is in the main the same as that given by later historians.

in the highly imaginative and didactic verse with which he illustrates and comments upon the story.

How does it stand with *Alphonsus*, and how far has the author of this tragedy preserved the truth of history? A brief outline of the plot will make this clear. Alphonsus of Castile, i.e. Alphonso X, the Wise, married to Isabella, daughter of King John of England, has been elected Emperor of Germany. His rule has been marked by tyranny and bloodshed to such a degree that[1] four of the seven Electors have decided to depose him, and have invited his brother-in-law, Richard of Cornwall, to come to Germany to take the throne. The position of Alphonsus is critical in the extreme, since a majority of the Electoral College wishes to depose him, and the remaining three are by no means warm friends. He succeeds, however, in bribing the Elector of Mentz to propose to the College that, instead of electing Richard, one of their own number be elected as joint Emperor with Alphonsus. In spite of the opposition of the irreconcilables, the Palatine and the Duke of Saxony, this suggestion is accepted, and the King of Bohemia is installed as partner with Alphonsus. The latter, however, has only accepted this arrangement as a device to gain time, and at once begins a series of machinations which lead to the death of his partner, of the Palatine, and of his tool, Mentz. He wins over the Duke of Saxony, who defeats Richard in a pitched battle and takes him prisoner, but at the very moment of his triumph Alphonsus is murdered by his accomplice in these plots, Alexander of Cyprus, whereupon Richard is set free and formally installed as Emperor. In addition we have a sub-plot dealing with the adventures of Edward, Prince of Wales, later Edward I, who comes to Germany with his uncle, marries Hedwig of Saxony, loses his bride through the machinations of Alphonsus, falls into the latter's hands, and is in danger of death, only to be freed at the last moment by the sudden death of the tyrant.

A few words will demonstrate the extraordinary liberties which the play-wright has taken with the facts of history. Alphonso X did not marry Isabella of England, but a Spanish princess. Although elected Emperor by a minority of the College, he never came to Germany, but contented himself with attempting to secure the imperial possessions in Italy. He was not a tyrant, but a wise and just ruler. He did not perish by the hands of an assassin, but outlived his rival, Richard, and resigned his claims upon the Empire after the election of Rudolf of Hapsburg. The relative positions of the Electors to the rivals are quite distorted by the playwright. As a matter of fact, the Electors of Saxony, Brandenburg, and Trier supported Alphonso from the beginning; while the Electors of the Palatinate, Mentz, and Cologne supported Richard. The King of Bohemia, who himself aspired to the Empire, held aloof at first, and actually voted by proxy for both candidates, but later acknowledged Richard. He never occupied the position of joint Emperor assigned to him in the play, was not poisoned by Alphonso, but was slain in 1278 at the battle of the Marchfield by Rudolf of Hapsburg. Mentz, instead of deserting Richard, was his

[1] There seems a slight contradiction between the speech of Alphonsus, I, i, 18–19, and the statement of Richard that he was invited to Germany with the consent of all the Electors, II, i, 12–14; but this is probably due to the carelessness of the playwright.

faithful and consistent supporter. As regards the sub-plot, Edward I was never in Germany, and did not marry a German princess, but as his first wife, Eleanor of Castile, sister of the Alphonso who is painted so black in this play, and as his second a French princess. The playwright seems to have confused him with his cousin, Henry of Almain, son of Richard, who accompanied his father to Germany and attended his coronation at Aachen. But Henry did not marry a German princess, but Constance of Bearn.

The motive that lay at the back of all this wild distortion of the facts of history is plain enough to the student of Elizabethan literature. It is the fierce anti-Spanish and anti-Papal prejudice that burnt so hotly in England from a few years before the coming of the Armada till some time after the death of Elizabeth. To an Englishman steeped in this prejudice the mere fact that a Spaniard had once been the rival of an Englishman for the Imperial throne was enough to warrant the assumption that the Spaniard was a villain of the blackest dye, a perjurer, a poisoner, a stabber, in short, the perfect Machiavellian; and the picture of Alphonsus in this play has been drawn in perfect conformity with this prejudice. Now it is a fact of some significance in determining the authorship of *Alphonsus* that Chapman, among the older Elizabethan dramatists, was notably free from this prejudice. A staunch patriot, the friend of Raleigh, the eulogist of Vere, he never shows, even in such poems as *De Guiana* and *Pro Vere* where the very subject would seem to invite it, this common anti-Spanish, anti-Papal animus. On the contrary, the apology for the Duke of Guise and the eulogy of Philip II which he puts into the mouths of Clermont and Byron [1] respectively show, at the very least, that he possessed the faculty, rare enough at all times, naturally and notably rare in his age, of seeing both sides of a great world-struggle. To me, at least, it is quite incredible that Chapman should have drawn such a hateful caricature of Alphonso X, poet, scholar, and legislator, as appears in *Alphonsus Emperor of Germany*. There was, on the other hand, one dramatist of Chapman's day whose hatred of all things Spanish carried him beyond the bounds of truth or decency. George Peele, who did not hesitate to slander the fair fame of the good Queen Eleanor, would not have scrupled for a moment to pervert the character of Alphonso.

Koeppel's second argument against Chapman's authorship of this play is on the basis of dramatic style. He points out with indisputable truth that in the genuine plays of Chapman, 'the poetical tone, the poet's wealth of words, ideas, and imagery overloads and hinders the development of the action; the action is, in fact, of secondary interest to Chapman. The dialogue is his main concern. In both the doubtful tragedies [i.e. *Alphonsus* and *Revenge for Honour*] the dramatist, or rather the play-wright, intent upon stage effects and *coups de théâtre*, pushes the poet into the background. The action of the play is his chief concern, not the poetical decoration of the dialogue'. It would hardly be too much to say, I think, that Chapman was a moral and philosophic poet who wrote tragedies because the drama was the most popular and paying form of literature in his day, and that the author of *Alphonsus* was by instinct and training a playwright who wrote in verse simply because blank verse had become since Marlowe's day the

[1] See *Revenge of Bussy*, II, i, 200–234, and *The Tragedy of Byron*, IV, ii, 115–155.

accepted and conventional vehicle for serious drama. Certainly the author of *Alphonsus* was not impelled by any inner necessity, as we may imagine to have been the case with Marlowe, Shakespeare, and Chapman, to express himself in this noblest of English metres. He is one of the most prosaic of Elizabethan dramatists. I have as an editor read and re-read *Alphonsus* much oftener than the inherent value of the play could justify, and, with the exception of an isolated line or phrase, I think it would be difficult to point out a single passage of pure poetry except the simile put into the mouth of Edward in the ast act:

> *Let guilty minds tremble at sight of death;*
> *My heart is of the nature of the palm,*
> *Not to be broken, till the highest bud*
> *Be bent and tied unto the lowest root.*
>
> V, i, 137–40.

If we compare such a simile as this, the highwater mark of the author of *Alphonsus*, with, for example, the elaborate figure of the home-coming ship in the first speech of *Bussy*, I, i, 20–33, we shall see how gravely Elze erred in saying that this play was written in Chapman's well-known style.

On the other hand, this prosaic author is a play-wright of no mean merit. *Alphonsus* is not, of course, a tragedy in the true sense of the word; it is crude, superficial, and notably devoid of characterization or internal struggle; but it has many of the merits of first-class melodrama, an interesting story clearly told, vigorous dialogue, thrilling climaxes, and a catastrophe at once surprising, overwhelming and wholly satisfactory to the popular demand for 'poetic justice'. It is impossible to determine accurately the date of *Alphonsus*, but it must certainly have been written many years before the performance of 1636. The style of the blank verse, the choice of subject, and the dramatic treatment, all point back to a time not much later than the epoch-making work of Marlowe. Now if we compare *Alphonsus*, as, to obtain a true conception of its merits as well as defects, we should do, with the tragedies signed or unsigned of that period, with *Locrine*, *Selimus*, the *Battle of Alcazar*, and *The Wounds of Civil War*, we shall feel, I believe, that its author had a stronger grip upon the fundamental principles of playwriting than most of his contemporaries. And if we compare it with the most vigorous of Chapman's tragedies, the most casual reading will show that it is as superior to *Bussy D'Ambois* in all the qualities that go to make an effective melodrama as it is inferior to it in depth of thought and nobility of expression.

It seems to me, then, that a negative is easily proved and that, on the basis of Professor Koeppel's arguments, we are justified in declaring that *Alphonsus* is not and cannot be the work of Chapman. To prove an affirmative and assign with any degree of positiveness this play to any known author, is another and more difficult task.

The only other name than Chapman's which has been connected with *Alphonsus* is that of Peele. And there is, I believe, something to be said for Peele's authorship of the play. In the first place the tradition which ascribed it to him is, as I have already said, of more value than the publisher's assignment of the play to Chapman. In the second place the fierce prejudice of the play corresponds more closely to Peele's own anti-Spanish animus than to that of any other

possible author. Mr. Robertson,[1] has made a vigorous attempt to demonstrate Peele's authorship. He points out that the archaic endings, such as *ion* [i.e. the dissolution of such terminations as *ion*, *ean*, etc., into two syllables] are in the normal style of Peele's plays and of his period, and that the classical allusions [2] are in the same case. This goes to show what I firmly believe, namely, that the play was originally composed at the time when Marlowe, Greene, Kyd, and Peele dominated the stage, i.e. nearly fifty years before its one recorded performance; but it does not distinctly assign it to Peele.

Further, Robertson calls attention to the presence in this play of 'a score of Peele's favourite or special words, such as *Emperess*, *gratulate*, *policy*, *sacred*, *solemnized*, *suspect* (noun), *underbear*, and *zodiac*. To these I might add a few others such as *empery*, *unpartial*, and *exclaims* (noun). I must confess, however, that I look with much doubt upon the argument from diction. Until we have concordances for all the Elizabethan dramatists, as we have for Shakespeare and for Kyd,[3] it is dangerous to describe any words as the 'favourite or special' words of one author. *Empery*, for example, which occurs three times in *Alphonsus* and four times in Peele's undoubted work, is found also in *Byron's Conspiracy* and *Cæsar and Pompey; gratulate* [4] is found in *Bussy*. *Underbear* is found in *King John*, *underbearing* and *underborne* in *Richard II* and *Much Ado*. All I have been able to learn from a careful study of the diction of *Alphonsus* is that it is archaic, including, for example, such forms as *for to* and *for why* (the latter of which occurs four times in Peele, the former, I think, only once), and on the whole much more nearly resembles Peele's usage than Chapman's. Hardly of more importance are a pair of phrases common to Peele and *Alphonsus: bloody banquet* (*Alph.*, V, i, 39; *Battle of Alcazar*, IV. i, 6) and *vital blood* (*Alph.*, V, i, 37; *David and Bersabe*, sc. ii, 45, sc. iii, 14), though there are two instances, pointed out in the notes on III, i, 337, 359, where *Alphonsus* seems plainly to echo in rhythm and diction a line of Peele's. Finally such repetitions as are noted in V, i, 181–3 and V, i, 192–6 are, to say the least, akin to Peele's manner. It is worth noting that these phrases and these echoes and these repetitions occur close together in *Alphonsus*, possibly indicating old sections of the play left untouched by a later reviser.

On the other hand, some of the most striking features of Peele's work are noticeably absent in *Alphonsus*. Robertson himself remarks that it runs strikingly less to alliteration than *David and Bersabe* or *The Battle of Alcazar*. He accounts for this on the ground of its being a later work. But in Peele's poems *Descensus Astreæ*, 1591, *Honour of the Garter*, 1593, and *Anglorum Feriæ*, 1595, all of later date than

[1] *Op. cit.* pp. 123–131.

[2] Certainly the classical allusions are not in the least in Chapman's manner. They consist mainly in a parade of proper names from Greek and Roman history and mythology: Até, Athamas, Menœtiades, Phalaris, Rhadamanth, etc., whereas Chapman, as I have shown elsewhere (*The Nation*, New York, April 15, 1909), makes large draughts on his favourite classic authors for sentiments, similes, etc.

[3] Crawford's *Concordance to Kyd* in *Materialien zur Kunde des älteren Englischen Dramas* is now complete.

[4] Also in three plays representing three different periods of Shakespeare's work, *Richard III*, *Henry V*, and *Cymbeline*.

youth and the gaieties of the court. She sees in Lemot a means of obtaining these objects of her desire, and listens to him as she would have listened to any other tempter who could have made her the same offers. There is no struggle in her mind before yielding, nor any sense of shame when Lemot unmasks her hypocrisy, only an outburst of anger and a quick decision to resume her rôle of the Puritan. Her woman's wit enables her to do this, and to convict her doting husband of the ungrounded nature of his suspicions, for which in the end she forgives him with an air of virtuous superiority. There is neither repentance nor change of character on her part. The only lesson that she has learned from her adventure is to be somewhat more careful in her choice of a partner in an escapade from virtue, and one feels that such a choice will not be long in making, nor Labervele long avoid his destiny. The portrait, which, I fancy, was drawn from the life, is etched in with a pen dipped in gall, and shows more plainly than anything else in his work the detestation with which Chapman the humanist regarded the Puritan assumption of peculiar virtue.

The greater part of the play is written in prose, but there are three scenes entirely in blank verse, and three more in which prose and verse are intermingled. It seems to have been Chapman's intention to employ verse for the high places of the drama, the soliloquy with which the play opens, the rhapsodies of Dowsecer, and the decisive interview between Lemot and Florilla. Prose is employed in the more familiar passages and in the scenes of lively action. The prose scenes seem to me, in their frequent use of puns, their lively word-combats, and their straining after point and finish, to betray the influence of Lyly; but there is no trace of the artificial balance, antithesis, and simile which characterize Euphuism proper. The verse represents a further progress along the line already[1] noted away from the tragic splendours of Marlowe toward the simplicity, lightness, and ease proper for comedy.

All in all *An Humourous Day's Mirth* represents a very great advance over Chapman's first work. It is pure comedy, unmixed with tragic or romantic elements; there is a coherent, though not very well proportioned plot, and a power of humourous characterization remarkable in so early a work. Judged by an absolute standard, the play has little permanent merit; but it is of real interest to the student, not only as representing a new stage in the development of Chapman's art, but also as an early example of one of the most highly developed types of Elizabethan comedy.

[1] See above, p. 676.

AN HUMOUROUS DAY'S MIRTH

NOTES

Scene i. The scene is laid in the private garden of Florilla, *my wife's close walk*, l. 7.

i, 4. *Rest:* an abbreviated form of 'arrest'; cf. sc. vii, l. 115.

i, 36. *Pathetical:* i.e. sympathetic; cf. *The Gentleman Usher*, I, i, 166.

Scene ii. The place of this scene is undetermined; possibly a street in Paris.

ii, 51–2. The Latin *end* is from Terence, *Adelphi*, IV, i, 21. A similar phrase appears in Plautus, *Stichus*, IV, i, 71. It appears to allude to 'some fable in which a wolf appears just as he is being spoken of' (Sloman's note on the passage in Terence) or to the old superstition that a wolf who saw a man before he was seen by him deprived the man of the power of speech. See Otto *Sprichwörter der Römer*, p. 199.

ii, 74. *For his living sake:* on account of his estate. Foyes wishes to marry Martia to the rich gull, Labesha; cf. sc. iii.

ii, 92. *Start mad:* a curious variant of 'stark mad', probably by analogy with the old and correct form 'start naked', i.e. 'tail naked', modern English 'stark naked'. The same form occurs in sc. iv, l. 246.

Scene iii. This scene is laid at the house of Foyes.

iii, 3. *'Tis art:* I do not understand this phrase, unless Foyes means that there is an art of preparing the body. Perhaps the text is corrupt.

iii, 23. *Honeysuckle:* The word has here the rather uncommon sense of 'honey'; cf. *Eastward Ho*, III. ii, 52.

Scene iv. Like scene i, this scene is laid in Florilla's private garden, cf. l. 16.

iv, 18–19. The idea that fairies vanished before the increasing light of religion is an old one. Compare Chaucer's satirical use of this idea in *The Wife of Bath's Tale*, 1–25, and Richard Corbett's poem, *The Fairies' Farewell:*

But since of late Elizabeth,
And later James, came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath bin.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession;
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession.
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas,
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

iv, 55–6. This well-known anecdote of Diogenes is found in Plutarch, *De Profectibus in Virtute*, viii: *Diogenes e vola quemdam bibere conspicatus, poculum pera ejecit.*

iv, 94. *Du Bartas*; Guillaume de Salluste du Bartas, 1544–1590, the famous French Huguenot poet, author of *Le Sepmaine*, and other poems. He was well known in England where he was spoken of as the 'divine Du Bartas'. His reputation as a religious poet is made use of in this passage to furnish Catalian, who feigns to be a candidate for the ministry (cf. ll 122–4), with a creditable patron.

author of the time, however thorough his knowledge of German, can be supposed at all likely to observe such a fine distinction as to make his courtiers talk High German and his peasants the conventional Low German assigned to such rôles by the Duke of Brunswick. But this is exactly the sort of a thing that a somewhat pedantic German of Weckherlin's type might be expected to do.

Further, the word *scherzkin*, which occurs in IV, iii, 70 in the sense of 'darling' is apparently unknown in German; it is not, at any rate, recorded in Grimm's *Wörterbuch*. But we do find there the corresponding South German form, *scherzlein* or *schertzelein*, and the sole example given of the use of this word in this sense is taken from a poem by Weckherlin. Would not the substitution of the North German diminutive *-kin* (for *-chen*), to suit the speaker, a North German princess, be a piece of pedantry exactly akin to the imitation of Duke Julius noted above?

Elze has, to be sure, attempted to anticipate such a hypothesis as I have suggested, by the statement, p. 32, that 'the German elements are so inseparably blended with the plot and character of the tragedy that they must necessarily be considered of simultaneous growth with the play itself', and not a later addition. It is difficult to judge how much weight should be attached to such a statement. For myself I believe that it is possible to conceive an *Ur-Alphonsus* which, while retaining the main outline of the plot, should be almost entirely lacking in the German elements which, naturally enough, seemed to Elze the most important and interesting things in the play.

The only other objection that I can see is that the diction and metre of the play are remarkably archaic for any such thorough revision as I have suggested about the year 1636. But the original play is, as has been said, much older, and the reviser may have preferred, quite properly, to retain the old style rather than to tack on purple patches in the manner of Fletcher or Massinger. It is merely a question of the thoroughness of the revision and of the influence of the German collaborator upon the final and present form of the play.

I cannot avoid the feeling that this is a somewhat lame and impotent conclusion to the hours of study spent upon this play. The only certainty that I can offer the reader is a negative, that Chapman does not appear to have had any connexion with its composition. For a positive conclusion I can only submit a hypothesis which, though it seems plausible to me, may offer more points of attack than I am at present aware of. I shall feel, however, that I have done something for our knowledge of Elizabethan drama, if this hypothesis leads to further investigation of the origin of a unique and from the historical point of view peculiarly interesting play, and, perhaps, in the end to a final settlement of the long debated problems it has suggested.

ALPHONSUS EMPEROR OF GERMANY

NOTES

Dramatis Personæ

Alphonsus : Alphonso X of Castile, titular Emperor of The Holy Roman Empire, 1257–73.

The King of Bohemia : [1] Ottocar II, King of Bohemia, 1253–78.

Bishop of Mentz : Archbishop Gerhard of Mainz.

Bishop of Collen : Conrad von Hochstaden, Archbishop of Cologne.

Bishop of Trier : Arnold von Isenburg, Archbishop of Trier.

Palatine of the Rhein : Ludwig II of Bavaria, County Palatine, a leader of the Hohenstauffen party in Germany, and a supporter of Richard.

Duke of Saxon : Albrecht I, Duke of Sachsen-Wittenberg.

Marquess of Brandenburg. The Margraviate of Brandenburg was, as a matter of fact, shared at this time by two brothers, Johan I and Otto III. The latter was himself suggested as a candidate for the Empire before the elections of Richard and Alphonso, but declined the honour.

Prince Edward : the eldest son of Henry III, later Edward I.

Richard : Richard of Cornwall, younger brother of Henry III, and Emperor from 1257–72.

Lorenzo de Cyprus : an imaginary character, as is his son, Alexander.

Isabella : daughter of John of England, actually the third wife of the Emperor Frederic II, *Stupor Mundi*.

Hedewick : an imaginary character. No German princess was ever married to Edward I.

Jerick : i.e. Jörig, or Jörg, the Low German form of George.

I, i, 6. *Hot at hand :* quick at the beginning. See *New English Dictionary*, *sub* Hand, 25 c, and cf. a similar phrase in *Julius Cæsar*, IV, ii, 23, usually misinterpreted by the editors.

I, i, 53. The word *aloft* in the stage direction after this line probably indicates that the bed of Lorenzo was placed in the balcony overhanging the stage.

I, i, 63. *Una arbusta . . . erithacos :* a proverb going back as far as the scholia on Aristophanes, *Wasps*, l. 922 : οὐ τρέφει μία λόχμη δύο ἐριθάκους.

I, i, 100-102. As Meyer has pointed out (*Machiavelli and The Elizabethan Drama*, p. 134), this maxim is taken directly from Gentilet's summary of the principles of Machiavelli in his *Discours sur les Moyens de bien gouverner . . . Contre Nicholas Machiavel*, 1576. The twelfth maxim of the third part of Gentilet, as given by Meyer, p. 12, reads : ' Le Prince doit ensuyure la nature du Lyon, et du Renard : non de l'un sans l'autre '. This is derived from *Il Principe*, chap. xviii : Essendo adunque un principe necessitato sapere bene usare la bestia, debbe di quella pigliare la volpe ed il leone ; perchè il leone non si difende dai lacci, la volpe non si difende da' lupi. Bisogna adunque essere volpe a conoscere i lacci, e lione a sbigottire i lupi. Coloro che stanno semplicemente in sul lione non se ne intendono : ' A Prince then being necessitated to know how to make use of that part belonging to a beast, ought to serve himself of the

[1] The proper names given to the seven Electors by the dramatist in I, ii, 1–40 are his own invention. I have here given the real names of the Electors in the year 1257.

conditions of the Fox and the Lion; for the Lion cannot keep himself from snares, nor the Fox defend himself against the Wolves. He had need then be a Fox, that he may beware of the snares, and a Lion that he may scare the wolves. Those that stand wholly upon the Lion, understand not well themselves'—translation of Dacres, 1640 (*Tudor Translations*, vol. xxxix, pp. 321–2). The original of this passage appears to be Plutarch, *Lysander*, vii, 5: 'Lysander said, "When the lion's skin will not serve, we must help it with the case of a fox"'. A close parallel to the comment of Alphonsus on this maxim, ll. 103–7, occurs in the anonymous play *Selimus*, 1594, ll. 1732–4:

> *I like Lysander's counsel passing well;*
> *'If that I cannot speed with lion's force,*
> *To clothe my complots in a fox's skin'.*

With the second maxim, ll. 109–11, we may compare Gentilet B, 1 (Meyer, p. 10): 'Un prince, sur toutes choses, doit appeter d'estre estimé devot, bien qu'il ne le soit pas'. Cf. also Gentilet, C, 21 (Meyer, p. 12): 'Le Prince prudent ne doit observer la foy, quand l'observation luy en est dommageable, et que les occasions qui la luy ont fait promettre sont passees'.

With the third, ll. 117–8, cf. Gentilet, C. 6 (Meyer, p. 12): 'C'est folie de penser que nouveaux plaisirs facent oublier vieilles offences aux grands Seigneurs'. This goes back to *Il Principe*, chap. vii, last sentence but one: 'Whoever believes that with great personages new benefits blot on [*sic*] the remembrance of old injuries is much deceiv'd' (*Tudor Translations*, p. 288).

With the fourth maxim, l. 157, cf. Gentilet, C. 9 (Meyer, p. 12): 'Mieux vaut à un Prince d'estre craint qu'aimé', a distortion of Machiavelli's statement, *Principe*, xvii, that it is much safer to be feared than to be loved. The form in the play is evidently nearer the original than it is to Gentilet.

The fifth maxim, ll. 162–4, is a liberal expansion of Gentilet, C. 18 (Meyer, p. 12): 'Le Prince ne doit craindre de se perjurer, tromper et dissimuler: car le trompeur trouve tousiours qui se laisse tromper'. Meyer remarks, p. 136, that the *poison, murder, and all kind of villanies*, of our text show the influence of Marlowe—in his tremendous, but wilfully distorted, embodiment of Machiavellism in Barabas—and of the subsequent dramatic tradition.

Of the sixth maxim, l. 173, Meyer, p. 136, remarks: 'This is not to be found exactly as stated either in Machiavelli or Gentilet, but must have been perverted by the dramatists [*sic*] from *Principe* xxiii', i.e. the chapter headed, in Dacres' translation, *That Flatterers are to be avoyded*.' Gentilet sums up this chapter in maxim A, 2 (Meyer, p. 10): 'Le Prince, pour eviter flateurs, doit defendre a ceux de son conseil, qu'ils ne luy parlent ne donnent conseil, sinon des choses dont il leur entamera propos, et demandera avis'. It is evident that the maxim of the play represents an advanced stage of Machiavellism as understood by the English public of the sixteenth century. The dramatist probably gave it its present shape to account for Alphonsus' murder of Lorenzo at the close of the scene.

I, i, 120. This statement is an invention of the dramatist to motivate the feud between Alphonsus and the Palatine. It has no more foundation in history than the statement in l. 123, that Alphonsus sought to banish the Duke of Saxony.

I, i, 135–41. I find no authority for this statement. *Young victorious Otho* may be Otto der Kind, Herzog zu Braunschweig und Lüneburg, but he does not seem to have warred on the Elector of Mainz. The story of Mainz's captivity and ransom is an invention of the dramatist.

I, i, 149. *Holiness:* Elze notes on the use of this title in I, ii, 139 that 'from the times of St. Boniface the Archbishop of Mentz was always considered the highest dignitary of the Church next to the Pope; his was a Holy See (*heiliger Stuhl*) like the Pope's, whilst the other Archbishops were styled Archbishops of the Holy Cathedrals of Collen, Trier, etc.'. The

title of 'Holiness' is applied to Mentz throughout this play; once also to Collen, IV, i, 9.

I, i, 193. *Aeneas' pilot:* Palinurus. The story of his fatal sleep, due to the god Somnus, is told by Virgil, *Aeneid*, V, 835, *ssq.*

I, i, 201–205. Alphonsus here compares himself to an actor, who has destroyed his part, i.e. the notes which Lorenzo has just dictated to him. Some may think that he has been over hasty in so doing, but to prove that he *studies sure*, i.e. gets his part by heart, he will *make a backward repetition*, i.e. repeat it backwards. The last maxim was that a prince should always be jealous of those who knew his secrets, and Alphonsus now puts this into practice by poisoning his privy councillor, Lorenzo.

I, ii. The scene is laid in the Capella Regia of St. Bartholomew's Church in Frankfort. The action is closely modelled after that prescribed by the Golden Bull as the due form for the election of an Emperor, but the author has fallen into several slight errors. He gives a wrong order of the Electors in ll. 10–40. According to the Golden Bull, chap. i, the order was as follows: Bohemia, Cologne, Trier, the Palatine, Saxony, Brandenburg; Mainz, who had summoned the Electors, apparently acted as host, since it is expressly stated that he is to lead in the others. The order in voting was somewhat different. Mainz, who called on the others to declare their choice, had the privilege of voting last; the author's statement in I, i, 155 and I, ii, 115 is incorrect. The voting order was Trier, Cologne, Bohemia, Palatine, Saxony, Brandenburg, and Mainz.

Further, the author has confused the offices of several of the Electors. Bohemia was not *Sewer to the Emperor* (l. 12), but Cupbearer, *Archipincerna*; the Palatine was not exactly *Taster* (l. 19), but Seneschal or Chief Sewer, *Archidapifer—Comes etiam Palatinus cibum afferre tenebitur*, Golden Bull, chap. iv. Cologne was not *Chancellor of Gallia* (l. 29), but of Italy; and, vice versa, Trier was not *Chancellor of Italy* (l. 37), but of Gallia, i.e. of Burgundy and Arles. Finally, the author seems to have mistranslated the Latin title of the Margrave of Brandenburg, *Archicamerarius*. This might mean *Treasurer* (l. 40), but as a matter of fact it means High Chamberlain. The function of Brandenburg is specified in the Golden Bull, chap. iv: *Brandenburg aquam lavandis Imperatoris . . . manibus ministravit.*

I, ii, 5. *The seven pillars.* Elze calls attention to the fact that this epithet is taken from the Golden Bull, chap. xii: *Sacri Imperii Principes Electores . . . qui solidi bases Imperii et columnæ immobiles, etc.*

I, ii, 16. *Duke of Pomerland*, i.e. Pomerania. Gerhard of Mainz, who supported Richard of Cornwall, had no connexion with Pomerania. The statement that the Archbishop of Trier was Duke of Lorraine (l. 37) is equally unhistorical.

I, ii, 66. *Palestine.* Richard had taken the cross as early as 1236. He sailed for Acre in 1240, along with Simon de Montfort and other nobles, but only remained there a few months.

I, ii, 77–79. According to the Golden Bull, the Electors were bound to choose an Emperor before leaving Frankfurt, and if the election was deferred beyond thirty days they were to receive but bread and water until they had reached a decision. There seems some reference to this custom in Bohemia's remark.

I, ii, 131. *By a full consent:* by a unanimous agreement of the Electors. This is not in accordance with the facts.

I, ii, 135. *Him:* Alphonsus.

I, ii, 204. *The Earl of Leicester and the barons.* The reference is to Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, and the barons who leagued with him to obtain redress of grievances from Henry III. The 'Mad Parliament' in which they compelled him to accept the Provisions of Oxford was held in the year after Richard's election, 1258. Later when war broke out between the King and the Barons, Richard joined his brother and was taken prisoner at Lewes, 1264. The play seems to regard the quarrel as already raging in 1257.

I, ii, 215. I have not noted any instance of the archaic *for why* in Chapman's tragedies.

I, ii, 235. *For age and age:* forever and ever. See *The New English Dictionary, sub* Age, 10.

I, ii, 236. *A:* a common Elizabethan abbreviation for 'he'. It is not, I think, used by Chapman in his tragedies.

I, ii, 253. *Cæsar's:* the reference is to the Emperor Alphonsus.

I, ii, 261. *Wehrhaftig:* capable of bearing arms.

I, ii, 261–5. There seems a reference here to the so-called *Schwabenalter*. It was said by way of derision of the lethargic and thick-witted Suabians that it took a boy forty years to grow up to manhood among them *Ein Schwab braucht vierzig Jahr um klug zu sein.* The custom of promoting a boy to manhood by giving him a box on the ear and girding him with a sword is an old German one. Elze calls attention to a passage in Grimmelshausen's *Simplicissimus* (ed. Keller, vol. ii, p. 179), where the disguised virgin Lebuschka is so promoted by her master: *dannenhero erhielte ich bald von ihm, dass er mir einen Degen schenckte und mich mit einer Maultasche Wehrhafft machte.*

II, i, 36. *Count Mansfield:* probably a reference, with the characteristic Elizabethan disregard of anachronism, to Count Ernest Mansfield, son of Count Peter Ernest who appears in *Byron's Conspiracy*, I, ii, 182–90. Count Ernest had taken a prominent part in the Thirty Years' War, serving first under Frederick of the Palatinate. He had visited England in 1624 to strengthen the Protestant Alliance against the League. He died in 1626, rising from a sick bed to put on full armour and die standing.

II, i, 46. *The Emperors:* i.e. Alphonsus and Bohemia himself, who has been made joint Emperor, I, ii, 165–78.

II, ii, 50. *The Ambidexter:* the Vice, or comic character in the old play of *Cambises*, printed 1569–70, the work of Thomas Preston of Cambridge. It seems to have been well known for many years after its first appearance, as it is referred to by Shakespeare in *1 K.H. IV*, II, iv, 425: *I must speak in passion and I will do it in King Cambyses' vein.* The Vice, Ambidexter, enters 'with an old cap-case on his head, an old pail about his hips for harness, a scummer and a pot-lid by his side, and a rake on his shoulder'. In accordance with his name, he constantly plays a double part in the action:

> *My name is Ambidexter, I signify one,*
> *That with both hands finely can play;*
> *Now with King Cambises, and by and by gone,*
> *Thus do I run this and that way.*

It is to this duplicity that the Prince refers when he says that Mentz will *play the Ambidexter cunningly*. The allusion to so old a play as *Cambises* is one of the proofs, I think, that *Alphonsus* in its original form must belong to the sixteenth century. The allusion would hardly have been familiar in 1636 when it was performed at Blackfriars. There is a similar allusion in the old play, *Sir Clyomon and Sir Clamydes*, formerly ascribed to Peele (Bullen's *Works of Peele*, vol. ii, p. 131); but by Kittredge (*Journal of Germ. Phil.*, vol. ii, p. 8) to Preston.

II, ii, 89–91. 'Look you, that is not the custom here! My God, is that the English fashion? May [the devil take] you'.

II, ii, 94. *His country fashion.* The old English custom of greeting guests or strangers with a kiss excited much comment from foreigners. The *locus classicus* regarding this fashion is the letter of Erasmus to Andrelini (*Epistolæ*, no. 103, edited by Allen, 1906): [1] *Est prœterea mos nunquam satis laudatus. Sive quo venias, omnium osculis excipieris; sive discedas aliquo, osculis dimitteris; redis, redduntur suavia; venitur ad te, propinantur suavia; discedítur abs te, dividuntur basia; occurritur alicubi, basiatur affatim; denique quocunque te moveas, suaviorum plena sunt omnia, Quœ si tu, Fauste, gustasses semel quam sint mollicula, quam fragrantia, profecto*

[1] See Hewlett's charming translation of this passage at the beginning of *The Duchess of Nona* in *Little Novels of Italy*.

cuperes non decennium solum . . . sed ad mortem usque in Anglia peregrinari.

II, ii, 117–8. 'May [the devil take] you! Must I, poor child, be put to shame?'

II, ii, 122–4. 'Ah, dear lady, take it in good part; it is the English manner and custom'. 'Your Grace knows well that it is a great shame to me'.

II, ii, 126–7. 'Gracious lady, forgive me; I will never do it again'.

II, ii, 128. *Upsy Dutch:* Elze explains that 'this phrase is a corruption either of the Middle Dutch *op syn dietsch* or of the Low German *op syn dütsch*. It means "in his German", "in German", or, as the Germans say, *auf gut Deutsch*, and, from the language, has been transferred to German manners altogether'. Here the phrase refers to the German fashion of kissing one's own hand in salutation.

II, ii, 138–42. 'In truth, [it is] no shame'. 'Gracious, highborn Prince and Lord, if I could speak enough English, I would in truth give your Grace a snub; but I hope I shall sometime learn enough, so that you may understand me'. The word *filz*, l. 141, is the same as the English 'felt', 'stuff', but it is used in the idioms, *filz geben, austeilen*, etc., in the sense of 'snub' or 'reproof'. See Grimm's *Wörterbuch, sub* Filz.

II, ii, 158–9. Saxon had given Isabella full power to conclude the marriage arrangements of his daughter.

II, ii, 167–70. 'Is your Grace content with this?' 'What your Serene Highness wishes, my father wishes, and what my father wishes therewith must I be content'.

II, ii, 193. *His life's reproach:* reproaches heaped upon his life.

II, ii, 231. *Selected:* this word modifies *Emperor's*, not *Electors*.

II, ii, 238–9. The corporate body of the seven Electors is stigmatised, in the language of popular theology, as the whore of Babylon seated upon her seven-headed beast, *Revelation* xvii, 1–9. Such a reference is not at all in the manner of Chapman, but quite like Peele, the 'true-blue' Englishman.

II, ii, 296–302. Possibly we have here an allusion to the old *Hamlet* and the Ghost which cried so miserably at the Theatre 'Hamlet, revenge'.

II, ii, 305. *Gripping at our lots:* Elze notes this as a Germanism, as contrasted with the usual English phrase 'draw lots'.

II, ii, 314. *For to help:* I have not noticed any instance of this archaic form of the infinite in Chapman.

II, ii, 321. See Text Notes, pp. 706–7. I interpret the emended lines as follows: 'Dutch boors are devilish rogues', etc. *Towsandt schelms*, I interpret, on the analogy of such phrases as 'Tausendsassa' = 'Teufelskerl', 'Tausendkünstler' = 'Teufel' as equivalent to 'the devil's own rogues'.

II, ii, 324. *By your Highness:* This seems to me rather a Germanism than idiomatic Elizabethan English.

II, ii, 325. This clumsy device smacks of the earliest period of Elizabethan drama. A similar one is preserved in *Titus Andronicus*, II, iii.

II, ii, 345. *Rhadamant:* Rhadamanthus, one of the three judges of the dead along with Minos and Æacus. He appears frequently in Elizabethan drama in this rôle; cf. *The Spanish Tragedy*, I, i, 33.

II, iii, 3. *A plumper boor:* 'a lubberly peasant', Elze.

II, iii, 28. *Aix:* Aix-la-Chapelle, the city in which the Emperors of the Holy Roman Empire received the crown of Germany from 813 to 1531.

II, iii, 33–36. 'Come here, Hans; where art thou? Why art thou so sad? Be merry! You may earn much money; we will kill him, by gad'. 'Let me see the letters'.

II, iii, **39–41.** 'Hans and Jerick, my dear friends, I pray keep it a secret and kill the Englishman.'

II, iii, 53–100.

Jer. What say you, will you do it?

Hans. What will I not do for money! Look, by gad, there he is.

Jer. Yes, by gad zookers, it's he. Hallo, good morning, good luck, gentleman!

Hans. Gentleman, the devil! he is a boor.

Rich. You are a rascal, keep off !

Jer. Hallo, hallo, are you so proud ? Sir boor, come here, or the devil take you.

Rich. I am a Prince ; don't lay hands on me, you rogues, you traitors !

Both. Strike, strike. We'll treat you like a prince.

Rich. O God, receive my spirit into thy hands.

Jer. O excellent, fine ! He's dead, he's dead. Let us see what money he has on him. Hallo, here's enough, quite enough ; there's for you, and there's for me, and this I'll take into the bargain.

Hans. How so, Jack fool ? Hand me over the chain.

Jer. Yes, like fun ! This chain looks fine on my neck ; I'm going to wear it.

Hans. The falling sickness blast you ! You shall never do that, you rogue.

Jer. What, do you call me rogue ? Take that !

Hans. A hundred thousand devils take you ! Wait a bit, I'll learn you !

Jer. Will you strike or thrust ?

Hans. I'll strike fair.

Jer. Very well ; there's my back, strike away.

Hans. Take that ! And here's my back.

Jer. Once more ! O excellent, are you down ? Now I'll have everything, money and chain, and the whole lot. O fine, cheer-up, jolly ! Now I'm a fine gentleman.

Rich. You villain, rogue, murderer, turn here, do you see me ? Give me the chain and the money back.

Jer. What, are you come to life again ? Then I must defend myself. Will you thrust or strike ?

Rich. That's what I'll do, you rogue !

Jer. Wait, wait a bit. If you're a honest fellow, fight fair. O I'm dying, I'm dying. Let me live.

Rich. Tell me then who wrote the letters. Don't lie, but speak the truth.

Jer. O my honourable, good, noble, worshipful gentleman, there is the money and the chain back again ; you shall have it all back, but who wrote the letters, that I don't know upon my soul.

Rich. Lie still there, still, I say.

* * * * *

So die, rogue !

Jer. O, I'm dying, oh, oh, oh ! The devil fly away with you !

Sax. Fie upon you, wretched villain, have you killed your comrade ?

Pal. Let us seize the villain.

II, iii, 113. *Bistu :* an old German contraction for *bist du,* art thou.

III, i, 10. *Wait up :* Elze takes this phrase as a Germanism equivalent to *aufwarten,* i.e. attend.

III, i, 21. *The Fool rides thee.* It seems to have been a common practice in the old drama for the Fool, or Vice, to be carried off the stage by the Devil. Cushman (*The Devil and the Vice,* p. 120) points out that such an exit for the Vice occurs in only one surviving play, *Like Will to Like ;* but a passage in Jonson, *The Devil is An Ass,* V, iv, proves, I think, that the practice was well known. When Iniquity, the Vice of Jonson's play, takes Pug, the Devil, upon his shoulders, he exclaims

> *The Devil was wont to carry away the Evil,*
> *But now the Evil outcarries the Devil.*

The phrase *the Evil* in these lines is evidently a synonym for *the Vice.*

III, i, 29. *Reinfal :* a southern wine, highly prized in Germany in the Middle Ages. Grimm, *Wörterbuch,* says that the oldest German form of the word is *raivul,* from *vinum rivale.* The attempt to fix the spot whence this sort of wine came does not appear to have been successful, although various

places, such as Rivoglio in Istria, Rivoli in the territory of Verona, Rivallo west of Trieste, and others, have been suggested.

III, i, 32. Elze fancies that something has been lost before this speech. But it is not necessary to assume this. The connexion between the speech of Alphonsus, ll. 26–31, and the reply of the Empress, lies in the phrase, *unexpected league*, l. 31. The Empress remarks that Edward like a true bridegroom is too rapt in the contemplation of the bride to revel *lusty upsy Dutch*.

III, i, 46. *Es gilt:* an expression used in drinking a health, equivalent to 'here is'.

III, i, 48. 'God help me, it shall be a welcome pledge to me'. *Sam*, according to Grimm's *Wörterbuch*, occurs regularly in such phrases as *Sam mir Gott*, i.e. *so wahr mir Gott helfen möge*, *Sam mir der Heilige Grab*, etc. Professor Schick informs me that in Würtemburg *Sam Gott* is still a common colloquial response to *Prosit*, the word which accompanies the drinking of a health.

III, i, 52. *Troll out.* Elze did not understand this phrase (see Text Notes, p. 708); but it is a not uncommon idiom. See *Tempest*, III, ii, 126, *troll the catch*, and *Paradise Lost*, XI, 616, *troll the tongue*.

III, i, 53. 'To that end here's another health, Your Majesty'. 'God help me, let it come'.

III, i, 61–2. This custom, spoken of here as a purely local Saxon custom, is the well-known 'Toby-night', or 'nights', ordained as a rule of the Church by the Council at Carthage, A.D. 398. The rule was authorized by the example of Tobith (Toby), who spent the first three nights of his marriage in prayer and so escaped the death which had befallen his brothers. But this custom of abstinence for the first night, or nights, never seems to have been so prevalent in Germany as in France, where absolutions from its observance were actually sold by priests to eager husbands. See on this subject, Karl Weinhold, *Die deutschen Frauen in dem Mittelalter*, p. 268, and Du Meril Edelstand, *Etudes sur quelques points d'Archéologie*, p. 72.

III, i, 81–3. 'Will you sleep with me to-night'? 'God forbid, I hope your Majesty will not ask it of me'.

III, i, 87. *A Jacob's staff:* an astronomical instrument, formerly used for taking the altitude of the sun. It is mentioned by Webster (*The White Devil*, I, ü, 102), Nash (*Piers Penniless*), and Overbury (*Character of an Almanack-maker*); but nowhere with the implied meaning it has here.

III, i, 100. *We'll drink about.* Elze refers to this as a German custom, *Herum trinken*, but something very similar was known in England in Elizabethan times and even later. Cf. the 'round' of healths in *All Fools*, V, ii, 53–76.

III, i, 112. *Hüpsch boor-maikins:* i.e. hübsche Bauer-mädchen, pretty peasant girls.

III, i, 129. *Sets my teeth an edge:* i.e. gives me an appetite; cf. the use of this phrase in *Winter's Tale*, IV, iii, 7. This use is to be distinguished from the better known phrase, 'to set one's teeth on edge', i.e. to cause an unpleasant tingling. It is in this latter sense that Shakespeare uses the phrase *set my teeth on edge* in *1.K.H. IV*, III, i, 133, where the oldest editions (all the Qq., except 3 and 4, and F_1) read *an edge*.

III, i, 131. *Though thy robes be homely:* Isabel is dressed as a chambermaid; cf. II, ii, 26.

III, i, 132. In the stage direction after this line the *links or puddings* are, of course, sausages. The *mitre* was probably a high peaked hat. The *corances* are chaplets or garlands, German *Kranz*. Cf. the reading of the quartos, *crants*, in *Hamlet*, V, ii, 255, where the folio has *rites*.

III, i, 140–1. *Dorp:* village, thorpe. Cf. German *Dorf*. *Schinken* = ham, or, as the stage direction above has it, 'a gammon'.

III, i, 144. *Nippitate:* good, prime, an adjective formed from *nippitate*, or *nippitato*, 'good ale'. See *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, IV, ii.

III, i, 146. *Rommer dantzen:* '*rommer* or *rummer* is a corruption of *herum*', Elze. The phrase means 'dance around'.

III, i, 151. *An Almain and an upspring:* an Almain is a dance taking its name from the country of its origin, 'Almaine', i.e. Germany. It seems to have been a slow and stately measure; see the stage direction in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, II, i, 161: *Nine knights in armour, treading a warlike almain*, and Morley's definition of the 'Alman', a form of dance-music, as a heavier dance than the galliard (*Introduction to Music*, 1597, pt. III, p. 207). The *upspring*, on the other hand, is the German *Hüpfauf*, 'the last and wildest dance at the old German merry makings', Elze.

III, i, 155. The dance represented in the stage direction after this line appears to be a form of the 'Almain'. The *foredance* is the German *Vortanz*. The *New English Dictionary* gives no instance of this word.

III, i, 157. 'Away, peasant, and make love to-morrow'. *Löffeln* frequently occurs, Elze says, in German writers of this date. Grimm, *Wörterbuch*, says it is originally a piece of students' slang; cf. our slang phrases 'to be spoons on', 'spoony'. *To house:* home, a Germanism, equivalent to the German phrase *zu Haus*, 'at home', or 'home'.

III, i, 161–4. 'Here's to you, peasant'! 'God help me! Oh, maiden, help me then! Oh, maiden, drink. Here's a health, good friend, a merry draught'.

III, i, 164. There is a close parallel to the poisoning indicated in the stage direction after this line in *Antonio's Revenge*, I, i, 66–70, where Piero tells how after drinking to Andrugio he dropped poison in the cup and handed it to him to return the pledge.

III, i, 172. *Pepper'd.* Alexander had been the first to taste the cup, l. 161, so that if it should be poisoned, he is 'done for'. The use of '*pepper'd*' in this sense is common in Elizabethan English, see the *New English Dictionary*, *sub* Pepper, 5.

III, i, 175–7. 'What is it, what is it, what will you do to me?' 'Drink out, drink out, or the devil fly off with you'. 'Oh, content you, I'll gladly drink'.

III, i, 179. *Spanish flies:* the popular name of the beetles which furnish the drug cantharides, used here, with reference to the native country of Alphonsus, as equivalent to 'poison'.

III, i, 180. *This:* i.e. the reappearance in disguise of Saxon and Palsgrave, who had seceded from the conclave of the Electors, cf. I, ii, 191.

III, i, 201. *Fear myself:* i.e. 'fear for myself', a not uncommon Elizabethan idiom; cf. *Richard III*, I, i, 137: *His physicians fear him mightily*, and *All's Well*, III, v, 31: *You shall not need to fear me.* I owe these references to Mr. Daniel.

III, i, 227. *For to unlace*: cf. note on II, ii, 314.

III, i, 271. *Lansknights:* one of the various forms of the English rendering of the German *Landsknecht;* others are 'launceknights', a popular etymology, and the commoner 'lansquenet', through the French. According to Grimm's *Wörterbuch*, both the word and the thing date from the wars of Maximiliam I, 1580–90. Strictly a *Landsknecht* was a foot soldier of German nationality as opposed to a Swiss or other foreign mercenary.

III, i, 289, 291. For the assignment of these speeches, see Text Notes, p. 709.

III, i, 332. *By night all cats are grey.* Elze calls this 'a German proverb which, I think, will be nowhere else found in English'. It occurs, however, in the *Proverbs* of John Heywood, 1562, Part I, chap. v, 'When all candles be out, all cats be gray.'

III, i, 337. As Robertson (*loc. cit.*, p. 127) points out, this line is an echo of one in Peele's *Arraignment of Paris*, II, i, 176:

To ravish all thy beating veins with joy.

III, i, 348. Até: the goddess of mischief.

III, i, 358. Cf. I, i, 179–82; but there is no need of assuming that the two poisons are the same.

III, i, 359. Cf. Peele, *Edward I*, sc. xxv., l. 112: *The wanton bates that made me suck my bane.*

III, i, 378. *Travants:* an English rendering of the German *Trabant*, a guards-

man. I doubt whether the word occurs elsewhere in English; it is not given in the *Century Dictionary*.

Elze calls attention to the fact that an indignity similar to that offered the Empress in the stage direction after this line occurs in *Bussy*, V, i. This is, however, no proof of Chapman's authorship of *Alphonsus*; a similar indignity occurs in Ford's *'Tis Pity She's a Whore*, IV, iii, but no one has yet suggested that Ford wrote *Alphonsus*.

III, i, 384–5. *Like a strumpet, etc.*; probably a reference to the story of Rahab, *Joshua*, ii, 1–15.

IV, i, 22. *Clown's attire:* the reference is to the boors' or clowns' disguise worn by Saxon and Richard on their return to the Court, III, i, 132, stage direction.

IV, i, 33. *Suspicious of:* the context, I think, shows that this means 'suspected by' and so in danger from, Alphonsus; but the phrase might be taken in its usual sense.

IV, i, 89–94. 'But say, dear daughter, where wast thou this past night'? 'Where? Where should I be? I was in bed'. 'If thou wast alone, thou wast greatly frightened'. 'I had no other purpose than to have slept alone, but about midnight my bridegroom came and slept with me, till we were waked with the uproar'.

IV, i, 100. *Did she run together:* Elze suggests reading *did* [*you*] *run together*, but the phrase looks to me like a Germanism, *lief sie mit*, i.e. did she run along with you?

IV, i, 112–3. 'Hedewick, the Prince says he did not sleep with you'. 'It pleases him to say so, but I felt it well enough'.

IV, i, 119. 'Eh, dear, why should you ask?'

IV, i, 124. 'That hast thou done, or the devil take me'.

IV, i, 140. *Pack thee:* Elze reckons this reflexive use as a Germanism, but it occurs in English as early as Kennedy's *Flyting*, 1508, and in Chester's *Love's Martyr*, 1601.

IV, i, 183. Cf. similar archaic forms in II, ii, 314, and III, i, 227. Note also an archaic *for why* in l. 203, like that in I, ii, 215. *Underbear* does not occur in Chapman's plays, but is found in Peele, *Garter*, Prologue, l. 26, and *Angl. Fer.*, l. 202.

IV, i, 209. *And not revenge:* This absolute use of *revenge* as a verb in the sense 'inflict punishment', 'take revenge upon', is rare, but not unknown in English; see *New English Dictionary*, *sub* Revenge, 5.

IV, ii, 7. *Tartarian*, of Tartary. As a rule the adjective signifies 'pertaining to Tartarus'; thus *Paradise Lost*, II, 69; but Marlowe, *1 Tamburlaine*, III, iii, 151, has *the white Tartarian hills*, a line which, as Robertson (*op. cit.*, p. 132) points out, is imitated here.

IV, ii, 9–10. Koeppel (*loc. cit.*, p. 79) sees so close a resemblance between the simile in these lines and a passage in Shakespeare as to indicate imitation on the part of the author of *Alphonsus*. Cf. *King John*, V, vii, 30–4:

> *There is so hot a summer in my bosom,*
> *That all my bowels crumble up to dust:*
> *I am a scribbled form drawn with a pen*
> *Upon a parchment, and against this fire*
> *Do I shrink up.*

IV, ii, 29. *The cold swift-running Rhein:* Elze in his note on this line remarks that 'the Rhine could hardly be better characterized in so few words than by the mention of its two pre-eminent features', and surmises (p. 25) that these epithets proceed from the writer's personal knowledge.

IV, ii, 74. With these words Alphonsus feigns a recurrence of his pains.

IV, ii, 84. The speech is interrupted here by a feigned swoon.

IV, ii, 96. *I have wrong:* I am wronged. Cf. *Venus and Adonis*, l. 329: *The heart hath treble wrong.*

IV, iii. The appearance of Hedewick *with the Child* at the beginning of this scene furnishes one of the most amusing instances of the Elizabethan dis-

regard for the unity of time. The child was begotten on the night after the marriage feast celebrated in III, i; and from that time the action has been continuous, for the death of Bohemia mentioned in IV, ii must take place on the day following, see III, i, 357–8, and 437. Consequently we are forced to imagine an interval of time sufficient for the gestation and birth of the child between IV, ii and IV, iii, that is, between two scenes which on the Elizabethan stage were played consecutively, and without interval. It is against absurdities of this sort that Sidney's attack in the *Defense of Poesie* is directed.

IV, iii, 1. *Map of misery :* picture, or image of misery. Cf. *Monsieur D'Olive*, I, i, 403 : *Farewell, the true map of a gull.*

A closer parallel occurs in *Titus Andronicus*, III, ii, 12, where the phrase *Thou map of woe* is applied to a distressed lady. This scene of *Titus* is lacking in the Qq. and was almost certainly written by Shakespeare.

IV, iii, 9–11. ' O my dear father, I have in these long, long forty weeks, which, it seems to me, have been forty years, learned a little English, and I hope he will understand me, etc. '.

IV, iii, 25. *Lamps :* Elze compares the phrasing of the English translation of the Golden Bull, 1619 : ' The seven Electors by whom as by seven candlesticks . . . the holy empire should be illuminated '. But the metaphorical use of ' lamp ' to denote a source of moral or intellectual light is much older than this. See *New English Dictionary, sub* Lamp, 3.

IV, iii, 30–2. The text is confused here, probably owing to the haste and confusion of the writer. There are *three generations of the Saxon blood* present, Saxon, Hedewick, and the child ; but only two of them are descended from Saxon's loins, and it is only by a figure of speech that the newborn babe (cf. l. 160) can be represented as *kneeling* to its putative father.

IV, iii, 61. *Athamas :* Athamas was driven mad by a fury sent against him by Juno, and in his madness seized and dashed out the brains of his infant son. His story is told in detail by Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, IV, 416–562.

IV, iii, 70–2. ' Ah, my sweet Edward, my sweetheart, my darling, my dear and only beloved, my dearest husband, I prithee, my love, look kindly upon me ; good sweetheart, tell the truth '.

IV, iii, 73–5. ' For I am thine, and thou art mine, thou hast given me a little child ; oh, Edward, sweet Edward, have pity on him ', *Allerlievest*, ll. 71, 73, corresponds to the English ' alder-liefest ' ; see *2 K.H. VI*, I, i, 28.

IV, iii, 78. ' Dear Edward, you know I am your dearest wife '.

IV, iii, 82–4. ' Oh my dearest highborn Prince and Lord, think that our Lord God sits in the throne of Heaven, and sees the heart, and will well avenge my cause '.

IV, iii, 85. *Hold me . . . up :* Elze takes this as a Germanism, equivalent to *halte mich auf*. I can find no exact parallel to it in English, but it is nearly akin to ' hold in suspense '.

IV, iii, 94–6. ' O father, oh, my father, spare my child ! O Edward, oh, Prince Edward, speak now or nevermore. The child is mine, it must not die '.

IV, iii, 118–9. ' Ah, father, give me my child, the child is mine '. ' I know that well ; he says it is not his '.

IV, iii, 121. ' O God in his throne ! O my child, my child ! '

IV, iii, 134–5. ' Alas, alas, and woe is me, why said not your Excellency so before now, now 'tis too late, our poor child is killed '.

IV, iii, 139–41. ' My father, I beg upon my knee, let me rather die. Farewell, false Edward, false Prince, I desire it not [i.e. to live with thee] '.

IV, iii, 142. *Hammer in thy head :* Mr. Robertson, *op. cit.*, pp. 47–8, notes that this phrase is used by Lodge (*Wounds of Civil War*) and Greene (*Orlando Furioso* and various prose works). It does not appear to be used by Peele.

IV, iii, 147. ' O Lord God, take my soul into Thy hands '.

IV, iii, 149–50. ' O Lord of Sabaoth, may my innocence come to light '.

IV, iii, 155. *That*, i.e. that which.

V, i, 20. *For to divert:* another instance of the archaic infinitive.
V, i, 21. *Triumph:* For the accentuation cf. III, i, 34 and l. 282 below.
V, i, 28. *Carry not that conceit:* do not imagine.
V, i, 37, 39. *Vital blood; bloody banquet:* see Introduction, p. 689.
V, i, 56. The metre seems to demand the pronunciation *Colle'n* here, cf. modern English 'Colo'gne'; but in l. 72 below we have *Co'llen*, as usual in this play. I doubt whether any inference as to various authorship can be drawn from this apparent difference in pronunciation.
V, i, 73. *Object.* For this word Elze suggests *aspect*; but the meaning given in the *New English Dictionary* under *Object*, I, 3, b, 'something which on being seen excites a particular emotion', exactly fits this passage.
V, i, 75. *Children:* a trisyllable.
V, i, 123. *Rose-corance.* Cf. note on III, ii, 132. Elze notes that 'in Germany a "*Rosenkranz*" served as a symbol of virginity and therefore in old popular songs it often denotes maidenhead itself'.
V, i, 132. *Count not of a dignity.* Elze suggests '*count it of a dignity*, i.e. 'I think it a dignity'. But this seems to me a misunderstanding of the passage, which means, I take it, 'I do not take account of my dignity'. See *New English Dictionary* under *Count*, 8, 'to think much, or little, of, to care for', and cf. *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, II, i, 65: *no man counts of her beauty.*
V, i, 156. *Alphonso:* This form occurs only in this line and in l. 415 below. Elsewhere we have *Alphonsus.*
V, i, 181–3. *See* Introduction, p. 689.
V, i, 248. *Secrets:* a trisyllable.
V, i, 278. *Justful.* This word occurs nowhere in Chapman's plays, and the repetition *rightful, justful*, is very much in Peele's style.
V, i, 290. *The Princes:* i.e. Saxon, Trier and Brandenburg, who have just defeated Richard and Collen.
V, i, 295–8. The repetition of *victory* in these lines is in Peele's manner.
V, i, 308–24. The condition imposed upon the Emperor, his acceptance of it, and Alexander's murder of him thereafter with the intent of sending his soul to hell, all find a close parallel in *Jack Wilton* (Nash, *Works*, vol. ii, pp. 325–6, McKerrow's edition). A similar story occurs in the German novel, *Simplicissimus*, already referred to, I, i, 14, p. 96. Langbaine's references in this connexion are to works published too late to be the source of this passage.
V, i, 327. *Take my heels:* The usual idiom is 'take *to* one's heels'; but this phrase occurs in *Comedy of Errors*, I, ii, 94, and *Cymbeline*, V, iii, 67.
V, i, 346. *The coasts:* Elze says 'it is difficult to say what *coasts* the poet has been thinking of'; but *coasts* may mean 'tract', or 'region' which is probably the sense here. See *New English Dictionary, sub* Coast, 6, c.
V, i, 348. *My lord:* i.e. Trier.
V, i, 360. *Menœtiades:* Patroclus. The reference is to Achilles' slaughter of twelve Trojan captives upon the pyre of Patroclus, *Iliad*, XXIII, 175–7.
V, i, 390–2. Robertson, *op. cit.*, p. 129, calls attention to a parallel in *Titus Andronicus*, V, i, 65: *complots of mischief, treason, villanies.*
V, i, 430. Robertson, p. 127, cites this line as showing Peele's trick of repetition.
V, i, 442–3. Cf. *Laocoon ardens summa decurrit ab arce* (*Aeneid*, II, 41). *Troy's overthrow* is, of course, the wooden horse.
V, i, 460. *Phalaris:* the tyrant of Agrigentum, infamous for his hollow bull of brass, in which he roasted his victims alive. He is mentioned by Pindar, *Pythia*, I, 185.
V, i, 471, 474–6. The barbarous mode of punishment described here seems to have been common in Germany in the Middle Ages, and to have endured even into the eighteenth century. Elze refers to Gruelin, *Abhandlung von den besonderen Rechten der Juden*, § 35 (Tübingen, 1785), who says that in former times Jews guilty of theft were in many places hanged by the feet or toes between two dogs. Jurists were divided as to the legality of the practice, and in Gruelin's times it had been abandoned. See also

Questorp, *Grundsätze der deutschen peinlichen Rechtes*, vol. i, p. 89 (Leipzig 1794).

TEXT NOTES

There is but one old edition[1] of *Alphonsus*, that published by Moseley in 1654. I refer to this edition as Q. The play was first reprinted, with an introduction and notes, by Karl Elze, Leipzig, 1867. Elze took very considerable liberties with his text, often altering or omitting words without comment or real justification. I call attention to some of the more noticeable of his changes in the following notes, referring to his edition as E.

Alphonsus next appeared in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman*, London, 1873. This is a professedly exact reprint of the quarto, and is on the whole fairly reliable. I have, however, noted a few errors. I refer to this edition as P.

In 1874 *Alphonsus* appeared, for the last time up to the present date, in *The Works of George Chapman—Plays*, London, 1874. The editor, R. H. Shepherd, follows E. so closely that his work possesses no independent value. Where necessary I shall refer to this edition as S.

The most puzzling feature of the text of *Alphonsus* consists in the German speeches. These seem to have been originally composed in a fairly correct High German, except the speeches of the ' Boors ', for which see the Introduction, p. 691, and an occasional Low German word. The original German was barbarously mangled by Moseley's printer, and any attempt at restoration is confronted with serious difficulties, since it is not always possible to decide whether the mistakes in the text are due to the printer or to the author. On the whole I have followed Elze's lead in this matter, departing from his reading, however, where it seemed that in his desire to secure correct German he was altering what was, perhaps, the original text. My aim has been to restore, as nearly as possible, the original German as I conceive it to have been written, since the very mistakes, if they are the errors of the author, may throw light upon the question of the authorship. In this restoration I have been greatly aided by the friendly advice of my colleague, Dr. G. M. Priest, of Princeton University, to whom my special thanks are due. In the following notes I reproduce exactly all German words and phrases altered in my text, so that the reader may determine for himself how far my changes are justified. I have published a careful study of the text of this play in *Anglia*, vol. xxx, pp. 349–379, to which the student is referred for further information, especially for criticism of the changes introduced into the text by Elze.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

This list appears in Q., where Lorenzo appears as *Lorenzo de Cipres*; E. emends *de Cyprus*. In I, ii, 240, the same character is spoken of as *Lorenzo de Toledo*. His son is introduced in the stage direction preceding Act I as *Alexander de Tripes*, an evident misprint for *Cipres* which E. has corrected. Alexander again appears in the stage direction after I, ii, 228, and in III, i, 4, as *Alexander de Toledo*. These variations point, I think, to a revision of the play.

In Q. the play is divided into acts, but not into scenes.

I, i, 1. Q. *Boy, give me the Master Key of all the doors.*
E. omits *Boy*.
2. Q. *Exit* Alexder.
53. Q. *unlook'd*. E. *unlooked*, which may represent the pronunciation intended, but I prefer not to emend merely to regularize the metre.
In the stage direction after this line E. omits the word *aloft*.
60–2. Q. prints as two lines,

[1] I have based the present text upon this edition, consulting the copies at the Bodleian (*Malone*, 241) and the British Museum (C. 12. g. 6 and 644. d. 50), modernizing the spelling and punctuation as usual. Lowndes, *Manual*, vol. i, p. 411, notes a copy of this play, dating 1648. I have found no trace of this and fancy it must be a misprint. Throughout these notes I have used Clarendon type to represent the black-letter of the original.

ending *ordinary, written.* E. alters *What's this* to *What is this, It seems* to *'t seems*, and prints as three lines ending *Tush, is, written.* I print as three lines, but reject E.'s arrangement and his alterations of the text.

In the stage direction after l. 62 E. prints *Lorenzo's* for Q. *his.*

63. Q. *Una arbusta non alit duos Erithicos.* E. emends *Unum arbustum;* but the form *arbusta* occurs in mediæval Latin, see *Thes. Ling. Lat.* E. also emends *erithacos*, noting that Q. reads *Erithicus;* but the copies at the Bodleian and the British Museum have *Erithicos.*

69. The Bodleian copy has the misprint *own* for *down.* The British Museum copies are correct.

75–6. Q. prints as prose.

115. I have ventured to insert the word *and* in this line. Without it the metre of the line is rougher than seems natural in the case of a writer usually so regular as the author of this play.

127–34. By a palpable mistake Q. assigns this speech to *Alphon* [*sus*]. E. emends, giving it to *Lorenzo.* In l. 127 Q. has *Bohemie.* The pronunciation was probably dissyllabic, Bemya, cf. the German, *Böhmen.*

147. Q. *ten tun.* E. emends *ten tons.* I print *ton*, but perhaps *tun* should be retained, as the reference is probably to measure rather than to weight.

154–6. Q. prints as two lines, ending *election, next.* E. corrects. In l. 154 Q. reads *victorious*, which E. retains. But the epithet applied to Mentz, whose defeat and captivity have just been mentioned, is manifestly absurd. I suggest *vainglorious.*

171. Q. *set down.* S. has *sit* following an original misprint of E. corrected in later impressions.

182. Q. *twenty days.* E. *twenty hours*, identifying the poison with that mentioned in III, i, 358. But discrepancies of this kind should not be removed from the text by an editor.

184. Q. *This an infection.* S. *This? an infection*, following an unnecessary emendation by E. rejected in later impressions.

190. Q. *For stirring*, E. retains, but suggests *From stirring.* This is unnecessary. I have inserted the stage direction after this line.

202. Q. *renting;* perhaps this variant of *rending* should be retained.

203. Q. *To put them out of doubt I study sure.* E. alters *I* to *I'll* and puts a semi-colon after *sure*, instead of the comma as in Q. These changes show, I think, a complete misconception of the passage. See note, p. 695, and my comment on Elze's change in the article in *Anglia*, vol. xxx.

208. E. inserts the stage direction after this line.

214. I follow E. in beginning a new scene after this line.

I, ii, 29. Q. *Chancclor of Gallia.*

37. Q. *Chancelour of Italie.* E. reads in l. 29 *Chancellor of Italy:* in l. 37 *Chancellor of Gallia.* But such mistakes (see note, p. 695) should only be pointed out by an editor, not removed from the text.

48. Q. *Empress.* E. *emperess.*

88. Q. *I think he never said pray'r.* E. *I think, he ne'er said prayers.*

155. Q. *your Sister.* E. *your daughter.* E.'s emendation is, no doubt, correct, but possibly the Q. reading points to an earlier form of the play in which Hedwig was the Duke of Saxony's sister, not his daughter as now.

160. Q. *And Daughters Kings.* E. changes *And* to *His.*

176. E. inserts the stage direction in this line.

191. In the stage direction E. alters *Pals* [*grave*] to *Palatine.*

212. Q. *their resolutions.* E. *his resolutions;* but the reference is to both the competitors.

225. Q. *the Winds.* E. *the minds.* E.'s emendation must be accepted, as the context will hardly allow a figurative use of *winds* for passions.

235. Q. *for age and age.* E. for *aye and aye.*

261. Q. *wehrsafflig.* E. *wehrhafftig.*

II, i, 50. I insert *Exeunt omnes* here in accordance with l. 49, *let us leave this] place,* and with E. begin a new scene.

II, ii, 16. E. adds the stage direction after this line. I have added similar directions in ll. 20, 23, 26, 36, 42, 46, 47, and 71. After l. 72 for Q. *She opens, etc.* I read *Hedwig draws, opens, etc.*

77. I have added the stage direction.

89–90. Q. **See dodh, dass ist hier kein gebranch,**
Mein Got ist dass dir Englisch manier, dass dich.
I follow E.'s emendations.

94. Q. *Country fashion.* E. *country's fashion.*

110. Q. *mock her in her mirth.* E. emends *your mirth.*

113. E. suspects some corruption in this line, and the *New English Dictionary* gives no meaning for 'leave' that will fit this passage. Mr. Daniel suggests *bears it,* i.e. carries it away; cf. *Troilus and Cressida,* II, iii, 227.

116–8. Q. **Gnediges frawlin.**
Dass dich, must ich arme kindt zu schanden gemacht werden.
E. emends **muss** and **armes.**

122–4. Q. **Ey Lirbes frawlin nim es all fur gutti**
Es ist die Englisch manier Und gebrauche.
Ewer gnaden weissts woll es ist mir ein grosse schande.
E. emends: **liebes, nempt,**—which seems unnecessary—**gütte**—I prefer **güte**—**gebrauch** and **wissts**—I prefer **weiss es.**

126–7. Q. **Gnediges frawlin vergebet mirs, ich wills nimmermehr thuen.** E. emends **mir's** and **will's.**

128. Q. prints *upsy* in black letter.

136. Q. **vergebet mirss ich wills.** E. emends **mir's, ich will's.**

138–42. Q. **For wahr kein schandt.**
Gnediger hochgeborner Furst undt herr
Wan ich konte so vil englisch sprechen ich wolt ewer Gnaden.
Fur wahr ein filtz geben, ich hoffe aber ich soll einmahl
So viel lernen dass Die mich vestrhen soll.
E. emends **Fürwahr, fürst, könte**—I read **könnte**—**fürwahr,** and **sie** and **verstehen.** I emend further **wenn** for **wan,** and **viel** for **vil** in ll. 139–40.

144. Q. *O excellent young Prince,* I take *O excellent* as the ejaculation, which occurs repeatedly in this play, see **II,** ii, 309; **II,** iii, 66.

166–7. Q. reads **woll** in both lines. E. emends **wohl.**

168–70. Q. **Wass ihr durleichtigkeit dass will dass will mein vatter undt**
Wass mein vatter will darmit muss ich zufrieden sein.
The text is plainly corrupt. E. reads **Durchleuchtigkeit,** inserts **will** after this word, and cancels the second **dass will,** plainly a printer's repetition. I have used the modern form **Durchlauchtigkeit,** and altered **darmit** to **damit.**

179. Q. *t'evert.* E. *to avert.* The *New English Dictionary* gives 'evert' in the sense of 'turn aside'.

188. Q. *This day this breath of life.* E. *his breath.* Mr. Daniel suggests *the breath.* Neither change seems necessary as *this breath of life* means 'this vital air'.

198. Q. *his lives reproach.* E. reads *his life's reproach,* but suggests the reading 'his life reproach' (probably a misprint for 'reproached'), citing *Measure for Measure,* V, i, 425–6.

212. E. wrongly, I think, omits the question mark at the end of this line.

231. Q. *selected.* E. *elected.*

241. Q. *With pierc'd.* E. corrects *Which pierc'd.* Cf. *Byron's Tragedy,* IV, ii, 256.

252. Q. *What? what the Empress accessary to?* E. alters to *What? was the empress accessary to't?* The only change necessary is the shifting of the first question mark and the modernization of *to* to *too* as in the text.

257. Q. *That 9. the greatest.* E. *That the nine greatest.*

278. Q. *And in my heart.* E. *That in my heart.* A better suggestion is Mr. Daniel's *As in my heart;* but I doubt if any change is needed.

317. Q. *it is enough.* E. *'tis enough.*

321. Q. *Dutch bowrs as towsandt*

schelms and gold to tempt them. E. notes that the line is corrupt, but suggests no change. I think *as* is plainly a misprint for *are;* *to* may be a mistake for *doth.* Mr. Daniel suggests *with* instead of *and.*

324. Q. *by your Highness.* This may be a Germanism. Mr. Daniel, however, suggests that *by* has been caught from the next line, and that we should read *in* or *with.*

330. Q. *This one nayl helps.* I am strongly of the opinion that we should read *Thus one, etc.,* a change which Mr. Daniel approves.

335. Q. *Such credulous young novices to their death?* E. omits *their.* As often the question mark denotes an exclamation.

345. I follow E. in marking a new scene after this line.

II, iii, 6. Q. *pastimes.* E. *pastime.*

28. After this line Q. has a stage direction, *Enter two Bowrs.* This is an anticipation of the proper entrance after l. 32, and I have therefore cancelled it.

33–6. Q. **Kom hier hans wore bist dow, warumb bist dow so trawrick ? biss frolick kan wel gelt verdienen, wir wil ihn bey potts tawsandt todt schlagen. Lat mich die brieffe sehen.**

E. emends **wor** for **wore, kanst** for **kan,** and **vel** [i.e. **viel**] for **wel.**

39. Before this line Q. has only the stage direction, *Reads the Letter,* without any name of the reader; but from l. 44, where Q. has *Jerick reads,* I take it that he should do so here.

39–41. Q. **Hans und Jerick, mein liebe freinde, ich bitte lasset es bey euch bleiben in geheim, und schlaget den Engellander zu todt.**

E. emends **meine, freunde,** and **Engelländer.**

42. Q. *friend.* E. emends *friends.*

44–5. Q. **Hear weiter, den er ist kein bowre nicht, er ist ein Juncker, und hatt viel gelt und kleinothen bey sich.**

E. retains **Hear**—it should, I think, be **Hör'**—and alters **den** to **denn, gelt** to **golt**—I prefer **gelt,** i.e. money—and reads **kleinoten,** where I would prefer **kleinodien,** i.e. jewels.

48. I have inserted the stage direction after **weiter.**

48–50. Q. **ihr solt solche gelegenheit nicht versahmen, und wan ihr gethan habet, ich will euch sagen, was ich fur ein guter Karl bin, der euch raht gegeben habe.**

E. alters **versahmen** to **versaumen**—I prefer **versäumen**—**ihr** to **ihrs** [i.e. '**ihr es**'] —which seems unnecessary—and reads **will ich** for **ich will, kerl** for **karl,** and **rath** for **raht.**

53–100. In this long passage of German, I cite the original only where it differs from E.'s text or mine, disregarding mere variations of spelling.

54. Q. **nich fur.** E. **nicht für.** Q. **see.** E. **sieh.**

55. Q. and E. **dar.** I prefer **dor.**

56. Q. **slapperment.** E. **sapperment.**

57. Q. **guter.** E. **guten.**

58. Q. **divell.** E. **düvel,** a Low German form.

60. Q. **hoffertick.** E. retains this, but I prefer **hoffärtig.**

61. Q. **selleuch.** E. **soll euch.**

62. Q. **bried.** E. **berürt.**

63. Q. **verrahters.** E. **verrähter.** I prefer **verräther.**

64. Q. and E. **Sla to.** I prefer the Low German form **tau.** So also in l. 80.

67. I insert the stage direction.

68. Q. **dor.** E. **dar.** I follow Q.

69. Q. and E. **darto.** I read **dortau.**

70. Q. **geue.** E. **gebe.** I read **gev.**

75. I insert the stage direction.

78. Q. **Wiltud.** E. **Wiltu.**

80–1–3. Q. and E. **dar.** I read **dor.**

81–2. I insert the stage directions.

83. Q. **alle mit.** E. **alles mit.**

86–7. Q. prints as prose, E. inserts *quidem* after *Hercules.*

88. Q. **kehre.** E. **wehre,** probably influenced by **wehren,** l. 91, but the change does not seem necessary.

90–1. Q. **labendig.** E. **lebendig.** Q. **mus ich meren.** E. **muss ich mich wehren.**

92–3. I insert the stage directions.

93. Q. **karle.** E. **kerl.** Q. **fight.** E. **ficht.**

97. Q. and E. **dar.** I read **dor.**
99. Q. **wet.** E. **weet.** I read **weit.**
100. Q. **dor.** E. **dar.**
Q. **still ich sag.** E. **still sag ich.**
104. Q. **sterb.** E. **stirb.**
106. Q. **Fy dich an.** E. **Pfui dich an.**
Q. **dein.** E. **deinen.** I have left the bad grammar of the original unimproved.
108. Q. **Last us.** E. **Lasst uns.**
109. Q. **schelme.** E. **schelm.**
113. Q. *bistum more.* E. *bistu more.*
114. Q. *That thou art so much we are witnesses.*
E. *For that thou art so much we're witnesses.*
154. I insert the stage direction.
156. Q. has only *Exeunt.* I add the rest of the stage direction.

III, i, 10. Q. *neither end.* E. *nether end.*
17. Q. *Exit.* I read *Exiturus,* since Alexander does not leave the stage till l. 21.
29. Q. *Schink bowls of Reinfal.* E. puts a comma after *Schink;* I take it to be a form of *Schenken,* to pour out. In my study of the text of this play in *Anglia,* vol. xxx, p. 364, I suggested the reading *Rheinpfalz,* but now prefer to retain the old text.
46. Q. **es gelt.** E. **'s gelt.** I read **es gilt.**
48. Q. **Sain Got es soll mir en liebe drunk sein.**
E. emends **Sam, ein, lieber,** and **trunck.** I am not sure that one should emend the grammar of the Prince's German; he may have been meant to speak incorrectly. I have therefore allowed **liebe** to stand.
52. Q. *Trowl out.* E. *Drawl out.* This change is for the worse; *trowl* is a mere variant of 'troll'.
54. Q. **Sain.** E. **Sam.**
55. Q. *spoken.* E. *spoke.*
67. Q. *fallace.* E. *fallacy.* But *fallace* occurs in Caxton and Hakluyt; see *New English Dictionary.*
81. Q. **dis nicht ben mee schlapen.** E. **dis nacht bey me schlapen.**
83. Q. **mist, begeran.** E. **nicht begeren.** I read **begehren.**
92. Q. *unto.* E. *to.*
100. Q. *We drink.* E. emends *We'll drink.*
101. Q. *say.* E. *says.*
112. Q. *A hipse bowr maikins.*
E. *And hüpsch bowr-maikins,* I read *boor* for *bowr.*
117. E. inserts the stage direction.
125. Q. *Away Marshal bring them.*
E. *away, and bring them, marshal!*
129. Q. *an edge.* E. *on edge.* See note, p. 699.
132. Q. *holds.* E. *hold.*
141. Q. *schinkel.* E. *schinken.*
146. Q. **spell, daunseu.**
E. **spiel, dantzen,** i.e. **tanzen.** E. says that Q. reads **daunteu;** but the copies in the Bodleian and the Brit. Mus. read **daunseu.**
158. I insert the stage direction.
161. Q. **skelt bowre.** E. **'S gelt, bowr.** I read **'S gilt, bauer.**
162. Q. **Sain.** E. **Sam.**
Q. **helpe mich doch ein Jungfraw drunck.**
E. emends **help mich dooh! Ey jungfraw, drinck!**
163. Q. **Es gelt guter foenudt ein frolocken drunck.**
E. reads **freundt, fröhlichen** and **trunck.** I read **gilt** for **gelt.**
164. Q. **Sam,** [not **Sain,** as in P.] and **frundt.**
175. Q. does not give the name of the speaker. E. rightly assigns it to *Palat.,* i.e. the Palsgrave. Q. **Whas ist whas ist wat will you nut** [not **mit** as in P.] **mee machen.** E. reads **Was . . . was . . . what**—I prefer **wat**—and **mit.**
177. Q. **geb . . . gein drink.** E. reads **gebt, gern trincken.**
179. I insert the stage direction.
180. Q. *Saxon and Palsgrave, this, etc.* I take the first words as an ejaculation, and punctuate accordingly.
183. I insert the stage direction.
188–9. Q. ends these lines with *yourself* and *well* respectively. E. prints as three lines, ending *yourself, methinks, well.* The rhyme shows that a couplet is required.
198. Q. *schuce.* E. *juice;* but it is plainly a misprint for 'scuse', i.e. excuse.
203. E. inserts *not* after *is.*
224. Q. *Bride-Chamber.* E. *bridal chamber.*
246. Q. *Princess.* E. emends *princes.* For *all at once* Mr.

Daniel suggests *all and one*, but no change seems necessary.

248. I have inserted the stage direction, *Alexander conceals himself, etc.*

288. E. inserts *then* before *your*. After this line E. begins a new scene. There is no change of place, however, and I think the action is continuous.

289. Before this line Q. has *Enter Alphonsus*, to which E. adds *and after him Alexander*. But this does not clear up the difficulty. If ll. 289–90 are spoken by Alphonsus, as in Q., it is he who has overheard the 'plot', and not Alexander. But the following passage, ll. 295–314, shows that Alphonsus is ignorant of the details of the plot while Alexander knows them. It is plain, therefore, that it is Alexander who has played the eavesdropper, and I have therefore inserted a stage direction to this effect after l. 248. The direction in the Q., *Enter Alphonsus*, is an anticipation of his proper entrance after l. 290, to which place I have removed the direction. As a result of this anticipation, ll. 289–90 are mistakenly assigned in Q. to Alphonsus. I have inserted the proper stage direction and transferred these lines to Alexander, thus clearing up, I think, a passage that in the original was confused and contradictory.

297–8. Q. prints *Intends . . . chambers* as one line.

369. Q. *He hath.* E. *He's.*

378. The line is imperfect; perhaps *me* has been lost at the end.

393. Q. *Ægestus.* E. *Ægisthus.*

403. Q. *your friends.* E. *you friends.*

408. The stage direction was added by E. Mr. Daniel suggests that *Thus and thus*, l. 408, imply blows.

413. The line is imperfect; perhaps a dissyllable, like 'guiltless', has been lost before *head.*

416. I have inserted the stage direction.

IV, i, 19. Q. *Crossier Staff.* E. *crozier's staff.*

75. I have inserted the word *below* in the stage direction.

89. Q. **Sast dorh liobes doister who wart dow dioselbirmafi.**
E. **Sag doch, liebe dochter, wo wart dow dieselbe nacht?**
I print **tochter, warst,** and **du.**

90. Q. **Als who who solt ich sem.**
E. emends **wo, wo,** and **sein?**

91. Q. **Wert dow allrin . . . wart dow . . . vorschrocken.**
E. **Wart dow allein . . . wart dow . . . verschrocken.**
I prefer **Warst du** in both cases.

92–4. Q. **Ich ha mist audes gemeint dam das ich wolt allrin gesiflaffne haben, abur umb mitternaist kam mriner bridegroom bundt sislaffet . . . getunnuel.**
E. emends **hab nicht anders, dann, allein, geschlafen, aber, mitternacht, meiner, undt schlaffet, getummel.**
I follow E. except for some slight variations in spelling.

112. Q. **satt mist be dir schlafin.**
E. emends **hatt nicht bei . . . geschlafen.**

113. Q. **Es gefelt . . . zum sagun . . . habes woll gerfralet.**
E. emends **gefellt, zu sagen, hab es wol gefület.**
I print **gefällt, wohl gefühlet.**

118. Q. **Lab ich bin** *you* **geshlapen.** E. emends **Hab** and **bey**

119. Q. **I leff, warum snlt ihrs fragen.** E. emends **Ey lef, solt, fragen?**
I print **Ei lief,** and **ihr's.**

124. Q. **Das haste gethan order holle mich der divell.**
E. emends **oder hole, düvel.**
I print **hastu = hast du.**

138. E. adds the stage direction.

165. Q. *No Saxon know, etc.* E. reads *No, Saxon, no, etc.* I see no reason for this change.

178. I have added *Saxon and the others* [i.e. all but Richard, Collen, and their men] to the stage direction.

194. Q. *remedie.* P. misprints *temedie.*

217. After this line E. marks a new scene.

IV, ii. In the stage direction at the beginning of the scene Q. reads *the Couch.* E. alters *a Couch.*

32. Q. *th' unpartial fates afflict.* E. alters *the impartial fates inflict.* For this use of *afflict* cf. V, i, 187.

38. Q. *he points.* E. *Death points.*

56. I mark this line as an aside. S. alters the Q. *knew*, retained by E., to *know*; but *knew* is the subjunctive in a condition contrary to fact; see Abbott, *Shakespearian Grammar*, § 361.

68. Q. *pains*. E. *pain*, to agree with l. 77 below, but the change is unnecessary.

82–4. Q. *Live long in happiness to revenge my death,*
Upon my Wife and all the English brood.
My Lord of Saxonie your Grace hath cause.
E. alters to read *happiness! To revenge . . . brood, . . . cause.* This seems to me an unwarranted interference with the text. All that is needed is a dash after *cause* to show that the speech is broken off here. Probably Alphonsus pretends to swoon.

89. After this line E. inserts the stage direction *stabs him*. I place this after l. 90, and insert *drawing* here.

93. I insert the stage direction.

94. Q. *so gazing*. E. *gazing so*.

118. E. adds *bearing off Mentz* to the stage direction.

143. After this line E. marks a new scene. An interval of forty weeks, ll. 9–10, has elapsed, so that logically scene iii should go with the fifth act.

V, iii, 9–12. Q. **deere vatter . . . dis . . . 30. weeken . . . dunc-ket . . . 40. jahr . . . ein litte . . . me verstohn.** E. emends **dear, dise** [i.e. **diese**] **viertzig weeken** (suggested by the 40 **jahr** of l. 10), **dunket, lütt,** and **mich verstohn.** I read **dis** (for *this*), **dünket,** and **me verstahn** (for **verstehen**). The English words which close the speech are printed in Q. in black letter. The mixture of English and German in Hedewick's speeches in this scene is probably intentional. I retain the German form **lütte,** Q. **litte,** before *pity*, where E. reads *little*.

30. I have inserted the stage direction.

36. Q. *allyed*. P. misprints *a lyed*.

70–5. Q. **Ah myne seete . . . allerleivest . . . I preedee mein leefe . . . friendlich one, good seete harte tell de trut . . . at lest . . . dyne allerleefest schild . . . dan ich . . . dyne . . . myne . . . seete . . . erbarmet.**
E. emends **Ach mein süsse, allerlievest, pr'ythee** [*sic*], **leve, freindlich an, sweetheart, tell the truth, least, dein allerlievest child, dein, mein, süsse** and **erbarme.** I have kept somewhat closer to the original, which occasionally seems aiming to represent a German pronunciation of English, as in **preedee, trut'** and **schild.** I also read **denn ich** for **dan ich,** and retain the Q. **erbarmet.**

77–8. Q. **doe yow excellencie . . . seete Edouart yow weete.** (P. misprints **leete** and **sweete.**) E. emends **does your excellency . . . Süsse Eduart, yow weet.** I print **do your,**[1] **Lieve Eduart,** and **weit** (for **weisst**).

82–4. Q. **hieborne . . . dinck . . . sitts . . . dat hart . . . woll recken.** E. emends **high born, denck, sitzt, the hart, wol rechen.** The speech is a hopeless confusion of German and English. I print **denk, sits, dat heart wohl rächen.**

91. I insert the stage direction.

94–6. Q. **O myne Vatter . . . myne kindt . . . spreak . . . die kindt . . . it soll.**
E. emends **mein Vatter, mein Kindt, speak, dies Kindt, es soll.** I print **de** (for *the*) **Kind, it soll.**

117. E. inserts *this* between *is* and *thine*.

118. Q. **geve . . . die kind ist.** E. emends **gebe, das Kindt.** I print **de Kind,** as in l. 95.

121. Q. **in seinem trone.** E. alters to **in deinem.** This seems unnecessary.

132. Q. *I will*. E. *I'll*.

135. Q. **ist to late, unser arme kindt ist kilt.**
E. emends **is't too late, unser armes Kindt is kill'd.** I retain the German **ist** before **too.**

138–41. Q. **ich mark . . . ich sholdt . . . meine knee, last . . . falce . . . begehrs.**
E. reads **I mark, ich should, meine knie, false.** I print **ich**

[1] I have been misled by P.'s misprint **leete.** The true reading is **Süsse.**

mark, ich should, meine knee, lass, and **begehr's.**

147. Q. **in deiner henden.** E. emends **in deine hende.**

148. E. adds the stage direction.

149–50. Q. **Sabote . . . mocht.** E. emends **Sabaot, möcht!**

160. Q. *newly born.* E. *new-born.*

175. Q. *the Father and the Grand sires heart.* E. *the father's, etc.*

181. To the stage direction of Q., *Exeunt,* E. adds *bearing off the dead bodies.*

V, i, 3. Q. *Sun set.* E. *sunset.* I take *set* to be a verb.

10. Q. *spoken.* E. *spoke.*

14. Mr. Daniel suggests that we should add *on the walls* to the stage direction. This seems plausible, as Alphonsus and his party probably entered 'above'.

34, 40, 44. I add the stage directions.

55. Q. *Viz.* E. *Videlicet.*

107. Q. *Or wherefore.* E. *O wherefore.* This seems uncalled for.

120. Q. *Sh'hath.* E. *She's.* I keep the old grammatical form, reading *Sh'ath.*

132. I add the stage direction.

146. Q. *curst heart.* E. *curs'd heart.* I prefer the original form with its implication, 'shrewish'.

156. Here and in l. 415 below Q. has *Alphonso.* E. alters to *Alphonsus.*

187. Q. *Afflicted, speedy, etc.* E. notes that *Afflicted* seems a corruption, but suggests no change. Mr. Brereton suggests *A strict and speedy.* I prefer to read *Afflicting* in the sense of 'inflicting'. Cf. IV, ii, 32.

228–9. S. prints *entrap* as the first word of l. 229; but I prefer to let the old reading stand, since *fictions* may well be trisyllabic.

255. E. suggests reading *Not that I do believe it steadfastly.* S. inserts *now* after *I,* and Mr. Daniel suggests *not* after *do.* I follow Q., which seems to be quite intelligible. The first foot shows syncopation.

267. I add the stage direction.

268. Q. *Empress.* E. *emperess.*

282. Q. *Saxon triumphs over.* E. *And Saxon triumphs o'er.* This change obliterates the old accentuation, *triùmphs.*

314. Q. *spit in's face.* E. *spit him in his face.* This does not seem idiomatic English.

316. E. believes this verse should be assigned to Edward. This is possible; but I prefer to follow Q.

317. S. puts a dash at the close of this line. This seems an improvement on the period of Q.

324. E. adds the stage direction *Stabs him.* I prefer *Kills him,* as Alphonsus never never speaks again.

330. Q. *You have, etc.* Mr. Daniel suggests *Who have, etc.,* but no change seems needed.

342. Q. *Alexander hath slain.* E. *Alexander's slain.*

347. E. adds the direction *Exit Brandenburg.*

396. Q. *And if.* E. *An' if.*

401. E. gives the speech *Proceed* to Saxon. I follow Q. in assigning it to Brandenburg.

417. Q. *Twixt jest and earnest was made.* S. omits *was.*

438. Q. *Hang.* S. *Hung.* I prefer to retain the old form.

456. Q. *the deceit . . . over.* E. *my deceit . . . o'er.*

481. E. omits the stage direction of Q. *Exit Alex.* I restore it and add *guarded.*

The Q. closes the play with the word FINIS, omitted by E. There is no direction for the final exit of the characters.

REVENGE FOR HONOUR

INTRODUCTION

On November 29, 1653, R. Marriott, an enterprising publisher of the Commonwealth period, entered in the Stationers' Registers seventeen plays which had come into his hands. Among these was '*The Paraside or Revenge for Honor* by Henry Glapthorne'. In the following year Marriott published *Revenge for Honour*, doubtless the same play as that entered in the Registers, but ascribed the authorship to Chapman. The double title which appears in the entry led Mr. Fleay[1] to identify this play with one licensed by Herbert, May 27, 1624, for the Prince's Company, then playing at the Red Bull, under the title of *The Parracide*.

I am, as a rule, inclined to look with suspicion upon the identification of plays merely because they happen to have the same or similar titles, but the entry in the Registers is so strong a link between the play licensed by Herbert and that published by Marriott that it would seem an excess of scepticism to deny the probability of their identity.

The question of the authorship of this play is the first, in fact the only important, question that demands consideration. In itself the play is so slight, so unreal, so devoid of high poetry, or true characterization, that it might well pass unnoticed among the minor products of the decadent drama. But if we accept Chapman's authorship, as, for example, Dr. Stoll[2] does, we are forced to modify very considerably our conception of Chapman as a man and as a poet, to attribute to him a versatility in style and technic, an imitative quality, and a disregard of the ethical aim of the drama, which is at variance with all that we know of his life and work. For his authorship, the sole piece of objective testimony is the publisher's assertion made twenty years after the poet's death. I have spoken above, pp. 683–4, of the value, or lack of value, of such assertions, and in this particular case Marriott's testimony seems to me quite invalidated by the fact that he had formerly described the play as by Glapthorne. Had the reverse been the case, had Marriott entered the play as by Chapman and published it as the work of Glapthorne, we would be justified in

[1] *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 326. Herbert's licence is reproduced by Fleay, *London Stage*, p. 304. Nothing further is known of the stage history of this play except Langbaine's statement, p. 64, that he saw it acted at the Nursery in Barbican. For this place, see Pepys (Wheatley's edition, vol. vii, p. 255, *n.*).

[2] *John Webster*, p. 213, Stoll accepts this conclusion, and asserts somewhat dogmatically that 'our noble poet is here leaving his old "Senecal" vein of *Bussy* and *Byron* for the new-fangled airs of the Jacobean court-poets'. But Dr. Stoll accepts without investigation Marriott's ascription of the play to Chapman. See also Stoll's later utterance in *Modern Language Notes* vol. xx, p. 208.

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ascribing the alteration to further information and honesty of purpose on Marriott's part. But as it is, I do not see how we can believe otherwise than that he, like Moseley [1] in the case of *Alphonsus*, put Chapman's name on the title-page merely for advertising purposes, abusing the reputation of a great poet to sell a comparatively worthless play.

Swinburne, the first critic to discuss this play,[2] came to the conclusion that it was impossible to resolve the question of its authenticity. He saw 'no definite reason to disbelieve it the work of Chapman, and not a little reason to suppose that it may be'. Had Swinburne been aware of the entry in the Stationers' Registers, or known of the internal evidence which connects this play with Glapthorne, it is to be presumed that he would have expressed himself otherwise. Even as it was, he was too keen-sighted not to notice and too frank not to admit the striking differences in diction, versification, and ethical power between this play and the body of Chapman's work. It belongs, he admits, rather to 'the school of Shirley than that of Chapman'.

Since Swinburne's essay, with our increasing knowledge of Elizabethan drama in general, and of Chapman in particular, the doubt as to Chapman's authorship has deepened until we may say that, with the single exception of Dr. Stoll, no one believes the play to be genuine. Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 327, declares that he knows no author to whom he can assign it, and dares not 'imitate the rashness of those who set value on Marriott's statement'. Bullen in his articles on Chapman and Glapthorne in the *Dictionary of National Biography* declares that 'Chapman had certainly no hand in it, but it may have been revised by Glapthorne'. Ward, *History of Dramatic Literature*, vol. ii, p. 431, says that 'if by Chapman, *Revenge for Honour* must be reckoned among his later plays.' Koeppel, *Quellen und Forschungen*, 1897, p. 79, is strongly inclined to doubt the ascription of the play to Chapman in his old age, and would ascribe it as well as *Alphonsus* to some unknown and youthful author.[3] Boas, *Bussy D'Ambois*, p. viii, points out the difference in the theme and versification of this play from Chapman's known work, but thinks it may be his on account of the presence of certain parallels [4] of phrase and thought. Schelling, *Elizabethan Drama*, vol. i, p. 448, speaks of it as a play 'by some inconsiderately assigned to the pen of Chapman'.

The most careful study of this play is by D. L. Thomas in *Modern Philology*, April, 1908, and to this I refer the student for a detailed and, I believe, quite convincing presentation of the evidence against Chapman's authorship. I shall content myself here with re-stating his main points, adding occasionally what further evidence I have been able to discover.

[1] See above, p. 684. Dr. Thomas, in the study referred to on this page, points out that Chapman's name was 'desirable for title-page use' as is shown by the reprints of *Bussy* in 1641, 1646, and 1657, by the re-issue of *Cæsar and Pompey* in 1653, by the 'continuous popularity' of his Homeric translations (see Dryden, *Dedication of Examen Poeticum* as to the 'incredible pleasure and extreme transport' with which Waller and the Earl of Mulgrave read these works), and by Moseley's ascription to him of *Alphonsus* in 1654.

[2] *George Chapman*, pp. 123–7.

[3] See also Koeppel's later utterance repelling the criticism of Dr. Stoll, *Beiblatt zur Anglia*, vol. xviii, p. 18.

[4] I have been able to discover very few of these, none that seem to me in the least indicative of Chapman's authorship.

In the first place, the choice of subject and method of treatment are wholly different from Chapman's genuine work. Professor Schick [1] has pointed out that *Revenge for Honour* is in part at least derived from Knolles' *History of the Turks*,[2] 1603. There we hear of a young prince, Mustapha, who 'so possessed the minds of all men in general, but especially of the men of war, that he was reputed the glory of the court, the flower of chivalry, the hope of the soldiers, and the joy of the people', a description which would suit to a nicety the character of Abilqualit in our play. He is universally regarded as the heir-apparent of the empire; but an enemy arises against him in the person of Roxolana, the favourite wife of his father, Solyman, who wishes to secure the throne for one of her own sons. In alliance with a Bassa, Rustan, Roxolana succeeds in persuading Solyman that Mustapha is plotting against his life and throne. Finally a proposed marriage between Mustapha and a Persian princess brings about the crisis. Solyman marches at the head of an army into the province where Mustapha is stationed, summons the prince before him, and on his arrival orders him to be strangled without delay. The order is carried out, the cruel father crying to the mutes who were struggling with the prince, 'Will you never dispatch that I bid you? Will you never make an end of this traitor for whom I have not rested one night these ten years in quiet?' Mustapha's death was followed by a mutiny among the soldiers, who broke into Solyman's tent with drawn swords. Solyman addressed them 'stoutly', but was forced to promise an inquiry into the charges brought against his son, and to banish Rustan. The youngest son of Roxolana, who had accompanied Solyman, was presented by his father with all the treasure of the slain prince, but refused to receive it, reproached Solyman for his unnatural murder, and slew himself over his brother's body.

This tragedy of court intrigue among the Turks seems to have furnished the author of the *Revenge for Honour* with the figure of the heroic and calumniated prince, the stern and suspicious sultan, and the execution of the prince by the hands of the mutes of the palace in the presence of his father. But there are many incidents in the play for which no source can be found in the history, and at least one striking alteration which points to another possible source. In Knolles the accuser of the prince is his step-mother Roxolana; in *Revenge for Honour* it is his younger brother, Abrahen, a villain of the type of Richard III or Edmund. It is possible that this alteration is due to a reading of the tragedies of Fulke Greville. One of these, *Mustapha*, deals with the very story told by Knolles, the other, *Alaham*, for which no source has yet been discovered, offers a series of very striking parallels [3] with *Revenge for Honour*. It presents two brothers, the elder virtuous, the younger a villain, sons of an aged Oriental monarch,

[1] *Beiblatt zur Anglia*, vol. xviii, p. 22.

[2] In the account of Solyman the Magnificent, pp. 757–65 of the edition of 1621.

[3] These parallels, to some of which Koeppel had already called attention, were pointed out to me by my colleague Dr. Croll, author of the thesis, *The Works of Fulke Greville*, Philadelphia, 1903. Dr. Croll also calls my attention to certain similarities of thought, especially in the appeal to Nature as against human standards of morality. As *Alaham* was not printed until 1633, the author of *Revenge for Honour*—if this play is to be identified with *The Parracide* of 1624—must have read Greville's work in MS.

and tells of the plot of the younger against his father and brother, of the blinding and execution of the father and brother, of the amours of the villain's wife, and of his final death at her hands by means of a poisoned robe. The similarities between the two plays are apparent, the differences such as might be easily due to deliberate alteration by the later playwright.

But the tale of borrowing is not yet complete. Dr. Stoll (*op. cit.* p. 213) has pointed out a number of extremely close parallels between *Revenge for Honour* and the Beaumont and Fletcher play, *Cupid's Revenge*, produced as early as 1612. *Cupid's Revenge*, as is well known, goes back in turn to the *Arcadia*, but there is one very striking incident common to the two plays which is wanting in the *Arcadia*, the stabbing of the hero at the close of the action by the woman whom he had seduced, and whose reputation he had lied to preserve. There can be little doubt, I think, that the surprising and extremely effective catastrophe of *Cupid's Revenge* was 'lifted' by the author of the *Revenge for Honour*.

It needs no demonstration to any student of Chapman that this ingenious system of adapting and re-arranging, this mosaic work of borrowed stage-effects, is not his method of dramatic composition, particularly in the field of historical tragedy. We have but to recall the *Byron* plays, *Chabot*, and *Cæsar and Pompey*, to assure ourselves that, if Chapman had ever chosen the story of Mustapha as the theme of a tragedy, he would have kept much closer to the facts of history, used time and again the very words of his source, and wrought out of the story some lofty moral lesson. But the author of *Revenge for Honour* cared for historic truth as much and as little as he cared for the moral element in tragedy.

Again, as Thomas has pointed out, *Revenge for Honour* presents a wholly different system of dramaturgy from that of Chapman. Chapman's technic is archaic and Senecan. He employs the Nuntius and the Umbra of the Senecan tradition; he introduces omens, presentiments, and prophecies; he abounds in epic narrations. All this is markedly absent from the modern and facile technic of *Revenge for Honour*. The author stands, not upon Seneca, but upon Beaumont and Fletcher, and uses, not unskilfully, all the well-known devices of their school, the interweaving of love and politics into a tangled intrigue, comic relief, not as a separate underplot, but in occasional dialogues of careless and often obscene jesting, and more especially the exploitation, not to say abuse, of the trick of surprise, the sacrificing of genuine tragic effect for the sake of securing an unexpected and sensational *coup de théâtre*. Nothing in the work of Beaumont and Fletcher[1] is quite so startling as the sudden resurrection of Abilqualit in IV, i, unless it be the absolutely unmotivated murder of the prince by his dying mistress in the last scene.

Furthermore, the diction, general style, and versification of *Revenge for Honour* are as different from the genuine work of Chapman as can be well imagined. There is no trace in this play of Chapman's pedantic choice of words and deliberate obscurity of expression, of his large and full-mouthed rhetoric, of his elaborate and often magnificent imagery. The diction and style of this play point, like its choice of

[1] I use this term loosely to indicate the body of plays that passes under their names without pronouncing on the vext question of the authorship.

subject and technic of composition, to a writer of the new school, a poet who sought for clearness of speech, simplicity of construction, and fanciful, rather than imaginative, imagery. Only in his fondness for similes does the author of the *Revenge* approach Chapman, and his similes are for the most part briefer and more properly dramatic than Chapman's. They lack the elaboration and epic expansion of the older writer's.

Finally the versification differs at every point from that of Chapman. The influence of Fletcher is very apparent, not only in the frequency of double and triple endings,[1] but in the employment of the genuine Fletcherian cadence:

When you in peace are shrouded in your marble.
IV, i, 59.

and the use of the characteristically Fletcherian monosyllabic [2] and stressed eleventh syllable:

Though he doth know, as certainly he must do.
III, i, 112.

Chapman's versification is so consistent and characteristic, so independent of outside influence, that it is quite impossible to mistake for his the work of such a patent imitator of Fletcher.

We may sum up the whole matter in the words of Dr. Thomas: 'The only hypothesis that can explain Chapman's authorship of a tragedy so different from the rest of his work is that late in life . . . he decided to write a tragedy resembling those being constructed by some of the successful dramatists of the younger school. This means that he chose a subject of a kind not found elsewhere in his works—of oriental court life—treated his sources in a new way, built up the structure much on the plan of one of Fletcher's plays, wrote contrary to his avowed theory of tragedy [i.e. 'elegant and sententious excitation to virtue and deflection from her contrary'] excluded omens, presentiments, and supernatural agencies, foreswore his allegiance to the Kyd-Seneca tragedy . . . reversed his whole *looking-forward* method to the *looking-backward* method of surprise, constructed smoothly and regularly, expressed himself with ease and grace, employed the Fletcherian versification, and in general cast off like a garment all that had been most distinctive of him, whether of strength or weakness. Many of these differences are not superficial, but fundamental, and seem to represent differences in genius and taste, in inclination and training. That even a poet of much less pronounced and individual manner than Chapman and of less advanced age could so completely have changed is improbable almost to the degree of impossibility and absurdity'.

Abandoning, then, as quite discredited the idea that Chapman was in any way concerned with *Revenge for Honour*, we turn to see what positive evidence there is of authorship by any other known writer. The entry in the Stationers' Registers points at once to Glapthorne.

[1] Elste, *Der Blankvers in den Dramen Chapmans*, Halle, 1892, finds 44 per cent. of double endings, and 4·4 of triple, in the *Revenge*, as compared with 31·2 and 1·1 in *Cæsar and Pompey*, which of all Chapman's plays exhibits the highest percentages. *Byron's Conspiracy* shows only 24·3 per cent. and 0·5 per cent. respectively.

[2] Cf. also II, i, 287; IV, i, 46, 60, 136.

Practically nothing is known of the life of Henry Glapthorne. The biography prefixed to the collected edition [1] of his works gives us in default of all material information as to his life a series of extracts from a critical review of his work and a libellous pamphlet more amusing than instructive, containing the charges brought against a certain loose-living and hard-swearing George Glapthorne [2] by his scandalized Puritan neighbours of the Isle of Ely in 1654. Even the industry of Mr. Bullen has been able to discover nothing more definite for the *Dictionary of National Biography* than the vague '*floreat* 1639.' Five plays of his, however, have come down to us, all printed in 1639 or 1640, and Mr. Bullen [3] reprinted in 1882 a play, *The Lady Mother*, that had remained in MS. until that year Two other plays entered in the Stationers' Registers September 9, 1653, *The Duchess of Fernandina* and *The Vestal*, have been lost.

In addition to his plays we have a thin volume of poems published in 1639, and *Whitehall a poem, with Elegies*, published in 1642. This latter volume was dedicated to Glapthorne's 'noble friend and gossip, Captain Richard Lovelace'. As *Wit in a Constable* was dedicated to Strafford, it is easy to see on what side of the great struggle that put an end to his play-writing Glapthorne's sympathies lay. Nothing whatever is known of him after 1642. He may have perished in the Civil Wars or, like his friend Lovelace, may have been reduced to poverty and obscurity in the Commonwealth.[4]

The internal evidence which points to Glapthorne's connexion with *Revenge for Honour* is more convincing than the entry of his name as author in the Stationers' Registers. It consists of a series of parallel passages, first pointed out by Dr. Thomas, to which my subsequent reading of Glapthorne has enabled me to make some additions, though none quite so striking as those he first noticed. These passages are printed, with a few exceptions, in the following notes, where they are quoted from the sole edition of Glapthorne by volume and page. Some of the most striking examples may be found on pp. 723, 724, and 725. But the value of evidence of this sort is cumulative, and parallels insignificant in themselves become valuable when members of a series. These parallels are far too close to be the result of mere accident. They either imply deliberate plagiarism, or repetition on the part of the original author of favourite images, ideas, and phrases. Plagiarism cannot in this case, I believe, explain the parallels. They are too numerous, and connect *Revenge for Honour* not with one or two of Glapthorne's plays,

[1] *The Plays and Poems of Henry Glapthorne*, London, 1874.

[2] That this George was a kinsman of Henry there is not a tittle of evidence, but the enterprising biographer insists on making them brothers, and draws a pretty, but quite imaginary, picture of the loving companionship of the refined poet and his roistering brother.

[3] In *Old English Plays*, vol. ii. It was licensed in 1635, in which year also Glapthorne wrote *The Hollander*. This may be taken as the beginning of Glapthorne's career as a dramatist, which ended, so far as we can tell, in 1639 or 1640, just before the closing of the theatres.

[4] Two at least of Glapthorne's plays were revived after the Restoration, Pepys saw *Argalus and Parthenia* at the Theatre on January 31, 1661, 'the house exceeding full,' and *Wit in a Constable* at the Opera on May 23, 1662, 'the first time that it was acted'. The first of these plays is mentioned by Downes in a list of old plays revived between 1663 and 1682; the second in a list of plays acted in Davenant's theatre between 1662 and 1665; see Genest, *The English Stage*, vol. i, pp. 343 and 62.

but with all of them. I have counted nine parallels more or less close with *Wallenstein*, four with the *Ladies' Privilege*, three each with *The Lady Mother* and *The Hollander*, two, not very satisfactory, with *Argalus and Parthenia*, one or two with *Wit in a Constable*, and one with Glapthorne's *Poems*; and I have little doubt that this list could be increased by any one who cared to make a close analysis of Glapthorne's work. Now it is quite incredible that the author, or reviser, of *Revenge for Honour* should have set himself deliberately to pillage the work of a dramatist so little known as Glapthorne. To do so he must have had all Glapthorne's works lying before him as he wrote, and transferred his borrowings, word by word at times, from the printed to the written page.

Repetition, on the other hand, gives us a perfectly satisfactory explanation. Mr. Bullen remarks in his introduction to *The Lady Mother* on 'the bland persistence with which certain passages are reproduced in one play of Glapthorne's after another'. And there are certain tags, 'fillers' we might call them, used to begin or round off a verse which form part of Glapthorne's stock in trade. Even a cursory perusal of his plays sets the reader to work marking cross references on the margin, and when one passes from the signed plays of Glapthorne to *Revenge for Honour* one simply carries out the process. In fact, I should be inclined to believe that more parallels to Glapthorne's signed work can be found in this play than in any one of them to any other—more, I feel sure, than can be found in *The Lady Mother*, which Bullen published as Glapthorne's on the strength of such parallels.

To Glapthorne's authorship of *Revenge for Honour* there are, however, certain objections. In the first place, if the play is to be identified with *The Parracide* of 1624, Glapthorne can hardly be the author, for there is nothing to show that he began writing for the stage before 1635. But this identification, while probable, is not absolutely certain.

Again, *Revenge for Honour* differs in certain respects from Glapthorne's signed plays. Dr. Thomas holds that 'in choice and treatment of subject, in dramatic structure and devices, and in character-treatment, no striking resemblance appears' between them. The versification also, he holds, is unlike; Glapthorne uses 'a much smaller proportion of feminine[1] endings'. Finally, *Revenge for Honour* is generally pronounced too good a play for Glapthorne, and there can be little doubt that in construction, sustained interest, and startling effects, it is distinctly superior to his one tragedy, *Wallenstein*, which is a curiously old-fashioned chronicle play to have been written after 1634.

All these difficulties will disappear, however, if we think of Glapthorne, not as the original author, but as the reviser of *Revenge for Honour*. We may then identify it with *The Parracide*, and assume that play to have been written by 'an apt and gifted pupil of Fletcher's',[2]

[1] I am not sure that I should lay much stress on this point; it seems to me not unlikely that Glapthorne's verse might have developed in this direction; indeed *Wit in a Constable*, probably his last play, seems to show such development.

[2] Hardly by Fletcher himself, as Mr. Thomas suggests, who would not have been writing for any other company than the King's Men in 1624, while *The Parracide* was licensed for the Prince's Company. Dr. Thomas's attempts to discover a possible author of this play among the writers for this company,

and to have been revised, either for the stage or for the press, by Glapthorne. If Glapthorne lived into the time of the Commonwealth, he may well have been reduced to such straits as to have been glad to patch up an old playhouse MS. for publication.

As to the extent of Glapthorne's revision we cannot, I believe, obtain any satisfactory evidence. No scenes stand out as peculiarly his; IV, i, which contains the greatest number of parallels, does not seem to me to differ particularly in substance or form from other scenes of the play. I should imagine that the revision was fairly thorough and that Glapthorne's facile and imitative vein led him to throw his additions and revisions into the marked Fletcherian metre of the original. I doubt whether the closest analysis could differentiate the old from the new matter in this play.

After all it does not greatly matter. If we have freed Chapman from the charge of having written so theatrical and insincere a piece of work as this, and established a connexion between it and an obscure playwright[1] of the last days of the decadence of the drama, our task is done. *Revenge for Honour* is not without interest as a specimen of the melodrama current in the days of Fletcher's greatest popularity, but in an edition of Chapman's works it has, I fear, already taken up more space than it deserves.

Dekker, Day, Sampson, Ford, Broome, and Middleton, have met with no success.

[1] Mr. Brereton (*Sydney University Library Publications*, No. 2) has advanced the ingenious theory that *Revenge for Honour* is an elaborate hoax perpetrated by 'Chapman and his associates' on some amateur actor, 'perhaps the stage-struck proprietor of a popular tavern'. I doubt whether Mr. Brereton himself takes this seriously. The connexions existing between *Revenge for Honour* and other Elizabethan dramas go far to show, I think, that the play was written in good faith by its author, or authors, and, after all, it is too characteristic a specimen of late melodrama to be taken as mere burlesque.

REVENGE FOR HONOUR

NOTES

Prologue, l. 19. *In another sphere:* Fleay, *Biog. Chron.*, vol. ii, p. 326, takes this phrase to allude to the change of the Prince's Company, for whom *The Parracide* was licensed, from the Curtain to the Red Bull in August, 1623. The speaker in this case would be referring to the applause he had won in the former theatre. Mr. Brereton thinks that the phrase implies that the speaker is 'a gentleman who hopes to win on the boards approval equal to that which he has gained elsewhere'.

I, i, 5–11. There are two parallels to this reference to the sutler's wife in *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, pp. 25, 45.

I, i, 10. *The trailer of the puissant pike;* the phrase is borrowed from Shakespeare's *Trail'st thou the puissant pike, K.H.V.*, IV, i, 40. It occurs also in *Wit in a Constable*, vol. i, p. 232.

I, i, 18–19. An evident rendering in the Oriental dress proper to this tragedy of the well-known English saying 'to dine with Duke Humphrey', i.e. to go dinnerless. According to Stowe (*Survey*, p. 125, ed. 1876), the 'fair monument' of John Beauchamp in St. Paul's was commonly 'misnamed' Duke Humphrey's. A man too poor to pay for his dinner, who loitered in St. Paul's while others were at meals, was said to 'dine with Duke Humphrey'. This saying is of frequent occurrence in Elizabethan literature. The first recorded instance is in G. Harvey's *Four Letters*, 1592.

I, i, 25. *Wear the buff:* go naked.

I, i, 55. *Dull as dormice:* the phrase is repeated below, III, ii, 8–9.

I, i, 65. Simanthes is called Hermes on account of his busy, intriguing nature.

I, i, 66–7. *The ovens in Egypt:* a reference to the practice, dating back to the earliest times, of artificial incubation in Egypt.

I, i, 77–80. One of the countless allusions in Elizabethan literature to the practice on the part of army officers of abusing the compulsory impressment of soldiers, common under the Tudors and early Stuarts, by selling immunity from military obligation to those able and willing to pay for it. The *locus classicus* on the subject is *2 K.H. IV*, III, ii.

I, i, 112. *Enucleated:* extracted. This unusual word does not occur in Chapman's plays. I have found it in Glapthorne, vol. i, p. 189.

I, i, 120. *Flatus hypochondriacus:* probably the 'hypochondriacal, or windy melancholy, proceeding from the head alone'; cf. Burton, *Anatomy of Melancholy*, I, ii, memb. I, *subs.* i.

I, i, 123–4. *Averroes*, the famous Spanish-Arabian philosopher and physician of the twelfth century.

Avicen, or *Avicenna*, A.D. 980–1037, a corrupt form of Ibn Sina, the most celebrated of the Arabian physicians and philosophers.

Abenhuacar, Samuel Ibn Wakar, or Huacar, physician to Alphonso XI of Castile in the fourteenth century, said to be the author of a tract, *Castilian Medicine.*

Baruch, possibly Isaac ben Baruch Albalia, a Spanish Jew of the eleventh century, philosopher and astrologer.

Abolaffi; The old reading *Aboflii* is an evident mistake for *Abolaffi*, itself a corruption, perhaps under Italian influence, of the name of a distinguished family of Spanish Jews, Abulafia, from which the Italian name Bolaffi is derived. Abraham ben Samuel Abulafia was a famous cabalist

of the thirteenth century ; Meir ben Todros ha-Levi Abulafia was a Talmudist of the twelfth and thirteenth. I doubt whether the dramatist had any individual in mind.

I, i, 149–51. Probably an allusion to the abolition of monopolies by the Parliament of 1624, although it may refer to the earlier attack on them in the Parliament of 1621 ; see *Modern Language Notes*, vol. xx, p. 208.

I, i, 248. *Its own Mars :* its own presiding deity. Mars is spoken of as the Genius, or Angel, of Abilqualit.

I, i, 258. *Viperous wickedness :* an allusion to the old belief that young vipers ate their way through the bowels of their mother, whence ' is assigned ', says Sir Thomas Browne, ' the reason why the Romans punished Parricides by drowning them in a sack with a viper '. For an elaborate discussion of this belief, see Browne, *Vulgar Errors*, III, 26. A passage in Glapthorne agrees with the text in likening ambition to the viper :

> *That he should do this*
> *And like the viper's young, devour that heart*
> *That bred and nourish'd him.*
>
> *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 22.

Cf. also below IV, i, 212–14.

I, i, 290–2. Cf.

> *The big wars*
> *That make ambition virtue.*
>
> *Othello*, III, iii, 349–50.

I, i, 350–1. Cf. *Dulce bellum inexpertis*, Erasmus, *Adagia*, p. 232, ed. 1583.

I, i, 353–5. The simile is from the *Arcadia* (ed. 1867, p. 315) : ' The very cowards no sooner saw him but, as borrowing some of his spirit, they went like young eagles to the prey under the wing of their dam '. It is, perhaps, worth noting that this passage occurs in Book III, which contains the story of Argalus and Parthenia. Glapthorne dramatized this story in his play of that name published 1639. Cf. also

> *An eye*
> *Piercing as is an eaglet's when her dam,*
> *Training her out into the serene air,*
> *Teaches her face the sunbeames.*
>
> *The Lady Mother*, p. 109.

I, i, 377. *To inform succession :* to tell posterity. This peculiar use of the word *succession* occurs again in IV, i, 129. I have not found it in Chapman's work ; but it occurs at least twice in Glapthorne, *The Ladies' Privilege*, vol. ii, pp. 92, 153.

I, i, 389. *Regardless :* i.e. unregarded ; I have not noted the word used in this sense in Chapman's plays.

I, i, 404–5. ' Your opinion of me is higher than my gratitude can ever think of repaying '.

I, i, 427–8. ' The fact of my youth will free me from being suspected of such a subtle device.' This use of *quit*, in the sense of ' acquit ' or ' free ' occurs in *Byron's Tragedy*, V, iv, 96, *Chabot*, IV, i, 261, and elsewhere in Chapman.

II, i, 31–3. The young of the lapwing run from their nest on the ground almost as soon as they are hatched. There is repeated reference to this fact in Elizabethan literature ; see *Hamlet*, V, ii, 193–4, and the note thereon in the *New Variorum*.

II, i, 94. *Many-headed beast, the people ;* the phrase seems borrowed from Shakespeare's *the many-headed multitude, Coriolanus*, II, iii, 18.

II, i, 106. *This :* probably equivalent to ' this is ', as Brereton suggests (see Text Notes, p. 727) ; but perhaps the phrase *All . . . truth* might be taken in apposition with *It*, the subject of *confess'd*.

II, i, 152. *People*, a possessive case without the usual termination ; see Text Notes, p. 727.

II, i, 185. *Impale your glorious brow:* cf. '*Impale the forehead of the great King Monsieur*', *Bussy*, III, ii, 380.

II, i, 201–5. The idea expressed in these lines is practically the same as that in *The Revenge of Bussy*, IV, v, 38–43, but a comparison of the phrasing and construction of the two passages will show how much Chapman's style differs from that of the author of this play.

II, i, 266. 'Throw aside that quality, his love for his children, which makes him indeed our father'.

II, i, 290–1. Pliny, *Natural History*, xxxvi, 34, says of the stone *Gagates*, i.e. jet, *accenditur aqua, oleo restinguitur*. This explains the somewhat confused text; *jet on fire* is 'burning jet' and *extinguish* is used intransitively.

II, i, 350–2. Cf. 2 *Tamburlaine*, IV; i. 65–8.

II, ii, 3–7. With this passage cf.

> *The modest turtles which*
> *In view of other more lascivious birds*
> *Exchange their innocent loves in timorous sighs,*
> *Do when alone most prettily convert*
> *Their chirps to billing; and with feather'd arms*
> *Encompass mutually their gaudy necks.*
> *The Ladies' Privilege*, vol. ii, p. 99.

Cf. also

> *Do I think*
> *When I behold the wanton sparrows change*
> *Their chirps to billing, they are chaste?*
> *The Lady Mother*, p. 124.

II, ii, 28–9. Mr. Crawford gives me a couple of parallels which illustrate this passage, the first from Webster's *Monumental Column:*

> *Resembling trees the more they're ta'en with fruit,*
> *The more they strive and bow to kiss the ground.*

The second from Massinger:

> *I will like a palm tree grow*
> *Under my* [*own*] *huge weight.*
> *Believe as you List*, I, i.

II, ii, 32–38. In her union of ambition and sensual passion Caropia, as Thomas has shown, is clearly modelled after Evadne in *The Maid's Tragedy*.

III, i, 61–2. Cf.

> *I will go to death,*
> *In full peace as does an anchorite that's assur'd*
> *Of all his sins' forgiveness.*
> *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 61.

III, i, 82. *Circular fire.* The phrase must, I think, be used for 'circling fire', perhaps with a reference to the ring of fire about a martyr at the stake.

III, i, 152–6. The author is fond of dwelling on the horror of the supposed rape: cf. below, III, ii, 126–8, IV, i, 11–13, and IV, i, 74–5.

III, i, 184–6. With these lines, cf.

> *Your entreaties*
> *Are cast on me as fools throw oil on fire,*
> *Striving to extinguish it.*
> *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 61.

and

> *You will rage more than unlimited fire*
> *In populous cities.*
> *Ladies' Privilege*, vol. ii, p. 102.

and

> *The passage of unlimited fire*
> *In populous cities.*
> *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 31.

The original of the phrase is probably Shakespeare:

As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is spied in populous cities.

Othello, I, i, 76–7.

III, i, 232. *Blood*, i.e. nearness of blood, kinship.

III, i, 271. This simile is a favourite with Massinger; Boyle, *Englische Studien*, vol. ix, pp. 219–25, points out three passages containing it. An older instance, perhaps the one from which Massinger drew his phrasing, is in Chapman's *Gentleman Usher*, III, ii, 12–18.

III, ii, 30. *Bat-fowling:* a method of catching birds by night by dazing them with a light, and then knocking them down. The term is used here jestingly to describe the supposed nocturnal adventures of Abrahen. *Wagtails* is a familiar or contemptuous term, applied especially to harlots. Lethe uses it to the country wench in *Michaelmas Term*, III, i, 211.

III, ii, 63. *Hoodwink men like sullen hawks:* the allusion is to the 'hood' which the trained hawk wore on coming abroad before she was 'unhooded' and flown at her quarry.

III, ii, 123. The stage direction after this line is the sole preparation we have for the surprising revival of Abilqualit after his supposed death in IV, i.

IV, i, 16–19. With these lines cf.

I will quite put off
The name of father, take as little notice
Thou art my offspring, as the surly North
Does of the snow, which when it has engender'd
Its wild breath scatters through the earth forgotten.

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 57.

IV, i, 59. Cf.

If I were now creeping into my marble.

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 79.

IV, i, 70–9. This passage seems a composite of two passages in Glapthorne. One of these has already been pointed out by Thomas:

Suppose
I had with patience borne this scandalous name
Of a degenerate coward, I not only
Had nipp'd the budding valour of my youth,
As with a killing frost, but left a shame
Inherent to our family, disgrac'd
My noble father's memory, defam'd,
Nay cowarded my ancestors, whose dust
Would 'a broke through the marbles to revenge
To me this fatal infamy.

The Ladies' Privilege, vol. ii, p. 141.

The other presents an even closer likeness. As in the text, it is the speech of a father rebuking a son for having disgraced his rank:

Young sir, your honour
Is not your own, for it you're but my factor,
And must give me account, a strict account
Of the errors you run in; to the dust
Of my great ancestors stand I accountant
For all my family, and their blest ashes
Would break their marble lodgings and come forth
To quarrel with me, should I permit this bar
To stain their glorious heraldry.

Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 58.

IV, i, 116. *Precede his nature:* get the upper hand of his natural love to his son.

IV, i, 125–80. The similarity between this passage and one in *The Maid's*

Tragedy, IV, ii, has been pointed out by Dr. Stoll. In both cases the hero repeatedly makes certain avowals to another character, which are at once reported to the King and promptly denied by the hero. The serio-comic effect in a tragic situation is the same in both plays.

IV, i, 186. The Mutes have apparently completed half their task of blinding Abilqualit. At least it appears so to Abrahen, who is ignorant that his brother has arranged with the Mutes to go through a mere form of execution.

IV, i, 236–7. These lines present another close parallel with *Wallenstein*. There a son says to a father, who has just commanded a deed which involves the son's death :

You are such,
So merciless a tyrant, as do love
To feed on your own bowels.
Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 61.

A similar figure occurs in Chapman, but in quite different phraseology :

What is a father? Turn his entrails gulfs
To swallow children when they have begot them?
The Gentleman Usher, V, iv, 54–5.

IV, i, 245–7. Another close parallel with Glapthorne. Cf.

With what impudence
Canst thou behold me, and a shivering cold,
Strong as the hand of winter casts on brooks,
Not freeze thy spirits up, congeal thy blood.
The Hollander, vol. i, p. 102.

There is a general likeness also between this whole speech and that of Wallenstein after the death of his son, *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 63.

IV, i, 253. *Weep till we be statues :* partly an allusion to Niobe turned into stone on account of her mourning for her children, partly referring to the ornamental statues of fountains. Webster, *Devil's Law Case*, I, ii, says of a weeping woman, 'You would have thought she had turned fountain'.

IV, ii, 16–19. There is a certain similarity between this passage and one in Glapthorne. There as here the lines are addressed to a weeping lady :

So violent rain weeps o'er the purple heads
Of smiling violets, till its brackish drops
Insinuate among the tender leaves,
And with its weight oppress them.
The Hollander, vol. i, p. 103.

IV, ii, 84–6. The comparison of death to a welcome rest after sickness or watching is common in Glapthorne. Cf.

I shall go
As willingly to death as to my rest
After a painful child-birth.
The Lady Mother, p. 191.

In *Wallenstein* Isabella, when menaced with instant death, speaks in the same vein as Caropia does here :

Should your fury riot on my life,
'Twould not affright me, I should meet my death
As willingly as I should do my rest
After a tedious watching.
Wallenstein, vol. ii, p. 60.

Thomas cites further a passage from *The Ladies' Privilege*, vol. ii, p. 133, which is closely parallel to the last quoted.

IV, ii, 134–7. This seems a reminiscence of the well-known passage in *Othello :*

Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe.
Othello, V, ii, 347–8.

V, i, 20–1. Cf. III, ii, 48–9 above. It may be more than a coincidence that Newman, who plays in *Wallenstein* much the same rôle as Selinthus in this drama, that of the 'honest and merry' (i.e. foul mouthed) lord, addresses a young soldier as 'my Myrmidon', *Wallenstein*, vol. ii, p. 35.

V, i, 54–5. 'Love, thy flames burst out in the presence of the beloved one; in her absence they exist in desire for her'.

V, ii, 14–16. Of this simile Swinburne says (*George Chapman*, pp. 123–4): 'Only in one image can I find anything of that quaint fondness for remote and eccentric illustration in which the verse of Chapman resembles the prose of Fuller. . . . Even here the fall of the verse is not that of Chapman'. Aelian, *De Nat. Animal.* IV, 31, reports that the elephant will not drink clear water, but I have not found a source for the cause assigned in the text.

V, ii, 35–7. A favourite allusion of Glapthorne's. Cf.

> *Happy Arabians, when your phœnix dies*
> *In a sweet pile of fragrant spiceries,*
> *Out of the ashes of the myrrh-burn'd mother,*
> *That you may still have one, springs up another.*
> *Argalus and Parthenia*, vol. i, p. 65.

Cf. also *The Hollander*, vol. i, p. 102, and *Poems*, vol. ii, pp. 179, 182, 185.

V, ii, 39–40. *Intends my will.* I believe an acceptable meaning may be given to this passage if we take *intends* in the sense of 'expands,' 'dilates'; see *New English Dictionary, sub* Intend. Abrahen means that his passion for Caropia has passed the bounds set by reason, and has expanded his will into an unalterable determination to possess her.

V, ii, 156–8. Thomas points out a parallel in Glapthorne:

> *And let their words, oaths, tears, vows, pass*
> *As words in water writ, or slippery glass.*
> *Argalus and Parthenia*, vol. i, p. 43.

In this passage, however, the words are put into the mouth of a woman railing at the inconstancy of men. The original is probably the well-known passage in Catullus:

> *Mulier cupido quod dicit amanti,*
> *In vento et rapida scribere oportet aqua.*
> *Carmen lxx.*

V, ii, 272. After inhaling the poison of the handkerchief Abrahen expends his last breath in a kiss, raises his head to curse his brother, and dies.

V, ii, 289. Caropia's sudden and wholly unexpected murder of Abilqualit is patterned after Baccha's murder of Leontes in *Cupid's Revenge*, V, iii. Cf. Introduction, p. 716.

V, ii, 331. *That fatal instrument:* the poisoned handkerchief.

Epilogue, l. 14. *Hang up the poet:* Brereton thinks that this line was spoken by the actor for whose gulling the whole play was written, and was meant to make him still more ridiculous. See Introduction, p. 720, *n.*

TEXT NOTES

Revenge for Honour was first printed in 1654. Two copies of this edition are found in the British Museum; one of them (E. 231) has the following title-page: *Revenge for Honour, A Tragedie, by George Chapman, London, Printed for* Richard Marriot, *in* S. Dunstan's Churchyard, Fleetstreet, 1654. The other (654. d. 51) has a slightly different title-page, showing after the word *London* only the phrase, *Printed in the year* 1654. A second edition, of which copies exist in the Museum and at the Bodleian, appeared in 1659, published by Moseley. It was not reprinted until 1873, when it was included in *The Comedies and Tragedies of George Chapman* (vol. iii). As usual, I refer to this edition as P. It was also reprinted in Shepherd's edition of the *Works* (vol. i—*Plays*) in a modernized form with numerous emendations, some of which I have adopted. I refer to this edition as S.

The text of *Revenge for Honour* presents few difficulties. I have followed the first quarto, comparing it in doubtful cases with Moseley's edition, Q_2. As I have not noticed any differences between these editions, I use the symbol Qq. to denote an agreement of the first and second quartos.

The metre of this play is loose and irregular, and the lines have been carelessly arranged by the old printer. I have tried to restore the proper arrangement wherever possible, and have called attention to such changes in the notes.

Prologue. l. 17. Qq. *The;* P. misprints *Whe.* S. corrects.

l. 18. Qq. *main;* P. misprints *mean.* S. corrects.

I, i, 17. Qq. *ancouge;* S. *'mong.*

49. Qq. close the line with *Prince.* Brereton (*Modern Language Review*, October, 1907) suggests [*the*] *Prince.* I am inclined to believe that the proper name, *Abilqualit*, has dropped off the end of the line, and emend accordingly.

65. Qq. *Court;* P. misprints *Count.*

82–5. Qq. print as five lines, ending *nature, garments, Supper, thanks, brother.* S. prints the speech of *Sel.* as prose, and Brereton speaks of the passage from *Well then* to *brother* as *blank* prose. But it is easy to arrange it as verse, and I have done so in the text.

87. Qq. *honors.* S. reads *hours*, but this is unnecessary for the sense, and the metre of the play is throughout very irregular.

99. Qq. *oppress mans soul;* Brer. suggests [*a*] *man's soul.*

108. Qq. *to any of.* S. inserts *one* before *of.* I prefer *man.*

117–19. Qq. print as four lines, ending, *humanitie, read, virtues* and *then.*

124. Qq. *Abenbucar, Abofiit.* I emend *Abenhuacar, Abolaffi.* See note, p. 721.

127. Qq. print *A want or* as the last words of l. 126.

133–5 Qq. arranges as three lines, ending *brief, else, Physician.*

136. Qq. *expalcat;* S. emends *expatiate.*

146. Qq. *Catum;* S. reads *cotum.* I prefer *coition.*

147. I insert the stage direction.

174–6. Qq. print Abil.'s speech as two lines of prose.

181–2. Qq. print *It . . . I* as one line.

186–9. Qq. print as four lines, ending *trust, command, creature Lord.*

224. Qq. *said;* S. emends *sad.*

231–2. The text is somewhat perplexing. S. suggests the reading

Endeavour if it be good, to assist you,
Or to reclaim, if ill, from your bad purpose.

I prefer to keep the original order, and to enclose the words *or* to *good* in parenthesis.

258. Qq. *sinlesse, harmlesse;* S. reads *sin less harmless*, which seems to me nonsense.

277. Qq. *fac'd.* I keep the original, but would suggest *found* as a possible reading.

326. Qq. *ye;* S. emends *he.* Perhaps we should read *I.*

336. Qq. *what;* S. reads *That*, but this is unnecessary.

369. Qq. *lead;* P. misprints *iead.*

404. Brereton suggests dropping *You.* This would give a plainer sense, but see note, p. 722.

406. Qq. *deceive.* Deighton (*Old Dramatists*, p. 144) suggests reading *deserve*, but this is unnecessary.

450. Qq. *with people.* S. inserts *the* before *people.*

II, i, 17. Brereton thinks 'probably, but by no means certainly, we should omit *them.*'

43. Brereton would read *cause'*, a possessive case like *people* in l. 152 below. I prefer to take it as an objective in apposition with *danger.*

53–6. Qq. print as five lines, ending *religious, thanks, Abilqualit, say, creature.*

74. Qq.*'glorious;* S. emends *glories.*

105–6. Qq. print as three lines, ending *once, truth, applauses.*

106. Qq. *a;* S. alters to *as.* But, as Brereton says, *this* = 'this is'.

152. Qq. *people;* S. *people's*, an unnecessary change which has crept into the present text.

170–1. Qq. print as three lines, ending *expedition, us, Lord.*

198. Qq. *cast;* I emend *casts.*

205. I insert [*aside*]. Brereton proposes to read *Alone! The engine;* but I think we may retain the original, and interpret 'The engine (i.e. his device) works by itself'.

295. S. reads *Force you endure;* but this violent alteration of the text is quite uncalled for.

309. Qq. have *your* as the last word of this line.

311. I have inserted the stage direction after this line.

325. Qq. *with;* P. misprints *wiih.*

327. Qq. *whether;* S. emends *whither.*

335. Qq. *has;* S. *He has,* which is unnecessary, as an easily understood subject is often not expressed. Cf. I, i, 169.

336. Qq. *he takes;* S. *he may take.* I do not think such regularizing of the characteristically loose old construction is permissible to an editor.

337–8. Abrahen's speech is printed as one line in Qq.

371–2. Osman's speech is printed as one line in Qq.

385. Qq. *march;* P. misprints *mareh.*

II, ii, 24. Brereton would put a comma after *to boast,* thus making the infinitive depend upon *woo'd,* l. 23; but it seems simpler and more in accordance with the context to take *to boast* as depending upon *desir'd* in l. 22.

45–7. Qq. print as three lines, ending *made it, from the, dream.*

51. Qq. end this line with *misfortune,* printing *we* as the first word of l. 52.

55–60. Qq. print as six lines, ending *together, but, approach, happinesse, forces, intimations.*

III, i, 1. I have inserted the direction [*without*].

9. I have inserted the stage direction.

34. Q. *count;* S. emends *commit.*

102. Qq. print *That* as the first word in l. 103.

128. Qq. print *And so* as the first words of l. 129.

134. I have inserted [*aside*].

136. The stage direction *Enter Mura* occurs in l. 135 in Qq. and should be printed here in parenthesis, not in brackets. Cf. p. 126, ll. 87, 90.

154. Qq. print the words *what . . . violate* in parenthesis.

208. Perhaps *him* has dropped off the end of this line.

211. Qq. print *This wildnesse* as the first words of l. 212.

212. Qq. *befit;* S. *befits.*

III, ii, 1. Qq. *lest,* which S. retains. Brereton emends *less.*

45. Qq. *who gather'd;* S. inserts *have* after *who.*

52. Qq. *became;* S. emends *Become.*

62. Qq. print *lose* as the first word of l. 63.

75. Qq. *less;* S. wrongly alters to *Lest.*

91. Qq. print *on him* as the first words of l. 92.

97. I have supplied the stage direction after this line.

120. Qq. print *so pray* as the first words of l. 121.

128. Qq. *as it got.* S. inserts *had* after *it.*

138–9. Qq. print Abil.'s speech as one line.

139. Qq. print *This warrant* as the first words of l. 140.

141. I have inserted [*aside*].

143. Qq. *accustom'd.* S. emends *unaccustom'd.* The context shows this to be necessary.

141–6. Qq. print as six lines, ending *of it, they, accustom'd, neere, resolv'd, defend.*

147. Qq. *Carpoia's,* which P. silently corrects.

IV, i, 44–5. In Qq. only the words from *thou'rt* to *Empire* are included in the parenthesis.

54. Qq. *exemplar;* S. *exemplary.* The change is unnecessary. In Shirley's *Cardinal,* III, ii, we find a parallel, *exemplar justice.*

94. Qq. *according;* P. misprints *accordiug.*

110. Qq. *the;* S. emends *thy.* I have accepted this, although it is possible that the article is used for the possessive pronoun.

113. Qq. *too;* I emend *'Twere.*

125. I have inserted the *aside* in this line as in ll. 171, 178 below.

135–6. Qq. print these two lines as one, and read *fures,* which S. emends *furies.*

139. I have inserted the stage direction in this line.

160. Qq. *is;* P misprints *his.*

165–6. Qq. prints as three lines, ending *blameless, troubled, frenzie.*

196. I have inserted *To Abilqualit.*

201. In Qq. the words *Enter, Enter* are printed in the margin in italics like a stage direction. I think it is plain that they are spoken by the mutinous soldiers without, and have inserted a stage direction accordingly.

201, 203, 204. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.

209. The stage direction in this line is found in l. 208 in Qq., and should be printed in parenthesis, not in brackets.

220, 229, 232, 238, 265. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.

277–8. Qq. print *our royal* to *see* as one line.

289. Qq. *start;* S. emends *Starts.*

312–3. Qq. print *Anon* as the first word of l. 313, and *Subject* as the first word of l. 314.

330. I have inserted the stage direction *rising.*

IV, ii, 14. I have added *exit Perilinda* to the stage direction to prepare for her re-entrance, l. 75 below.

27. Qq. *off-spring of;* Brereton suggests *off'ring to.* I think *off'ring* is certainly right, but we may retain the original *of.*

36–7. Qq. print Caropia's speech as one line.

40. Qq. print *which* as the last word of l. 39.

53–4. Qq. print Caropia's speech as one line.

71. P. misprints the speaker's name in the latter part of this line as *Au.*

81. Qq. prints *him* as the first word of l. 82.

82, 95, 104, 115, 130. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.

95–9. Qq. print as five lines, ending *pray, do you, for the, piecemeale, dog!*

101–2. Qq. end these lines with the words *last* and *with.*

V, i, 19–20. Qq. print the words *Never* to *close* as one line.

26. S. inserts *your* before *friends.*

37. I have inserted the stage direction.

41. Qq. *those these,* an evident mistake for *though these.* S. made the correction.

46. Qq. *Very.* P. gives us the 'Wellerism' *Wery.*

V, ii. In the stage direction at the beginning of this scene Qq. read *Enter Abrahen, Simanthes and Mesithes.* The entrance of *Mesithes* is an anticipation, for his true entrance occurs below in l. 16. Qq. place it after l. 15.

30. Qq. *is a most stubborn Malady in a Lady, not cur'd.* The words *in a Lady,* are destructive alike to metre and sense. Brereton conjectures that they represent a misprint of *Malady,* which word was later inserted in the text, without the misprint's being removed. This explanation is probably correct, although it seems to me that the phrase might be an actor's 'gag', interjected as an aside to the audience.

39. Qq. *intend;* S. alters to *indeed.* Brereton suggests *in th' end* or *enter'd in,* but admits that these are unsatisfactory. I believe that all that is necessary is to replace the final *s* which has dropped off. For the sense, see note, p. 726.

52–3. Qq. print as two lines, ending *order, presence.*

55. Qq. put the entrance of Caropia after l. 54. As this was apparently for typographical convenience, I have not hesitated to alter it.

75, 102, 179. I have inserted *aside* in these lines.

133. Qq. print *when your* as the last words of l. 132.

199. I have supplied the direction *Cries within.* Cf. note above on IV, i, 201.

200. I have inserted the necessary entrance before this line.

211, 266. I have inserted the stage directions in these lines.

229. Qq. *our strengths and fates. Fates* is evidently an anticipation of the same word at the close of the line. The emendation of S., *fortunes,* seems to me a very certain one.

235. Qq. *but our just arme has strength to punish.* S. inserts *enough* before *strength.* I believe an acceptable line may be obtained by transferring *thy,* printed as the first word in l. 236 in Qq., to the end of l. 235.

272. Qq. *kiss'd;* Brereton suggests *kiss* = expend my breath in a

kiss; but I believe the past tense may be retained.

297. Qq. *you dear Abilqualit;* S. inserts *With* before *you.* This seems a necessary emendation.

306. Qq. print *with justice* as the first words of l. 307.

322–325. Qq. print as four lines, ending *anon, him, faithfull, be.* Brereton suggests arranging the passage, ll. 322–7, as five lines, ending *Prince, souldiers, sav'd, and I, Farewell,* and making *Sure* to *not* a short line. This is perhaps a better arrangement than mine, but I wished to preserve the arrangement of the Qq. wherever it was possible to discover even a rough rhythm in it.

336. Qq. *Festival.* I restore the final *s*, which I think has dropped off.

Epilogue. l. 9. Qq. *What;* P. misprints *Wnat.*

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